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THE

MISCELLANEOUS WORKS

OF

TOBIAS SMOLLETT, M.D.

WITH MEMOIRS OF HIS

LIFE AND WRITINGS,

BY ROBERT ANDERSON, M.D.

THE FOURTH EDITION, IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. V.

CONTAINING THE ADVENTURES OF SIR LAUNCELOT GREAVES,
AND TRAVELS THROUGH FRANCE AND ITALY.

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THE

ADVENTURES

OF

SIR LAUNCELOT GREAVES.

CHAPTER I.

In which certain personages of this delightful history are introduced to the reader's acquaintance.

It was on the great northern road from York to London, about the beginning of the month of October, and the hour of eight in the evening, that four travellers were, by a violent shower of rain, driven for shelter into a little public house on the side of the highway, distinguished by a sign which was said to exhibit the figure of a black lion. The kitchen, in which they assembled, was the only room for entertainment in the house, paved with red bricks, remarkably clean, furnished with three or four Windsor chairs, adorned with shining plates of pewter, and copper saucepans nicely scoured, that even dazzled the eyes of the beholder; while a cheerful fire of sea-coal blazed in the chimney. Three of the travellers, who arrived on horseback, having seen their cattle properly accommodated in the stable, agreed to pass the time, until the weather should clear up, over a bowl of rumbo, which was accordingly prepared; but the fourth, refusing to join their company, took his station at the opposite side of the chimney, and called for a pint of twopenny, with which he indulged himself apart. At a little distance, on his left hand, there was another group, consisting of the landlady, a decent widow, her two

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daughters, the elder of whom seemed to be about the age of fifteen, and a country lad, who served both as waiter and ostler.

The social triumvirate was composed of Mr Fillet, a country practitioner in surgery and midwifery, Captain Crowe, and his nephew Mr Thomas Clarke, an attorney. Fillet was a man of some education, and a great deal of experience, shrewd, sly, and sensible. Captain Crowe had commanded a merchant ship in the Mediterranean trade for many years, and saved some money by dint of frugality and traffic. He was an excellent seaman, brave, active, friendly in his way, and scrupulously honest; but as little acquainted with the world as a sucking child: whimsical, impatient, and so impetuous, that he could not help breaking in upon the conversation, whatever it might be, with repeated interruptions, that seemed to burst from him by involuntary impulse. When he himself attempted to speak, he never finished his period, but made such a number of abrupt transitions, that his discourse seemed to be an unconnected series of unfinished sentences, the meaning of which it was not easy to decypher.

His nephew, Tom Clarke, was a young fellow, whose goodness of heart even the exercise of his profession had not been able to corrupt. Before strangers he never owned himself an attorney without blushing, though he had no reason to blush for his own practice; for he constantly refused to engage in the cause of any client whose character was equivocal, and was never known to act with such industry as when concerned for the widow and orphan, or any other object that sued *in forma pauperis*. Indeed he was so replete with human kindness, that as often as an affecting story or circumstance was told in his hearing, it overflowed at his eyes. Being of a warm complexion, he was very susceptible of passion, and somewhat libertine in his amours. In other respects, he piqued himself on understanding the practice of the courts, and in private company he took pleasure in laying down the law; but he was an indifferent orator, and tediously circumstantial in his explanations. His stature

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was rather diminutive; but, upon the whole, he had some title to the character of a pretty, dapper, little fellow.

The solitary guest had something very forbidding in his aspect, which was contracted by an habitual frown. His eyes were small and red, and so deep set in the sockets, that each appeared like the unextinguished snuff of a farthing candle, gleaming through the horn of a dark lanthorn. His nostrils were elevated in scorn, as if his sense of smelling had been perpetually offended by some unsavoury odour; and he looked as if he wanted to shrink within himself from the impertinence of society. He wore a black periwig, as straight as the pinions of a raven, and this was covered with an hat flapped, and fastened to his head by a speckled handkerchief tied under his chin. He was wrapped in a great coat of brown freeze, under which he seemed to conceal a small bundle. His name was Ferret, and his character distinguished by three peculiarities. He was never seen to smile, he was never heard to speak in praise of any person whatsoever, and he was never known to give a direct answer to any question that was asked; but seemed, on all occasions, to be actuated by the most perverse spirit of contradiction.

Captain Crowe, having remarked that it was squally weather, asked how far it was to the next market town; and understanding that the distance was not less than six miles, said he had a good mind to come to an anchor for the night, if so be as he could have a tolerable *birth* in this here harbour. Mr Fillet, perceiving by his style that he was a seafaring gentleman, observed that their landlady was not used to lodge such company; and expressed some surprise that he, who had no doubt endured so many storms and hardships at sea, should think much of travelling five or six miles a-horseback by moonlight. 'For my part,' said he, 'I ride in all weathers, and at all hours, without minding cold, wet, wind, or darkness. My constitution is so case-hardened, that I believe I could live all the year at Spitzbergen. With respect to this road, I know every foot of it so exactly, that I'll engage to travel forty miles upon it blindfold, without making one false step; and if you have faith enough to put

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yourselves under my auspices, I will conduct you safe to an elegant inn, where you will meet with the best accommodation.' 'Thank you, brother,' replied the captain, 'we are much beholden to you for your courteous offer; but howsomever, you must not think I mind foul weather more than my neighbours. I have worked hard aloft and alow in many a taught gale—but this here is the case, d'ye see; we have run down a long day's reckoning; our beasts have had a hard spell; and as for my own hap, brother, I doubt my bottom-planks have lost some of their sheathing, being as how I a'n't used to that kind of scrubbing.'

The doctor, who had practised aboard a man of war in his youth, and was perfectly well acquainted with the captain's dialect, assured him, that, if his bottom was damaged, he would *new pay* it with an excellent salve, which he always carried about him, to guard against such accidents on the road: but Tom Clarke, who seemed to have cast the eyes of affection upon the landlady's eldest daughter, Dolly, objected to their proceeding farther without rest and refreshment, as they had already travelled fifty miles since morning; and he was sure his uncle must be fatigued both in mind and body, from vexation, as well as from hard exercise, to which he had not been accustomed. Fillet then desisted, saying, he was sorry to find the captain had any cause of vexation; but he hoped it was not an incurable evil. This expression was accompanied with a look of curiosity, which Mr Clarke was glad of an occasion to gratify; for, as we have hinted above, he was a very communicative gentleman, and the affair which now lay upon his stomach interested him nearly.

'I'll assure you, Sir,' said he, 'this here gentleman, Captain Crowe, who is my mother's own brother, has been cruelly used by some of his relations. He bears as good a character as any captain of a ship on the Royal Exchange, and has undergone a variety of hardships at sea. What d'ye think, now, of his bursting all his sinews, and making his eyes start out of his head, in pulling his ship off a rock, whereby he saved to his owners'——Here he was interrupted

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by the captain, who exclaimed,—' Belay, Tom, belay:—pr'ythee don't veer out such a deal of jaw. Clap a stopper on thy cable, and bring thyself up, my lad—what a deal of stuff thou hast pumped up concerning bursting, and starting, and pulling ships: Laud have mercy upon us!—Look ye here, brother—look ye here—mind these poor crippled joints; two fingers on the starboard, and three on the larboard hand; crooked, d'ye see, like the knees of a bilander. —I'll tell you what, brother, you seem to be a—ship deep laden—r'ch cargo—current setting into the bay—hard gale —lee shore—all hands in the boat—tow round the headland —self pulling for dear blood against the whole crew—Snap go the finger-braces—crack went the eye-blocks. Bounce day-light—flash star-light—down I foundered, dark as hell —whiz went my ears, and my head spun like a whirligig. —That don't signify—I'm a Yorkshire boy, as the saying is—all my life at sea, brother, by reason of an old grandmother and maiden aunt, a couple of old stinking—kept me these forty years out of my grandfather's estate.—Hearing as how they had taken their departure, came ashore, hired horses, and clapped on all my canvas, steering to the northward, to take possession of my—But it don't signify talking —these two old piratical—had held a palaver with a lawyer —an attorney, Tom, d'ye mind me, an attorney—and by his assistance hove me out of my inheritance;—that is all, brother—hove me out of five hundred pounds a-year—that's all—what signifies—but such windfals we don't every day pick up along shore.—Fill about, brother—yes, by the Lord! those two smuggling harridans, with the assistance of an attorney—an attorney, Tom—hove me out of five hundred a-year.' ' Yes, indeed, Sir,' added Mr Clarke, ' those two malicious old women docked the intail, and left the estate to an alien.'

Here Mr Ferret thought proper to intermingle in the conversation, with a—' *Pish!* what, do'st talk of docking the intail? Do'st not know that by the statute Westm. 2, 13 Ed. the will and intention of the donor must be fulfilled, and the tenant in *tail* shall not alien after issue had, or be-

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fore'—'Give me leave, Sir,' replied Tom, 'I presume you are a practitioner in the law. Now you know, that, in the case of a contingent *remainder*, the intail may be destroyed by levying a fine, and suffering a recovery; or otherwise destroying the particular estate, before the contingency happens. If *feoffees*, who possess an estate only during the life of a son, where divers *remainders* are limited over, make a *feoffment* in fee to him, by the *feoffment* all the future *remainders* are destroyed. Indeed, a person in *remainder* may have a writ of intrusion, if any do intrude after the death of a tenant for life; and the writ *ex gravi querela* lies to execute a devise in *remainder* after the death of a tenant in tail without issue.' 'Spoke like a true disciple of Geber,' cries Ferret. 'No, Sir,' replied Mr Clarke, 'Counsellor Caper is in the conveyancing way—I was clerk to Serjeant Croaker.' 'Ay, now you may set up for yourself,' resumed the other, 'for you can prate as unintelligibly as the best of them.'

'Perhaps,' said Tom, 'I do not make myself understood. If so be as how that is the case, let us change the position, and suppose that this here case is a *tail after a possibility of issue extinct*. If a tenant in *tail* after a possibility make a *feoffment* of his land, he in reversion may enter for the forfeiture. Then we must make a distinction between *general tail* and *special tail*. It is the word *body* that makes the *intail*:—there must be a *body* in the *tail*, devised to heirs male or female, otherwise it is a fee-simple, because it is not limited of what *body*. Thus a corporation cannot be seized in *tail*. For example, here is a young woman—What is your name, my dear?' 'Dolly,' answered the daughter, with a courtesy. 'Here's Dolly—I seise Dolly in *tail*—Dolly, I seise you in *tail*.' 'Sha't then,' cried Dolly, pouting. 'I am seised of land in fee—I settle on Dolly in *tail*.'

Dolly, who did not comprehend the nature of the illustration, understood him in a literal sense, and, in a whimpering tone, exclaimed,—'Sha't then, I tell thee, cursed tuoad!' Tom, however, was so transported with his subject, that he took no notice of poor Dolly's mistake, but proceeded in his

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harangue upon the different kinds of *tails*, *remainders*, and *seisins*, when he was interrupted by a noise that alarmed the whole company. The rain had been succeeded by a storm of wind, that howled around the house with the most savage impetuosity; and the heavens were overcast in such a manner, that not one star appeared, so that all without was darkness and uproar. This aggravated the horror of divers loud screams, which even the noise of the blast could not exclude from the ears of our astonished travellers. Captain Crowe called out,—'Avast, avast!' Tom Clarke sat silent, staring wildly, with his mouth still open. The surgeon himself seemed startled; and Ferret's countenance betrayed evident marks of confusion. The hostler moved nearer the chimney; and the good woman of the house, with her two daughters, crept closer to the company.

After some pause, the captain, starting up,—'These,' said he, 'be signals of distress. Some poor souls in danger of foundering—Let us bear up a-head, and see if we can give them any assistance.' The landlady begged him, for Christ's sake, not to think of going out; for it was a spirit that would lead him astray into fens and rivers, and certainly do him a mischief. Crowe seemed to be staggered by this remonstrance, which his nephew reinforced, observing, that it might be a stratagem of rogues to decoy them into the fields, that they might rob them under the cloud of night. Thus exhorted, he resumed his seat; and Mr Ferret began to make very severe strictures upon the folly and fear of those who believed and trembled at the visitation of spirits, ghosts, and goblins. He said, he would engage with twelve pennyworth of phosphorus to frighten a whole parish out of their senses. Then he expatiated on the pusillanimity of the nation in general, ridiculed the militia, censured the government, and dropped some hints about a change of hands, which the captain could not, and the doctor would not, comprehend.

Tom Clarke, from the freedom of his discourse, concluded he was a ministerial spy, and communicated his opinion to his uncle in a whisper, while this misanthrope continued to

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pour forth his invectives with a fluency peculiar to himself. The truth is, Mr Ferret had been a party writer, not from principle, but employment, and had felt the rod of power; in order to avoid a second exertion of which, he now found it convenient to skulk about in the country; for he had received intimation of a warrant from the secretary of state, who wanted to be better acquainted with his person. Notwithstanding the ticklish nature of his situation, it was become so habitual to him to think and speak in a certain manner, that, even before strangers, whose principles and connections he could not possibly know, he hardly ever opened his mouth, without uttering some direct or implied sarcasm against the government.

He had already proceeded a considerable way in demonstrating that the nation was bankrupt and beggared, and that those who stood at the helm were steering full into the gulf of inevitable destruction, when his lecture was suddenly suspended by a violent knocking at the door, which threatened the whole house with immediate demolition. Captain Crowe, believing they should be instantly boarded, unsheathed his hanger, and stood in a posture of defence. Mr Fillet armed himself with the poker, which happened to be red hot; the ostler pulled down a rusty firelock, that hung by the roof over a flitch of bacon. Tom Clarke perceiving the landlady and her children distracted with terror, conducted them, out of mere compassion, below stairs into the cellar; and as for Mr Ferret, he prudently withdrew into an adjoining pantry.

But as a personage of great importance in this entertaining history was forced to remain some time at the door before he could gain admittance, so must the reader wait with patience for the next chapter, in which he will see the cause of this disturbance explained much to his comfort and edification.

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CHAPTER II.

In which the hero of these adventures makes his first appearance on the stage of action.

The outward door of the Black Lion had already sustained two dreadful shocks; but at the third it flew open, and in stalked an apparition that smote the hearts of our travellers with fear and trepidation. It was the figure of a man armed cap-a-pee, bearing on his shoulders a bundle dropping with water, which afterwards appeared to be the body of a man that seemed to have been drowned, and fished up from the bottom of the neighbouring river.

Having deposited his burden carefully on the floor, he addressed himself to the company in these words:—'Be not surprised, good people, at this unusual appearance, which I shall take an opportunity to explain; and forgive the rude and boisterous manner in which I have demanded, and indeed forced admittance: the violence of my intrusion was the effect of necessity. In crossing the river, my squire and his horse were swept away by the stream; and, with some difficulty, I have been able to drag him ashore, though I am afraid my assistance reached him too late: for, since I brought him to land, he has given no signs of life.

Here he was interrupted by a groan, which issued from the chest of the squire, and terrified the spectators as much as it comforted the master. After some recollection, Mr Fillet began to undress the body, which was laid in a blanket on the floor, and rolled from side to side by his direction. A considerable quantity of water being discharged from the mouth of this unfortunate squire, he uttered a hideous roar, and, opening his eyes, stared wildly around: then the surgeon undertook for his recovery; and his master went forth with the ostler in quest of the horses, which he had left by the side of the river. His back was no sooner turned, than Ferret, who had been peeping from behind the pantry-door, ventured to rejoin the company; pronouncing, with a smile,

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or rather grin of contempt,—'Hey-day! what precious mummery is this? What, are we to have the farce of Hamlet's ghost?' 'Adzooks,' cried the captain, 'my kinsman Tom has dropped a-stern—hope in God a has not bulged to, and gone to bottom.' 'Pish,' exclaimed the misanthrope, 'there's no danger; the young lawyer is only seizing Dolly in tail.'

Certain it is, Dolly squeaked at that instant in the cellar; and Clarke appearing soon after in some confusion, declared she had been frightened by a flash of lightning; but this assertion was not confirmed by the young lady herself, who eyed him with a sullen regard, indicating displeasure, though not indifference; and when questioned by her mother, replied,—'A doan't maind what a says, so a doan't, vor all his goalden jacket, then.'

In the meantime the surgeon had performed the operation of phlebotomy on the squire, who was lifted into a chair, and supported by the landlady for that purpose; but he had not as yet given any sign of having retrieved the use of his senses. And here Mr Fillet could not help contemplating, with surprise, the strange figure and accoutrements of his patient, who seemed in age to be turned of fifty. His stature was below the middle size; he was thick, squat, and brawny, with a small protuberance on one shoulder, and a prominent belly, which, in consequence of the water he had swallowed, now strutted beyond its usual dimensions. His forehead was remarkably convex, and so very low, that his black bushy hair descended within an inch of his nose; but this did not conceal the wrinkles of his front, which were manifold. His small glimmering eyes resembled those of the Hampshire porker, that turns up the soil with his projecting snout. His cheeks were shrivelled and puckered at the corners, like the seams of a regimental coat, as it comes from the hands of the contractor: his nose bore a strong analogy in shape to a tennis-ball, and in colour to a mulberry; for all the water of the river had not been able to quench the natural fire of that feature. His upper jaw was furnished with two long white sharp-pointed teeth or fangs,

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such as the reader may have observed in the chaps of a wolf, or full grown mastiff, and an anatomist would describe as a preternatural elongation of the *dentes canini*. His chin was so long, so peaked, and incurvated, as to form in profile, with his impending forehead, the exact resemblance of a moon in the first quarter. With respect to his equipage, he had a leathern cap upon his head, faced like those worn by marines, and exhibiting in embroidery the figure of a crescent. His coat was of white cloth, faced with black, and cut in a very antique fashion; and, in lieu of a waistcoat, he wore a buff jerkin. His feet were cased with loose buskins, which, though they rose almost to his knee, could not hide that curvature known by the appellation of bandy legs. A large string of bandaliers garnished a broad belt that graced his shoulders, from whence depended an instrument of war, which was something between a backsword and a cutlass; and a case of pistols were stuck in his girdle.

Such was the figure which the whole company now surveyed with admiration. After some pause, he seemed to recover his recollection. He rolled about his eyes around, and, attentively surveying every individual, exclaimed, in a strange tone,—'Bodikins! where's Gilbert?' This interrogation did not savour much of sanity, especially when accompanied with a wild stare, which is generally interpreted as a sure sign of a disturbed understanding: nevertheless, the surgeon endeavoured to assist his recollection. 'Come,' said he, 'have a good heart.—How dost do, friend?' 'Do!' replied the squire, 'do as well as I can:—that's a lie too: I might have done better.—I had no business to be here.' 'You ought to thank God and your master,' resumed the surgeon, 'for the providential escape you have had.' 'Thank my master!' cried the squire, 'thank the devil! Go and teach your Grannum to crack filberts. I know who I'm bound to pray for, and who I ought to curse, the longest day I have to live.'

Here the captain interposing,—'Nay, brother,' said he, 'you are bound to pray for this here gentleman as your

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sheet-anchor; for, if so be as he had not cleared your stowage of the water you had taken in at your upper works, and lightened your veins, d'ye see, by taking away some of your blood, adad! you had driven before the gale, and never been brought up in this world again, d'ye see.' 'What, then, you would persuade me,' replied the patient, 'that the only way to save my life was to shed my precious blood? Look ye, friend, it shall not be lost blood to me.—I take you all to witness, that there surgeon, or apothecary, or farrier, or dog-doctor, or whatsoever he may be, has robbed me of the balsam of life: he has not left me so much blood in my body as would fatten a starved flea.—O! that there was a lawyer here to serve him with a *sisrari*.'

Then fixing his eyes upon Ferret, he proceeded:—'An't you a limb of the law, friend?—No, I cry you mercy, you look more like a show-man or a conjurer.' Ferret, nettled at this address, answered,—'It would be well for you, that I could conjure a little common sense into that numskull of yours.' 'If I want that commodity,' rejoined the squire, 'I must go to another market, I trow.—You legerdemain men be more like to conjure the money from our pockets than sense into our skulls.—Vor my own part, I was once cheated of vorty good shillings by one of your broother cups-and-balls.' In all probability he would have descended to particulars, had he not been seized with a return of his nausea, which obliged him to call for a bumper of brandy. This remedy being swallowed, the tumult in his stomach subsided. He desired he might be put to bed without delay, and that half a dozen eggs and a pound of bacon might, in a couple of hours, be dressed for his supper.

He was accordingly led off the scene by the landlady and her daughter; and Mr Ferret had just time to observe the fellow was a composition, in which he did not know whether knave or fool most predominated, when the master returned from the stable: he had taken off his helmet, and now displayed a very engaging countenance: his age did not seem to exceed thirty: he was tall, and seemingly robust; his face long and oval, his nose aquiline, his mouth furnished

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with a set of elegant teeth, white as the drifted snow, his complexion clear, and his aspect noble. His chesnut hair loosely flowed in short natural curls; and his grey eyes shone with such vivacity, as plainly showed that his reason was a little discomposed. Such an appearance prepossessed the greater part of the company in his favour: he bowed round with the most polite and affable address; inquired about his squire, and, being informed of the pains Mr Fillet had taken for his recovery, insisted upon that gentleman's accepting an handsome gratuity: then, in consideration of the cold bath he had undergone, he was prevailed upon to take the post of honour; namely the great chair fronting the fire, which was reinforced with a billet of wood for his comfort and convenience.

Perceiving his fellow-travellers either overawed in silence by his presence, or struck dumb with admiration at his equipage, he accosted them in these words, while an agreeable smile dimpled on his cheek.

'The good company wonders, no doubt, to see a man cased in armour, such as hath been for above a whole century disused in this and every other country of Europe; and perhaps they will be still more surprised, when they hear that man profess himself a noviciate of that military order, which hath of old been distinguished in Great Britain, as well as through all Christendom, by the name of knights-errant. Yes, gentlemen, in that painful and thorny path of toil and danger I have begun my career, a candidate for honest fame; determined, as far as in me lies, to honour and assert the efforts of virtue; to combat vice in all her forms, redress injuries, chastise oppression, protect the helpless and forlorn, relieve the indigent, exert my best endeavours in the cause of innocence and beauty, and dedicate my talents, such as they are, to the service of my country.'

'What!' said Ferret, 'you set up for a modern Don Quixote?—The scheme is rather too stale and extravagant.—What was an humourous romance and well-timed satire in Spain near two hundred years ago, will make but a

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sorry jest, and appear equally insipid and absurd, when really acted from affectation, at this time of day, in a country like England.'

The knight, eyeing this censor with a look of disdain, replied, in a solemn lofty tone.—'He that from affectation imitates the extravagancies recorded of Don Quixote, is an imposture equally wicked and contemptible. He that counterfeits madness, unless he dissembles, like the elder Brutus, for some virtuous purpose, not only debases his own soul, but acts as a traitor to Heaven, by denying the divinity that is within him.—I am neither an affected imitator of Don Quixote, nor, as I trust in Heaven, visited by that spirit of lunacy so admirably displayed in the fictitious character exhibited by the inimitable Cervantes. I have not yet encountered a windmill for a giant; nor mistaken this public house for a magnificent castle: neither do I believe this gentleman to be the constable; nor that worthy practitioner to be Master Elizabat, the surgeon recorded in Amadis de Gaul; nor you to be the enchanter Alquife, nor any other sage of history or romance.—I see and distinguish objects as they are decerned and described by other men. I reason without prejudice, can endure contradiction, and, as the company perceives, even bear impertinent censure without passion or resentment. I quarrel with none but the foes of virtue and decorum, against whom I have declared perpetual war, and them I will everywhere attack as the natural enemies of mankind.'

'But that war,' said the cynic, 'may soon be brought to a conclusion, and your adventures close in Bridewell, provided you meet with some determined constable, who will seize your worship as a vagrant, according to the statute.' 'Heaven and earth!' cried the stranger, starting up, and laying his hand on his sword, 'do I live to hear myself insulted with such an approbrious epithet, and refrain from trampling into dust the insolent calumniator?'

The tone in which these words were pronounced, and the indignation that flashed from the eyes of the speaker, intimidated every individual of the society, and reduced Ferret

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to a temporary privation of all his faculties: his eyes retired within their sockets; his complexion, which was naturally of a copper hue, now shifted to a leaden colour; his teeth began to chatter; and all his limbs were agitated by a sudden palsy. The knight observed his condition, and resumed his seat, saying,—'I was to blame: my vengeance must be reserved for very different objects.—Friend, you have nothing to fear—the sudden gust of passion is now blown over. Recollect yourself, and I will reason calmly on the observation you have made.'

This was a very seasonable declaration to Mr Ferret, who opened his eyes, and wiped his forehead; while the other proceeded in these terms.—'You say I am in danger of being apprehended as a vagrant: I am not so ignorant of the laws of my country, but that I know the description of those who fall within the legal meaning of this odious term. You must give me leave to inform you, friend, that I am neither bearward, fencer, stroller, gipsy, mountebank, nor mendicant; nor do I practise subtle craft, to deceive and impose upon the king's lieges; nor can I be held as an idle disorderly person, travelling from place to place, collecting moneys by virtue of counterfeited passes, briefs, and other false pretences.—In what respect, therefore, am I to be deemed a vagrant? Answer boldly, without fear or scruple.'

To this interrogation the misanthrope replied, with a faultering accent,—'If not a vagrant, you incur the penalty for riding armed in affray of the peace.' 'But, instead of riding armed in affray of the peace,' resumed the other, 'I ride in preservation of the peace; and gentlemen are allowed by the law to wear armour for their defence. Some ride with blunderbusses, some with pistols, some with swords, according to their various inclinations. Mine is to wear the armour of my forefathers: perhaps I use them for exercise, in order to accustom myself to fatigue, and strengthen my constitution; perhaps I assume them for a frolic.'

'But if you swagger armed and in disguise, assault me on the highway, or put me in bodily fear, for the sake of

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the jest, the law will punish you in earnest,' cried the other. 'But my intention,' answered the knight, 'is carefully to avoid all those occasions of offence.' 'Then,' said Ferret, 'you may go unarmed, like other sober people.' 'Not so,' answered the knight, 'as I propose to travel all times, and in all places, mine armour may guard me against the attempts of treachery; it may defend me in combat against odds, should I be assaulted by a multitude, or have occasion to bring malefactors to justice.'

'What, then,' exclaimed the philosopher, 'you intend to co-operate with the honourable fraternity of thief-takers?' 'I do purpose,' said the youth, eyeing him with a look of ineffable contempt, 'to act as a coadjutator to the law, and even to remedy evils which the law cannot reach; to detect fraud and treason, abase insolence, mortify pride, discourage slander, disgrace immodesty, and stigmatize ingratitude: but the infamous part of a thief-catcher's character I disclaim. I neither associate with robbers and pickpockets, knowing them to be such, that, in being intrusted with their secrets, I may the more effectually betray them; nor shall I ever pocket the reward granted by the legislature to those by whom robbers are brought to conviction: but I shall always think it my duty to rid my country of that pernicious vermin, which preys upon the bowels of the commonwealth—not but that an incorporated company of licensed thieves might, under proper regulations, be of service to the community.'

Ferret, emboldened by the passive tameness with which the stranger bore his last reflection, began to think he had nothing of Hector but his outside, and gave a loose to all the acrimony of his party-rancour. Hearing the knight mention a company of licensed thieves,—'What else,' cried he, 'is the majority of the nation? What is your standing army at home, that eat up their fellow-subjects? What are your mercenaries abroad, whom you hire to fight their own quarrels? What is your militia, that wise measure of a sagacious ministry, but a larger gang of petty thieves, who steal sheep and poultry through mere idleness;

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and were they confronted with an enemy, would steal themselves away? What is your ——— but a knot of thieves, who pillage the nation under colour of law, and enrich themselves with the wreck of their country? When you consider the enormous debt of above an hundred millions, the intolerable load of taxes and impositions under which we groan, and the manner in which that burden is yearly accumulating, to support two German electorates, without our receiving any thing in return, but the shows of triumph and shadows of conquest: I say, when you reflect on these circumstances, and at the same time behold our cities filled with bankrupts, and our country with beggars, can you be so infatuated as to deny that the ministry is mad, or worse than mad; our wealth exhausted, our people miserable, our credit blasted, and our state on the brink of perdition? This prospect, indeed, will make the fainter impression, if we recollect that we ourselves are a pack of such profligate, corrupted, pusillanimous rascals, as deserve no salvation.'

The stranger, raising his voice to a loud tone, replied,—'Such, indeed, are the insinuations, equally false and insidious, with which the desperate emissaries of a party endeavour to poison the minds of his majesty's subjects, in defiance of common honesty and common sense. But he must be blind to all perception, and dead to candour, who does not see and own that we are involved in a just and necessary war, which has been maintained on truly British principles, prosecuted with vigour, and crowned with success; that our taxes are easy, in proportion to our wealth; that our conquests are equally glorious and important; that our commerce flourishes, our people are happy, and our enemies reduced to despair. Is there a man who boasts a British heart, that repines at the success and prosperity of his country? Such there are, O shame to patriotism, and reproach to Great Britain! who act as the emissaries of France, both in word and writing; who exaggerate our necessary burdens, magnify our dangers, extol the power of our enemies, deride our victories, extenuate our conquests, condemn the measures of our government, and scatter the seeds of dissatis-

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faction through the land. Such domestic traitors are doubly the objects of detestation; first, in perverting truth; and, secondly, in propagating falsehood, to the prejudice of that community of which they have professed themselves members. One of these is well known by the name of Ferret, an old, rancorous, incorrigible instrument of sedition: happy it is for him that he has never fallen in my way; for, notwithstanding the maxims of forbearance which I have adopted, the indignation which the character of that caitiff inspires would probably impel me to some act of violence, and I should crush him like an ungrateful viper, that gnawed the bosom which warmed it into life!'

These last words were pronounced with a wildness of look, that even bordered upon frenzy. The misanthrope once more retired to the pantry for shelter, and the rest of the guests were evidently disconcerted.

Mr Fillet, in order to change the conversation, which was likely to produce serious consequences, expressed uncommon satisfaction at the remarks which the knight had made, signified his approbation of the honourable office he had undertaken, declared himself happy in having seen such an accomplished cavalier, and observed, that nothing was wanting to render him a complete knight-errant, but some celebrated beauty, the mistress of his heart, whose idea might animate his breast, and strengthen his arm to the utmost exertion of valour: he added, that love was the soul of chivalry.

The stranger started at this discourse. He turned his eyes on the surgeon with a fixed regard; his countenance changed; a torrent of tears gushed down his cheeks; his head sunk upon his bosom; he heaved a profound sigh, and remained in silence with all the external marks of unutterable sorrow. The company were, in some measure, infected by his despondence, concerning the cause of which, however, they would not venture to inquire.

By this time the landlady, having disposed of the squire, desired to know, with many courtesies, if his honour would not choose to put off his wet garments, assuring him, that

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she had a very good feather-bed at his service, upon which many gentlevolks of the virst quality had lain; that the sheets were well aired, and that Dolly would warm them for his worship with a pan of coals.' This hospitable offer being repeated, he seemed to wake from a trance of grief, arose from his seat, and bowing courteously to the company, withdrew.

Captain Crowe, whose faculty of speech had been all this time absorbed in amazement, now broke into the conversation with a volley of interjections:—'Split my snatch-block! —Odd's firkin!—Splice my old shoes!—I have sailed the salt seas, brother, since I was no higher than the Triton's taffrel—east, west, north, and south, as the saying is—Blacks, Indians, Moors, Morattos, and Seapoys;—but, smite my timbers! such a man of war—'

Here he was interrupted by his nephew, Tom Clarke, who had disappeared at the knight's first entrance, and now produced himself with an eagerness in his look, while the tears started in his eyes. 'Lord bless my soul!' cried he, 'I know that gentleman and his servant, as well as I know my own father. I am his own godson, uncle; he stood for me when he was a boy—yes, indeed, Sir, my father was steward to the estate—I may say I was bred up in the family of Sir Everhard Greaves, who has been dead these two years—this is the only son, Sir Launcelot; the best natured, worthy, generous gentleman—I care not who knows it: I love him as well as if he was my own flesh and blood—'

At this period, Tom, whose heart was of the melting mood, began to sob and weep plenteously, from pure affection. Crowe, who was not very subject to these tendernesses, d——d him for a chicken-hearted lubber; repeating, with much peevishness,—'What do'st cry for? what do'st cry for, noddy?' The surgeon, impatient to know the story of Sir Launcelot, which he had heard imperfectly recounted, begged that Mr Clarke would compose himself, and relate it as circumstantially as his memory could retain the particulars; and Tom, wiping his eyes, promised to

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give him that satisfaction; which the reader, if he be so minded, may partake in the next chapter.

CHAPTER III.

Which the reader, on perusal, may wish were chapter the last.

The doctor prescribed a *repetatur* of the jalap, and mixed the ingredients *secundum artem;* Tom Clarke hemmed thrice, to clear his pipes; while the rest of the company, including Dolly and her mother, who had by this time administered to the knight, composed themselves into earnest and hushed attention. Then the young lawyer began his narrative to this effect:—

'I tell ye what, gemmen, I don't pretend in this here case to flourish and harangue like a—having never been called to—but what of that, d'ye see?—perhaps I may know as much as—facts are facts, as the saying is. I shall tell, repeat, and relate, a plain story—matters of fact, d'ye see, without rhetoric, oratory, ornament, or embellishment; without repetition, tautology, circumlocution, or going about the bush; facts which I shall aver, partly on the testimony of my own knowledge, and partly from the information of responsible evidences of good repute and credit, any circumstance known to the contrary notwithstanding:—for, as the law saith, if so be as how there is *an exception* to evidence, that *exception* is in its nature but a denial of what is taken to be good by the other party, and *exceptio in non exceptis firmat regulam*, d'ye see.—But howsomever, in regard to this here affair, we need not be so scrupulous as if we were pleading before a judge *sedente curia*.'—

Ferret, whose curiosity was rather more eager than that of any other person in this audience, being provoked by this preamble, dashed the pipe he had just filled in pieces against the grate; and after having pronounced the interjection *pish!* with an acrimony of aspect altogether peculiar to himself,—'If,' said he, 'impertinence and folly were

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felony by the statute, there would be no want of unexceptionable evidence to hang such an eternal babbler.' 'Anan, babbler!' cried Tom, reddening with passion, and starting up, 'I'd have you to know, Sir, that I can bite as well as babble; and that, if I am so minded, I can run upon the foot after my game without being in fault, as the saying is; and, which is more, I can shake an old fox by the collar.'

How far this young lawyer might have proceeded to prove himself staunch on the person of the misanthrope, if he had not been prevented, we shall not determine; but the whole company were alarmed at his looks and expressions. Dolly's rosy cheeks assumed an ash-colour, while she ran between the disputants, crying,—'Naay, naay—vor the love of God doant then, doant then!' But Captain Crowe exerted a parental authority over his nephew, saying,—'Avast, Tom, avast! snug's the word—we'll have no boarding, d'ye see. Haul forward thy chair again, take thy birth, and proceed with thy story in a direct course, without yawing like a Dutch yanky.'

Tom, thus tutored, recollected himself, resumed his seat, and, after some pause, plunged at once into the current of narration.—'I told you before, gemmen, that the gentleman in armour was the only son of Sir Everhard Greaves, who possessed a free estate of five thousand a-year in our county, and was respected by all his neighbours as much for his personal merit as for his family fortune. With respect to his son Launcelot, whom you have seen, I can remember nothing until he returned from the university, about the age of seventeen, and then I myself was not more than ten years old. The young gemman was at that time in mourning for his mother; though, God he knows, Sir Everhard had more cause to rejoice than to be afflicted at her death: for, among friends (here he lowered his voice, and looked round the kitchen), she was very whimsical, expensive, ill-tempered, and, I'm afraid, a little—upon the—flighty order—a little touched or so; but mum for that—the lady is now dead; and it is my maxim, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*. The young

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squire was even then very handsome, and looked remarkably well in his weepers; but he had an awkward air and shambling gait, stooped mortally, and was so shy and silent that he would not look a stranger in the face, nor open his mouth before company. Whenever he spied a horse or carriage at the gate, he would make his escape into the garden, and from thence into the park; where many is the good time and often he has been found sitting under a tree, with a book in his hand, reading Greek, Latin, and other foreign linguas.

'Sir Everhard himself was no great scholar, and my father had forgot his classical learning; and so the rector of the parish was desired to examine young Launcelot. It was a long time before he found an opportunity; the squire always gave him the slip. At length the parson catched him in bed of a morning, and locking the door, to it they went tooth and nail. What passed betwixt them the Lord in heaven knows; but, when the doctor came forth, he looked wild and haggard as if he had seen a ghost, his face as white as paper, and his lips trembling like an aspen leaf. "Parson," said the knight, "what is the matter?—how do'st find my son? I hope he won't turn out a ninny, and disgrace his family!" The doctor, wiping the sweat from his forehead, replied, with some hesitation,—"He could not tell—he hoped the best—the squire was to be sure a very extraordinary young gentleman." But the father urging him to give an explicit answer, he frankly declared, that, in his opinion, the son would turn out either a mirror of wisdom or a monument of folly; for his genius and disposition were altogether preternatural. The knight was sorely vexed at this declaration, and signified his displeasure by saying, the doctor, like a true priest, dealt in mysteries and oracles, that would admit of different and indeed contrary interpretations. He afterwards consulted my father, who had served as steward upon the estate for above thirty years, and acquired a considerable share of his favour.—"Will Clarke," said he, with tears in his eyes, "what shall I do with this unfortunate lad? I would to God he had never been born; for I fear he will bring my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. When I am gone,

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he will throw away the estate, and bring himself to infamy and ruin, by keeping company with rooks and beggars. O Will! I could forgive extravagance in a young man; but it breaks my heart to see my only son give such repeated proofs of a mean spirit and sordid disposition!"

'Here the old gentleman shed a flood of tears, and not without some shadow of reason. By this time Launcelot was grown so reserved to his father, that he seldom saw him, or any of his relations, except when he was in a manner forced to appear at table, and there his bashfulness seemed every day to increase. On the other hand, he had formed some very strange connections. Every morning he visited the stable, where he not only conversed with the grooms and helpers, but scraped acquaintance with the horses: he fed his favourites with his own hand, stroaked, caressed, and rode them by turns; till at last they grew so familiar, that, even when they were a-field at grass, and saw him at a distance, they would toss their manes, whinny like so many colts at sight of the dam, and galloping up to the place where he stood, smell him all over.

'You must know that I myself, though a child, was his companion in all these excursions. He took a liking to me on account of my being his godson, and gave me more money than I knew what to do with: he had always plenty of cash for the asking, as my father was ordered to supply him liberally, the knight thinking that a command of money might help to raise his thoughts to a proper consideration of his own importance. He never could endure a common beggar, that was not either in a state of infancy or of old age; but, in other respects, he made the guineas fly in such a manner, as looked more like madness than generosity. He had no communication with your rich yeomen, but rather treated them and their families with studied contempt, because forsooth they pretended to assume the dress and manners of the gentry.

'They kept their footmen, their saddle horses, and chaises: their wives and daughters appeared in their jewels, their silks, and their satins, their negligees and trollopees; their

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clumsy shanks, like so many chines of beef, were cased in silk-hose and embroidered slippers; their raw red fingers, gross as the pipes of a chamber-organ, which had been employed in milking the cows, in twirling the mop or churn-staff, being adorned with diamonds, were taught to thrum the pandola, and even to touch the keys of the harpsichord! Nay, in every village they kept a route, and set up an assembly; and in one place a hog-butcher was master of the ceremonies.

'I have heard Mr Greaves ridicule them for their vanity and awkward imitation; and therefore, I believe, he avoided all concerns with them, even when they endeavoured to engage his attention. It was the lower sort of people with whom he chiefly conversed, such as ploughmen, ditchers, and other day-labourers. To every cottager in the parish he was a bounteous benefactor. He was, in the literal sense of the word, a careful overseer of the poor; for he went from house to house, industriously inquiring into the distresses of the people. He repaired their huts, clothed their backs, filled their bellies, and supplied them with necessaries for exercising their industry and different occupations.

'I'll give you one instance now, as a specimen of his character: he and I, strolling one day on the side of a common, saw two boys picking hips and haws from the hedges; one seemed to be about five, and the other a year older; they were both barefoot and ragged, but at the same time fat, fair, and in good condition. "Who do you belong to?" said Mr Greaves. "To Mary Stile," replied the oldest, "the widow that rents one of them housen." "And how do'st live, my boy? thou lookest fresh and jolly," resumed the squire. "Lived well enough till yesterday," answered the child. "And pray what happened yesterday, my boy?" continued Mr Greaves. "Happened!" said he, "why mammy had a coople of little Welch keawes, that gi'en milk enough to fill all our bellies; mammy's, and mine, and Dick's here, and my two little sisters at hoam: yesterday the squire seized the keawes for rent, God rot'un! Mammy's gone to bed sick and sulky: my two sisters be crying at home vor

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vood; and Dick and I be come hither to pick haws and bullies."

'My godfather's face grew red as scarlet; he took one of the children in either hand, and leading them towards the house, found Sir Everhard talking with my father before the gate. Instead of avoiding the old gentleman, as usual, he brushed up to him with a spirit he had never shewn before, and presenting the two ragged boys,—"Surely, Sir," said he, "you will not countenance that there ruffian your steward, in oppressing the widow and fatherless? On pretence of distraining for the rent of a cottage, he has robbed the mother of these and other poor infant-orphans of two cows, which afforded them their whole sustenance. Shall you be concerned in tearing the hard-earned morsel from the mouth of indigence? Shall your name, which has been so long mentioned as a blessing, be now detested as a curse by the poor, the helpless, and forlorn? The father of these babes was once your game-keeper, who died of a consumption caught in your service. You see they are almost naked—I found them plucking haws and sloes, in order to appease their hunger. The wretched mother is starving in a cold cottage, distracted with the cries of other two infants, clamorous for food; and while her heart is bursting with anguish and despair, she invokes Heaven to avenge the widow's cause upon the head of her unrelenting landlord!"

'This unexpected address brought tears into the eyes of the good old gentleman. "Will Clarke," said he to my father, "how durst you abuse my authority at this rate? You who know I have been always a protector, not an oppressor of the needy and unfortunate. I charge you, go immediately and comfort this poor woman with immediate relief; instead of her own cows, let her have two of the best milch cows of my dairy; they shall graze in my parks in summer, and be foddered with my hay in winter. She shall sit rent free for life; and I will take care of these her poor orphans."

'This was a very affecting scene. Mr Launcelot took his father's hand and kissed it, while the tears ran down his

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cheeks; and Sir Everhard embraced his son with great tenderness, crying—"My dear boy! God be praised for having given you such a feeling heart." My father himself was moved, thof a practitioner of the law, and consequently used to distresses. He declared, that he had given no directions to distrain; and that the bailiff must have done it by his own authority. "If that be the case," said the young squire, "let the inhuman rascal be turned out of our service."

'Well, gemmen, all the children were immediately cloth-ed and fed, and the poor widow had well nigh run distracted with joy. The old knight, being of a humane temper himself, was pleased to see such proofs of his son's generosity: he was not angry at his spending his money, but at squandering away his time among the dregs of the people. For you must know, he not only made matches, portioned poor maidens, and set up young couples that came together without money; but he mingled in every rustic diversion, and bore away the prize in every contest. He excelled every swain of that district in feats of strength and activity; in leaping, running, wrestling, cricket, cudgel-playing, and pitching the bar; and was confessed to be, out of sight, the best dancer at all wakes and holidays: happy was the country girl who could engage the young squire as her partner. To be sure, it was a comely sight for to see as how the buxom country-lasses, fresh and fragrant, and blushing like the rose, in their best apparel dight, their white hose, and clean short dimity petticoats, their gaudy gowns of printed cotton; their top-knots and stomachers, bedinzed with bunches of ribbons of various colours, green, pink and yellow; to see them crowned with garlands, and assembled on May-day, to dance before squire Launcelot, as he made his morning's progress through the village. Then all the young peasants made their appearance with cockades, suited to the fancies of their several sweet-hearts, and boughs of flowering hawthorn. The children sported about like flocks of frisking lambs, or the young fry swarming under the sunny bank of some meandring river. The old men and women, in their holiday-garments, stood at their doors to receive their

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benefactor, and poured forth blessings on him as he passed: the children welcomed him with their shrill shouts, the damsels with songs of praise, and the young men, with the pipe and tabor, marched before him to the May-pole, which was bedecked with flowers and bloom. There the rural dance began: a plentiful dinner, with oceans of good liquor, was bespoke at the White Hart: the whole village was regaled at the squire's expense; and both the day and the night was spent in mirth and pleasure.

'Lord help you! he could not rest if he thought there was an aching heart in the whole parish. Every paltry cottage was in a little time converted into a pretty, snug, comfortable habitation, with a wooden porch at the door, glass casements in the windows, and a little garden behind, well stored with greens, roots, and sallads. In a word, the poor's rate was reduced to a mere trifle; and one would have thought the golden age was revived in Yorkshire. But, as I told you before, the old knight could not bear to see his only son so wholly attached to these lowly pleasures, while he industriously shunned all opportunities of appearing in that superior sphere to which he was designed by nature and by fortune. He imputed his conduct to meanness of spirit, and advised with my father touching the properest expedient to wean his affections from such low-born pursuits. My father counselled him to send the young gentleman up to London, to be entered as a student in the Temple, and recommended him to the superintendence of some person who knew the town, and might engage him insensibly in such amusements and connections, as would soon lift his ideas above the humble objects on which they had been hitherto employed. This advice appeared so salutary, that it was followed without the least hesitation. The young squire himself was perfectly well satisfied with the proposal; and in a few days he set out for the great city: but there was not a dry eye in the parish at his departure, although he prevailed upon his father to pay in his absence all the pensions he had granted to those who could not live on the fruit of their own industry. In what manner he spent his time

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in London, it is none of my business to inquire; thof I know pretty well what kind of lives are led by gemmen of your inns of court. I myself once belonged to Serjeant's Inn, and was perhaps as good a wit and a critic as any templar of them all. Nay, as for that matter, thof I despise vanity, I can aver with a safe conscience, that I had once the honour to belong to the society called *the town:* we were all of us attorneys' clerks, gemmen, and had our meetings at an ale-house in Butcher Row, where we regulated the diversions of the theatre.

'But to return from this digression: Sir Everhard Greaves did not seem to be very well pleased with the conduct of his son at London. He got notice of some irregularities and scrapes into which he had fallen; and the squire seldom wrote his father, except to draw upon him for money; which he did so fast, that in eighteen months the old gentleman lost all patience.

'At this period Squire Darnel chanced to die, leaving an only daughter, a minor, heiress of three thousand a-year, under the guardianship of her uncle Anthony, whose brutal character all the world knows. The breath was no sooner out of his brother's body, than he resolved, if possible, to succeed him in parliament as representative for the borough of Ashenton. Now you must know, that this borough had been for many years a bone of contention between the families of Greaves and Darnel; and at length the difference was compromised by the interposition of friends, on condition that Sir Everhard and Squire Darnel should alternately represent the place in parliament. They agreed to this compromise for their mutual convenience; but they were never heartily reconciled. Their political principles did not tally; and their wives looked upon each other as rivals in fortune and magnificence: so that there was no intercourse between them, thof they lived in the same neighbourhood. On the contrary, in all disputes, they constantly headed the opposite parties. Sir Everhard understanding that Anthony Darnel had begun to canvass, and was putting every iron in the fire, in violation and contempt of the *pactum familiæ*

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before mentioned, fell into a violent passion, that brought on a severe fit of the gout; by which he was disabled from giving personal attention to his own interest. My father, indeed, employed all his diligence and address, and spared neither money, time, nor constitution, till at length he drank himself into a consumption, which was the death of him. But, after all, there is a great difference between a steward and a principal. Mr Darnel attended in *propria persona*, flattered and caressed the women, feasted the electors, hired mobs, made processions, and scattered about his money in such a manner, that our friends durst hardly show heir heads in public.

'At this very crisis, our young squire, to whom his father had written an account of the transaction, arrived unexpectedly at Gravesbury hall, and had a long private conference with Sir Everhard. The news of his return spread like wild-fire through all that part of the country: bonfires were made, and the bells set a-ringing in several towns and steeples; and next morning above seven hundred people were assembled at the gate, with music, flags, and streamers, to welcome their young squire, and accompany him to the borough of Ashenton. He set out on foot with his retinue, and entered one end of the town just as Mr Darnel's mob had come in at the other. Both arrived about the same time at the market place; but Mr Darnel, mounting first into the balcony of the town-house, made a long speech to the people in favour of his own pretensions, not without some invidious reflections glanced at Sir Everhard, his competitor.

'We did not much mind the acclamations of his party, which we knew had been hired for the purpose; but we were in some pain for Mr Greaves, who had not been used to speak in public. He took his turn, however, in the balcony, and, uncovering his head, bowed all round with the most engaging courtesy. He was dressed in a green frock trimmed with gold, and his own dark hair flowed about his ears in natural curls, while his face was overspread with a blush, that improved the glow of youth to a deeper crimson;

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and I dare say set many a female heart a-palpitating. When he made his first appearance, there was just such a humming and clapping of hands as you may have heard when the celebrated Garrick comes upon the stage in King Lear, or King Richard, or any other top character. But how agreeably were we disappointed, when our young gentleman made such an oration as would not have disgraced a Pitt, an Egmont, or a Murray! While he spoke, all was hushed in admiration and attention; you could have almost heard a feather drop to the ground. It would have charmed you to hear with what modesty he recounted the services which his father and grandfather had done to the corporation; with what eloquence he expatiated upon the shameful infraction of the treaty subsisting between the two families; and with what keen and spirited strokes of satire he retorted the sarcasms of Darnel.

'He no sooner concluded his harangue, than there was such a burst of applause, as seemed to rend the very sky. Our music immediately struck up; our people advanced with their ensigns, and, as every man had a good cudgel, broken heads would have ensued, had not Mr Darnel and his party thought proper to retreat with uncommon dispatch. He never offered to make another public entrance, as he saw the torrent ran so violently against him; but sat down with his loss, and withdrew his opposition, though at bottom extremely mortified and incensed. Sir Everhard was unanimously elected, and appeared to be the happiest man upon earth; for, besides the pleasure arising from his victory over this competitor, he was now fully satisfied that his son, instead of disgracing, would do honour to his family. It would have moved a heart of stone, to see with what a tender transport of paternal joy he received his dear Launcelot, after having heard of his deportment and success at Ashenton, where, by the by, he gave a ball to the ladies, and displayed as much elegance and politeness, as if he had been bred at the court of Versailles.

'This joyous season was of short duration: in a little time all the happiness of the family was overcast by a sad

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incident, which hath left such an unfortunate impression upon the mind of the young gentleman, as, I am afraid, will never be effaced. Mr Darnel's niece and ward, the great heiress, whose name is Aurelia, was the most celebrated beauty of the whole country; if I said the whole kingdom, or indeed all Europe, perhaps I should barely do her justice. I don't pretend to be a limner, gemmen; nor does it become me to delineate such excellence; but surely I may presume to repeat from the play,

> 'Oh! she is all that painting can express,
> 'Or youthful poets fancy when they love!'

'At that time she might be about seventeen; tall and fair, and so exquisitely shaped—you may talk of your Venus de Medicis, your Dianas, your nymphs, and Galateas; but if Praxiteles, and Roubillac, and Wilton, were to lay their heads together, in order to make a complete pattern of beauty, they would hardly reach her model of perfection. As for complexion, poets will talk of blending the lily with the rose, and bring in a parcel of similes of cowslips, carnations, pinks, and daisies. There's Dolly, now, has got a very good complexion; indeed she's the very picture of health and innocence—you are, indeed, my pretty lass;—but *parva componere magnis*. Miss Darnel is all amazing beauty, delicacy, and dignity! Then the softness and expression of her fine blue eyes; her pouting lips of coral hue; her neck, that rises like a tower of polished alabaster between two mounts of snow. I tell you what, gemmen, it don't signify talking, if e'er a one of you was to meet this young lady alone, in the midst of a heath or common, or any unfrequented place, he would down on his knees, and think he kneeled before some supernatural being. I'll tell you more: she not only resembles an angel in beauty, but a saint in goodness, and an hermit in humility; so void of all pride and affectation; so soft, and sweet, and affable, and humane! Lord! I could tell such instances of her charity!

'Sure enough she and Sir Launcelot were formed by nature for each other; howsoever, the cruel hand of fortune hath intervened, and severed them for ever. Every soul

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that knew them both said it was a thousand pities but they should come together, and extinguish, in their happy union, the mutual animosity of the two families, which had so often embroiled the whole neighbourhood. Nothing was heard but the praises of Miss Aurelia Darnel and Mr Launcelot Greaves; and no doubt the parties were prepossessed by this applause in favour of each other. At length Mr Greaves went one Sunday to her parish church; but, though the greater part of the congregation watched their looks, they could not perceive that she took the least notice of him, or that he seemed to be struck with her appearance. He afterwards had an opportunity of seeing her, more at leisure, at the York assembly, during the races; but this opportunity was productive of no good effect, because he had that same day quarrelled with her uncle on the turf.

'An old grudge, you know, gemmen, is soon inflamed to a fresh rupture. It was thought Mr Darnel came on purpose to shew his resentment. They differed about a bet upon Miss Cleverlegs, and, in the course of the dispute, Mr Darnel called him a petulant boy. The young squire, who was as hasty as gun-powder, told him he was man enough to chastise him for his insolence; and would do it on the spot, if he thought it would not interrupt the diversion. In all probability they would have come to points immediately, had not the gentleman interposed; so that nothing further passed, but abundance of foul language on the part of Mr Anthony, and a repeated defiance to single combat.

'Mr Greaves, making a low bow, retired from the field; and in the evening danced at the assembly with a young lady from the bishopric, seemingly in good temper and spirits, without having any words with Mr Darnel, who was also present. But in the morning he visited that proud neighbour betimes; and they had almost reached a grove of trees on the north side of the town, when they were suddenly overtaken by half a dozen gentlemen, who had watched their motions. It was in vain for them to dissemble their design, which could not now take effect. They gave up their pistols, and a reconciliation was patched up by the

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pressing remonstrances of their common friends; but Mr Darnel's hatred still rankled at bottom, and soon broke out in the sequel. About three months after this transaction, his niece Aurelia, with her mother, having been to visit a lady in the chariot, the horses being young, and not used to the traces, were startled at the braying of a jack-ass on the common, and, taking fright, ran away with the carriage, like lightning. The coachman was thrown from the box, and the ladies screamed piteously for help. Mr Greaves chanced to be a-horseback on the other side of an inclosure when he heard their shrieks, and, riding up to the hedge, knew the chariot, and saw their disaster. The horses were then running full speed, in such a direction as to drive headlong over a precipice into a stone quarry, where they and the chariot and the ladies must be dashed in pieces.

'You may conceive, gemmen, what his thoughts were when he saw such a fine young lady, in the flower of her age, just plunging into eternity; when he saw the lovely Aurelia on the brink of being precipitated among rocks, where her delicate limbs must be mangled and tore asunder; when he perceived, that, before he could ride round by the gate, the tragedy would be finished. The fence was so thick and high, flanked with a broad ditch on the outside, that he could not hope to clear it, although he was mounted on Scipio, bred out of Miss Cowslip, the sire Muley, and his grandsire the famous Arabian Mustapha. Scipio was bred by my father, who would not have taken a hundred guineas for him from any other person but the young squire.—Indeed, I have heard my poor father say—'

By this time Ferret's impatience was become so outrageous, that he exclaimed, in a furious tone,—'Damn your father, and his horse, and his colt into the bargain!'

Tom made no reply, but began to strip with great expedition. Captain Crowe was so choked with passion, that he could utter nothing but disjointed sentences: he rose from his seat, brandished his horsewhip, and, seizing his nephew by the collar, cried,—'Odds heartlikins! sirrah, I have a good mind—Devil fire your running tackle, you land-lub-

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ter!—can't you steer without all this tacking hither an thither, and the Lord knows whither?—'Noint my block! I'd give thee a rope's end for thy supper if it wan't—'

Dolly had conceived a sneaking kindness for the young lawyer, and, thinking him in danger of being roughly handled, flew to his relief. She twisted her hand in Crowe's neckcloth without ceremony, crying,—'Sha't then, I tell thee, old codger—Who kears a vig vor thy voolish trantrums?'

While Crowe looked black in the face, and ran the risk of strangulation under the gripe of this amazon, Mr Clarke having disengaged himself of his hat, wig, coat, and waistcoat, advanced in an elegant attitude of manual offence towards the misanthrope, who snatched up a gridiron from the chimney corner, and discord seemed to clap her sooty wings in expectation of battle. But, as the reader may have more than once already cursed the unconscionable length of this chapter, we must postpone to the next opportunity the incidents that succeeded this denunciation of war.

CHAPTER IV.

In which it appears that the knight, when heartily set in for sleeping, was not easily disturbed.

In all probability the kitchen of the Black Lion, from a domestic temple of society and good fellowship, would have been converted into a scene or stage of sanguinary dispute, had not Pallas or Discretion interposed in the person of Mr Fillet, and, with the assistance of the ostler, disarmed the combatants, not only of their arms, but also of their resentment.

The impetuosity of Mr Clarke was a little checked at sight of the gridiron, which Ferret brandished with uncommon dexterity; a circumstance from whence the company were, upon reflection, induced to believe, that, before he plunged into the sea of politics, he had occasionally figured

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in the character of that facetious droll who accompanies your itinerant physicians, under the familiar appellation of Merry-Andrew or Jack-Pudding, and on a wooden stage entertains the populace with a solo on the salt-box, or a sonata on the tongs and gridiron. Be that as it may, the young lawyer seemed to be a little discomposed at the glancing of this extraordinary weapon of offence, which the fair hands of Dolly had scoured, until it had shone as bright as the shield of Achilles, or as the emblem of good old English fare, which hangs by a red ribbon round the neck of that thrice-honoured sage's head, in velvet bonnet cased, who presides by rotation at the genial board, distinguished by the title of the *beef-steak club*; where the delicate rumps irresistibly attract the stranger's eye, and, while they seem to cry,—'come cut me, come cut me,' constrain, by wondrous sympathy, each mouth to overflow; where the obliging and humorous Jemmy B——t, the gentle Billy H——d, replete with human kindness, and the generous Johnny R——d, respected and beloved by all the world, attend as the priests and ministers of mirth, good cheer, and jollity, and assist with culinary art the raw, unpractised, awkward guest.

But to return from this digressive simile:—The ostler no sooner stept between those menacing antagonists, than Tom Clarke very quietly resumed his clothes, and Mr Ferret resigned the gridiron without farther question. The doctor did not find it quite so easy to release the throat of Captain Crowe from the masculine grasp of the virago Dolly, whose fingers could not be disengaged until the honest seaman was almost at the last gasp. After some pause, during which he panted for breath, and untied his neckcloth,—'Damn thee for a brimstone galley,' cried he, 'I was never so grappled withal since I knew a card from a compass. Adzooks! the jade has so taughtened my rigging, d'ye see, that I—Snatch my bowlines, if I come athwart thy hawser, I'll turn thy keel upwards—or mayhap set thee a-driving under the bare poles—I will—I will, you hell-fire, saucy—I will—'

Dolly made no reply, but, seeing Mr Clarke sit down

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again with great composure, took her station likewise at the opposite side of the apartment. Then Mr Fillet requested the lawyer to proceed with his story, which, after three hems, he accordingly prosecuted in these words.—

'I told you, gemmen, that Mr Greaves was mounted on Scipio, when he saw Miss Darnel and her mother in danger of being hurried over a precipice. Without reflecting a moment, he gave Scipio the spur, and at one spring he cleared five-and-twenty feet, over hedge and ditch, and every obstruction. Then he rode full speed, in order to turn the coach-horses; and, finding them quite wild and furious, endeavoured to drive against the counter of the hither horse, which he missed, and staked poor Scipio on the pole of the coach. The shock was so great, that the coach-horses made a full stop within ten yards of the quarry, and Mr Greaves was thrown forwards towards the coach-box, which, mounting with admirable dexterity, he seized the reins before the horses could recover of their fright. At that instant the coachman came running up, and loosed them from the traces with the utmost dispatch. Mr Greaves had now time to give his attention to the ladies, who were well nigh distracted with fear. He no sooner opened the chariot-door, than Aurelia, with a wildness of look, sprung into his arms, and, clasping him round the neck, fainted away. I leave you to guess, gemmen, what were his feelings at this instant. The mother was not so discomposed, but that she could contribute to the recovery of her daughter, whom the young squire still supported in his embrace. At length she retrieved the use of her senses, and, perceiving the situation in which she was, the blood revisited her face with a redoubled glow, while she desired him to set her down upon the turf.

'Mrs Darnel, far from being shy or reserved in her compliments of acknowledgments, kissed Mr Launcelot without ceremony, the tears of gratitude running down her cheeks: she called him her dear son, her generous deliverer, who, at the hazard of his own life, had saved her and her child from the most dismal fate that could be imagined.

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'Mr Greaves was so much transported on this occasion' that he could not help disclosing a passion which he had hitherto industriously concealed. "What I have done," said he, "was but a common office of humanity, which I would have performed for any of my fellow-creatures; but, for the preservation of Miss Aurelia Darnel, I would at any time sacrifice my life with pleasure." The young lady did not hear this declaration unmoved: her face was again flushed, and her eyes sparkled with pleasure: nor was the youth's confession disagreeable to the good lady her mother, who, at one glance, perceived all the advantages of such an union between the two families.

'Mr Greaves proposed to send the coachman to his father's stable for a pair of sober horses, that could be depended upon, to draw the ladies home to their own habitation; but they declined the offer, and chose to walk, as the distance was not great. He then insisted upon his being their conductor; and, each taking him under the arm, supported them to their own gate, where such an apparition filled all the domestics with astonishment. Mrs Darnel, taking him by the hand, led him into the house, where she welcomed him with another affectionate embrace, and indulged him with an ambrosial kiss of Aurelia, saying,—"But for you, we had both been by this time in eternity. Sure it was Heaven that sent you as an angel to our assistance!" She kindly inquired if he had himself sustained any damage in administering that desperate remedy to which they owed their lives. She entertained him with a small collation; and, in the course of the conversation, lamented the animosity which had so long divided two neighbouring families of such influence and character. He was not slow in signifying his approbation of her remarks, and expressing the most eager desire of seeing all those unhappy differences removed: in a word, they parted with mutual satisfaction.

'Just as he advanced from the outward gate, on his return to Gravesbury-hall, he was met by Anthony Darnel on horseback, who, riding up to him with marks of surprise and resentment, saluted him with—"your servant, Sir: have

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you any commands for me?" The other replying, with an air of indifference,—"none at all," Mr Darnel asked what had procured him the honour of a visit. The young gentleman perceiving by the manner in which he spoke that the old quarrel was not yet extinguished, answered, with equal disdain, that the visit was not intended for him; and that, if he wanted to know the cause of it, he might inform himself by his own servants. "So I shall," cried the uncle of Aurelia, "and perhaps let you know my sentiments of the matter." "Hereafter, as it may be," said the youth, who, turning out of the avenue, walked home, and made his father acquainted with the particulars of this adventure.

'The old gentleman chid him for his rashness, but seemed pleased with the success of his attempt, and still more so, when he understood his sentiments of Aurelia, and the deportment of the ladies.

'Next day the son sent over a servant with a compliment to inquire about their health; and the messenger, being seen by Mr Darnel, was told that the ladies were indisposed, and did not choose to be troubled with messages. The mother was really seized with a fever, produced by the agitation of her spirits, which every day became more and more violent, until the physicians despaired of her life. Believing that her end approached, she sent a trusty servant to Mr Greaves, desiring that she might see him without delay; and he immediately set out with the messenger, who introduced him in the dark.

'He found the old lady in bed almost exhausted, and the fair Aurelia sitting by her, overwhelmed with grief; her lovely hair in the utmost disorder, and her charming eyes inflamed with weeping. The good lady beckoning Mr Launcelot to approach, and directing all the attendants to quit the room, except a favourite maid, from whom I learned the story, she took him by the hand, and, fixing her eyes upon him with all the fondness of a mother, shed some tears in silence, while the same marks of sorrow trickled down his cheeks. After this affecting pause,—"My dear son," said she, "Oh! that I could have lived to see you so indeed!

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you find me hastening to the goal of life." Here the tender-hearted Aurelia, being unable to contain herself longer, broke out into a violent passion of grief, and wept aloud. The mother, waiting patiently till she had thus given vent to her anguish, calmly entreated her to resign herself submissively to the will of heaven: then turning to Mr Launcelot,—"I had indulged," said she, "fond hope of seeing you allied to my family. This is no time for me to insist upon the ceremonies and forms of a vain world. Aurelia looks upon you with the eyes of tender prepossession." No sooner had she pronounced these words, than he threw himself on his knees before the young lady, and, pressing her hand to his lips, breathed the softest expressions which the most delicate love could suggest. "I know," resumed the mother, "that your passion is mutually incere; and I should die satisfied, if I thought your un on would not be opposed: but that violent man, my brother-in-law, who is Aurelia's sole guardian, will thwart her wishes with every obstacle that brutal resentment and implacable malice can contrive. Mr Greaves, I have ng admired your virtues, and am confident that I can depend upon your honour. You shall give me your wo:d, that, when I am gone, you will take no steps in this affair without the concurrence of your father; and endeavour, by all fair and honourable means, to vanquish the prejudices, and obtain the c nsent, of her uncle: the rest we must leave to the dispensation of Providence."

'The squire promised, in the most solemn and fervent manner, to obey all her injunctions, as the last dictates of a parent whom he should never cease to honour. Then she favoured them both with a great deal of salutary advice, touching their conduct before and after marriage; and presented him with a ring, as a memorial of her affection; at the same time he pulled another off his finger, and made a tender of it as a pledge of his love to Aurelia, whom her mother permitted to receive this token. Finally, he took a last farewel of the good matron, and returned to his father with the particulars of this interview.

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'In two days Mrs Darnel departed this life, and Aurelia was removed to the house of a relation, where her grief had like to have proved fatal to her constitution.

'In the meantime, the mother was no sooner committed to the earth, than Mr Greaves, mindful of her exhortations, began to take measures for a reconciliation with the guardian. He engaged several gentlemen to interpose their good offices, but they always met with the most mortifying repulse; and at last Anthony Darnel declared, that his hatred to the house of Greaves was hereditary, habitual, and unconquerable. He swore he would spend his heart's blood to perpetuate the quarrel; and that, sooner than his niece should match with young Launcelot, he would sacrifice her with his own hand.

'The young gentleman, finding his prejudice so rancorous and invincible, left off making any further advances; and, since he found it impossible to obtain his consent, resolved to cultivate the good graces of Aurelia, and wed her in despite of her implacable guardian. He found means to establish a literary correspondence with her as soon as her grief was a little abated, and even to affect an interview after her return to her own house; but he soon had reason to repent of this indulgence. The uncle entertained spies upon the young lady, who gave him an account of this meeting; in consequence of which she was suddenly hurried to some distant part of the country, which we never could discover.

'It was then we thought Mr Launcelot a little disordered in his brain, his grief was so wild, and his passion so impetuous. He refused all sustenance, neglected his person, renounced his amusements, rode out in the rain sometimes bare-headed, strolled about the fields all night, and became so peevish, that none of the domestics durst speak to him without the hazard of broken bones. Having played these pranks for about three weeks, to the unspeakable chagrin of his father, and the astonishment of all that knew him, he suddenly grew calm, and his good humour returned. But this, as your seafaring people say, was a deceitful calm, that soon ushered in a dreadful storm.

'He had long sought an opportunity to tamper with some

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of Mr Darnel's servants, who could inform him of the place where Aurelia was confined; but there was not one about the family who could give him that satisfaction; for the persons who accompanied her remained as a watch upon her motions, and none of the other domestics were privy to the transaction. All attempts proving fruitless, he could no longer restrain his impatience, but throwing himself in the way of the uncle, upbraided him in such harsh terms, that a formal challenge ensued. They agreed to decide their difference without witnesses; and one morning, before sun-rise, met on that very common where Mr Greaves had saved the life of Aurelia. The first pistol was fired on each side without any effect; but Mr Darnel's second wounded the young squire in the flank; nevertheless, having a pistol in reserve, he desired his antagonist to ask his life. The other, instead of submitting, drew his sword; and Mr Greaves, firing his piece into the air, followed his example. The contest then became very hot, though of short continuance. Darnel being disarmed at the first onset, our young squire gave him back the sword, which he was base enough to use a second time against his conqueror. Such an instance of repeated ingratitude and brutal ferocity divested Mr Greaves of his temper and forbearance. He attacked Mr Anthony with great fury, and at the first longe ran him up to the hilt, at the same time seized with his left hand the shell of his enemy's sword, which he broke in disdain. Mr Darnel having fallen, the other immediately mounted his horse, which he had tied to a tree before the engagement, and riding full speed to Ashenton, sent a surgeon to Anthony's assistance. He afterwards ingenuously confessed all these particulars to his father, who was overwhelmed with consternation, for the wounds of Darnel were judged mortal; and as no person had seen the particulars of the duel, Mr Launcelot might have been convicted of murder.

'On these considerations, before a warrant could be served upon him, the old knight, by dint of the most eager entreaties, accompanied with marks of horror and despair,

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prevailed upon his son to withdraw himself from the kingdom, until such time as the storm should be overblown. Had his heart been unengaged, he would have chose to travel; but at this period, when his whole soul was engrossed, and so violently agitated by his passion for Aurelia, nothing but the fear of seeing the old gentleman run distracted, would have induced him to desist from the pursuit of that young lady, far less quit the kingdom where she resided.

'Well then, gemmen, he repaired to Harwich, where he embarked for Holland, from whence he proceeded to Brussels, where he procured a passport from the French king, by virtue of which he travelled to Marseilles, and there took a tartan for Genoa. The first letter Sir Everhard received from him was dated at Florence. Meanwhile the surgeon's prognostic was not altogether verified. Mr Darnel did not die immediately of his wounds; but he lingered a long time, as it were in the arms of death, and even partly recovered: yet, in all probability, he will never be wholly restored to the enjoyment of his health; and is obliged every summer to attend the hot-well at Bristol. As his wounds began to heal, his hatred to Mr Greaves seemed to revive with augmented violence; and he is now, if possible, more than ever determined against all reconciliation.

'Mr Launcelot, after having endeavoured to amuse his imagination with a succession of curious objects, in a tour of Italy, took up his residence at a town called Pisa, and there fell into a deep melancholy, from which nothing could rouse him but the news of his father's death.

'The old gentleman (God rest his soul) never held up his head after the departure of his darling Launcelot; and the dangerous condition of Darnel kept up his apprehension: this was reinforced by the obstinate silence of the youth, and certain accounts of his disordered mind, which he had received from some of those persons who take pleasure in communicating disagreeable tidings. A complication of all these grievances, co-operating with a severe fit of the gout and gravel, produced a fever, which, in a few days, brought

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Sir Everhard to his long home, after he had settled his affairs with heaven and earth, and made his peace with God and man. I'll assure you, gemmen, he made a most edifying and christian end: he died regretted by all his neighbours except Anthony, and might be said to be embalmed by the tears of the poor, to whom he was always a bounteous benefactor.

'When the son, now Sir Launcelot, came home, he appeared so meagre, wan, and hollow-eyed, that the servants hardly knew their young master. His first care was to take possession of his fortune, and settle accounts with the steward who had succeeded my father. These affairs being discussed, he spared no pains to get intelligence concerning Miss Darnel; and soon learned more of that young lady than he desired to know; for it was become the common talk of the country, that a match was agreed upon between her and young Squire Sycamore, a gentleman of a very great fortune. These tidings were probably confirmed under her own hand, in a letter which she wrote to Sir Launcelot. The contents were never exactly known but to the parties themselves; nevertheless, the effects were too visible, for, from that blessed moment, he spoke not one word to any living creature for the space of three days; but was seen sometimes to shed a flood of tears, and sometimes to burst out into a fit of laughing. At last he broke silence, and seemed to wake from his disorder. He became more fond than ever of the exercise of riding, and began to amuse himself again with acts of benevolence.

'One instance of his generosity and justice deserves to be recorded in brass or marble: you must know, gemmen, the rector of the parish was lately dead, and Sir Everhard had promised the presentation to another clergyman. In the meantime, Sir Launcelot chancing one Sunday to ride through a lane, perceived a horse saddled and bridled, feeding on the side of a fence; and, casting his eyes around, beheld on the other side of the hedge an object lying extended on the ground, which he took to be the body of a murdered traveller. He forthwith alighted, and leaping into

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the field, descried a man at full length, wrapped in a great coat, and writhing in agony. Approaching nearer, he found it was a clergyman, in his gown and cassoc. When he inquired into the case, and offered his assistance, the stranger rose up, thanked him for his courtesy, and declared that he was now very well. The knight, who thought there was something mysterious in this incident, expressed a desire to know the cause of his rolling in the grass in that manner; and the clergyman, who knew his person, made no scruple in gratifying his curiosity. "You must know, Sir," said he, "I serve the curacy of your own parish; for which the late incumbent paid me twenty pounds a-year; but this sum being scarce sufficient to maintain my wife and children, who are five in number, I agreed to read prayers in the afternoon at another church, about four miles from hence; and for this additional duty I receive ten pounds more: as I keep a horse, it was formerly an agreeable exercise rather than a toil; but of late years I have been afflicted with a rupture, for which I consulted the most eminent operators in the kingdom; but I have no cause to rejoice in the effects of their advice, though one of them assured me I was completely cured. The malady is now more troublesome than ever, and often comes upon me so violently while I am on horseback, that I am forced to alight, and lie down upon the ground, until the cause of the disorder can for the time be reduced."

'Sir Launcelot not only condoled with him upon his misfortune, but desired him to throw up the second cure, and he would pay him ten pounds a-year out of his own pocket. "Your generosity confounds me, good Sir," replied the clergyman; "and yet I ought not to be surprised at any instance of benevolence in Sir Launcelot Greaves; but I will check the fulness of my heart. I shall only observe, that your good intention towards me can hardly take effect. The gentleman who is to succeed the late incumbent, has given me notice to quit the premises, as he hath provided a friend of his own for the curacy." "What!" cried the knight, "does he mean to take your bread from you, without assign-

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ing any other reason?" "Surely, Sir," replied the ecclesiastic, "I know of no other reason. I hope my morals are irreproachable, and that I have done my duty with a conscientious regard; I may venture an appeal to the parishioners, among whom I have lived these seventeen years. After all, it is natural for every man to favour his own friends in preference to strangers. As for me, I propose to try my fortune in the great city, and I doubt not but Providence will provide for me and my little ones."

'To this declaration Sir Launcelot made no reply; but, riding home, set on foot a strict inquiry into the character of this man, whose name was Jenkins. He found that he was a reputed scholar, equally remarkable for his modesty and good life; that he visited the sick, assisted the needy, compromised disputes among his neighbours, and spent his time in such a manner as would have done honour to any christian divine. Thus informed, the knight sent for the gentleman to whom the living had been promised, and accosted him to this effect.—"Mr Tootle, I have a favour to ask of you. The person who serves the cure of this parish, is a man of good character, beloved by the people, and has a large family. I shall be obliged to you if you will continue him in the curacy." The other told him he was sorry he could not comply with his request, being that he had already promised the curacy to a friend of his own. "No matter," replied Sir Launcelot, "since I have not interest with you, I will endeavour to provide for Mr Jenkins in some other way."

'That same afternoon he walked over to the curate's house, and told him that he had spoken in his behalf to Dr Tootle, but the curacy was pre-engaged. The good man having made a thousand acknowledgments for the trouble his honour had taken; "I have not interest sufficient to make you curate," said the knight, "but I can give you the living itself, and that you shall have." So saying, he retired, leaving Mr Jenkins incapable of uttering one syllable, so powerfully was he struck with this unexpected turn of fortune. The presentation was immediately made out, and

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in a few days Mr Jenkins was put in possession of his benefice, to the inexpressible joy of the congregation.

'Hitherto every thing went right, and every unprejudiced person commended the knight's conduct; but in a little time his generosity seemed to overleap the bounds of discretion, and even in some cases might be thought tending to a breach of the king's peace. For example, he compelled, *vi et armis*, a rich farmer's son to marry the daughter of a cottager, whom the young fellow had debauched. Indeed it seems there was a promise of marriage in the case, though it could not be legally ascertained. The wench took on dismally, and her parents had recourse to Sir Launcelot, who, sending for the delinquent, expostulated with him severely on the injury he had done the young woman, and exhorted him to save her life and reputation by performing his promise, in which case he (Sir Launcelot) would give her three hundred pounds to her portion. Whether the farmer thought there was something interested in this uncommon offer, or was a little elevated by the consciousness of his father's wealth, he rejected the proposal with rustic disdain, and said, if so be as how the wench would swear the child to him, he would settle it with the parish; but declared, that no squire in the land should oblige him to buckle with such a cracked pitcher. This resolution, however, he could not maintain; for in less than two hours the rector of the parish had directions to publish the banns, and the ceremony was performed in due course.

'Now, though we know not precisely the nature of the arguments that were used with the farmer, we may conclude they were of the minatory species, for the young fellow could not, for some time, look any person in the face.

'The knight acted as the general redresser of grievances. If a woman complained to him of being ill-treated by her husband, he first inquired into the foundation of the complaint, and if he found it just, catechised the defendant. If the warning had no effect, and the man proceeded to fresh acts of violence, then his judge took the execution of

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the law in his own hand, and horse-whipped the party. Thus he involved himself in several law-suits, that drained him of pretty large sums of money. He seemed particularly incensed at the least appearance of oppression, and supported divers poor tenants against the extortion of their landlords. Nay, he has been known to travel two hundred miles as a volunteer, to offer his assistance in the cause of a person, who, he heard, was by chicanery and oppression wronged of a considerable estate. He accordingly took her under his protection, relieved her distresses, and was at a vast expense in bringing the suit to a determination; which being unfavourable to his client, he resolved to bring an appeal into the house of lords, and certainly would have executed his purpose, if the gentlewoman had not died in the interim.'

At this period, Ferret interrupted the narrator, by observing, that the said Greaves was a common nuisance, and ought to be prosecuted on the statute of barretry.

'No, Sir,' resumed Mr Clarke, 'he cannot be convicted of barretry, unless he is always at variance with some person or other, a mover of suits and quarrels, who disturbs the peace under colour of law. Therefore he is in the indictment styled, *communis malefactor, calumniator, et seminator litium.*'

'Pr'ythee truce with thy definitions,' cried Ferret, 'and make an end of thy long-winded story. Thou hast no title to be so tedious, until thou comest to have a coif in the court of common pleas.'

Tom smiled contemptuous, and had just opened his mouth to proceed, when the company were disturbed by a hideous repetition of groans, that seemed to issue from the chamber in which the body of the squire was deposited. The landlady snatched the candle, and ran into the room, followed by the doctor and the rest; and this accident naturally suspended the narration. In like manner, we shall conclude the chapter, that the reader may have time to breathe, and digest what he has already heard.

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CHAPTER V.

In which this recapitulation draws to a close.

When the landlady entered the room from whence the groaning proceeded, she found the squire lying on his back, under the dominion of the night-mare, which rode him so hard, that he not only groaned and snorted, but the sweat ran down his face in streams. The perturbation of his brain, occasioned by this pressure, and the fright he had lately undergone, gave rise to a very terrible dream, in which he fancied himself apprehended for a robbery. The horror of the gallows was strong upon him, when he was suddenly awaked by a violent shock from the doctor; and the company broke in upon his view, still perverted by fear, and bedimmed by slumber. His dream was now realized by a full persuasion that he was surrounded by the constable and his gang. The first object that presented itself to his disordered view was the figure of Ferret, who might very well have passed for the finisher of the law; against him, therefore, the first effort of his despair was directed. He started upon the floor, and seizing a certain utensil, that shall be nameless, launched it at the misanthrope with such violence, that, had he not cautiously slipped his head aside, it is supposed that actual fire would have been produced from the collision of two such hard and solid substances. All future mischief was prevented by the strength and agility of Captain Crowe, who, springing upon the assailant, pinioned his arms to his sides, crying,—'O damn ye, if you are for running a-head, I'll soon bring you to your bearings.'

The squire, thus restrained, soon recollected himself, and gazing upon every individual in the apartment,—'Wounds!' said he, 'I've had an ugly dream. I thought, for all the world, they were carrying me to Newgate, and that there was Jack Ketch coom to vetch me before my taim.'

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Ferret, who was the person he had thus distinguished, eyeing him with a look of the most emphatic malevolence, told him, it was very natural for a knave to dream of Newgate; and that he hoped to see the day when this dream would be found a true prophesy, and the commonwealth purged of all such rogues and vagabonds: but it could not be expected that the vulgar would be honest and conscientious, while the great were distinguished by profligacy and corruption. The squire was disposed to make a practical reply to this insinuation, when Mr Ferret prudently withdrew himself from the scene of altercation. The good woman of the house persuaded his antagonist to take out his nap, assuring him, that the eggs and bacon, with a mug of excellent ale, should be forthcoming in due season. The affair being thus fortunately adjusted, the guests returned to the kitchen, and Mr Clarke resumed his story to this effect.—

'You'll please to take notice, gemmen, that, besides the instances I have alleged of Sir Launcelot's extravagant benevolence, I could recount a great many others of the same nature, and particularly the laudable vengeance he took of a country lawyer. I'm sorry that any such miscreant should belong to the profession. He was clerk of the assize, gemmen, in a certain town, not a great way distant; and having a blank pardon left by the judges for some criminals whose cases were attended with favourable circumstances, he would not insert the name of one who could not procure a guinea for the fee; and the poor fellow, who had only stole an hour-glass out of a shoemaker's window, was actually executed, after a long respite, during which he had been permitted to go abroad, and earn his subsistence by his daily labour.

'Sir Launcelot, being informed of this barbarous act of avarice, and having some ground that bordered on the lawyer's estate, not only rendered him contemptible and infamous, by exposing him as often as they met on the grand jury, but also, being vested with the property of the great tithes, proved such a troublesome neighbour, sometimes by

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making waste among his hay and corn, sometimes by instituting suits against him for petty trespasses, that he was fairly obliged to quit his habitation, and remove into another part of the kingdom.

'All these avocations could not divert Sir Launcelot from the execution of a wild scheme, which has carried his extravagance to such a pitch, that I am afraid, if a statute—you understand me, gemmen—were sued, the jury would—I don't choose to explain myself further on this circumstance. Be that as it may, the servants at Greavesbury-hall were not a little confounded, when their master took down from the family armoury a complete suit of armour, which had belonged to his great-grandfather, Sir Marmaduke Greaves, a great warrior, who lost his life in the service of his king. This armour being scoured, repaired, and altered, so as to fit Sir Launcelot, a certain knight, whom I don't choose to name, because I believe he cannot be proved *compos mentis*, came down, seemingly on a visit, with two attendants; and, on the eve of the festival of St George, the armour being carried into the chapel, Sir Launcelot (Lord have mercy upon us!) remained all night in that dismal place alone, and without light, though it was confidently reported all over the country, that the place was haunted by the spirit of his great-great-uncle, who, being lunatic, had cut his throat from ear to ear, and was found dead on the communion table.'

It was observed, that, while Mr Clarke rehearsed this circumstance, his eyes began to stare, and his teeth to chatter; while Dolly, whose looks were fixed invariably on this narrator, growing pale, and hitching her joint-stool nearer the chimney, exclaimed, in a frightened tone,—'Moother, moother, in the neame of God, look to 'un! how a quakes! As I'm a precious saoul, a looks as if a saw something.' Tom forced a smile, and thus proceeded.—

'While Sir Launcelot tarried within the chapel, with the doors all locked, the other knight stalked round and round it on the outside, with his sword drawn, to the terror of divers persons who were present at the ceremony. As soon

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as day broke, he opened one of the doors, and, going in to Sir Launcelot, read a book for some time, which we did suppose to be the constitutions of knight-errantry: then we heard a loud slap, which echoed through the whole chapel, and the stranger pronounced, with an audible and solemn voice,—"In the name of God, St Michael, and St George, I dub thee knight—be faithful, bold, and fortunate." You cannot imagine, gemmen, what an effect this strange ceremony had upon the people who were assembled. They gazed at one another in silent horror, and when Sir Launcelot came forth completely armed, took to their heels in a body, and fled with the utmost precipitation. I myself was overturned in the crowd; and this was the case with that very individual person who now serves him as a squire. He was so frightened, that he could not rise, but lay roaring in such a manner, that the knight came up, and gave him a thwack with his lance across the shoulders, which roused him with a vengeance. For my own part, I freely own I was not unmoved at seeing such a figure come stalking out of a church in the grey of the morning; for it recalled to my remembrance the idea of the ghost in Hamlet, which I had seen acted in Drury-lane, when I made my first trip to London, and I had not yet got rid of the impression.

'Sir Launcelot, attended by the other knight, proceeded to the stable, from whence, with his own hands, he drew forth one of his best horses, a fine mettlesome sorrel, who had got blood in him, ornamented with rich trappings. In a trice, the two knights, and the other two strangers, who now appeared to be trumpeters, were mounted. Sir Launcelot's armour was lacquered black; and on his shield was represented the moon in her first quarter, with the motto *Impleat orbem.* The trumpets having sounded a charge, the stranger pronounced with a loud voice,—"God preserve this gallant knight in all his honourable achievements; and may he long continue to press the sides of his now adopted steed, which I denominate Bronzomarte, hoping that he will rival in swiftness and spirit, Bayardo, Brigliadoro, or any other steed of past or present chivalry!" After another

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flourish of the trumpets, all four clapped spurs to their horses, Sir Launcelot couching his lance, and galloped to and fro, as if they had been mad, to the terror and astonishment of all the spectators.

'What should have induced our knight to choose this here man for his squire, is not easy to determine; for, of all the servants about the house, he was the least likely either to please his master, or engage in such an undertaking. His name is Timothy Crabshaw, and he acted in the capacity of whipper-in to Sir Everhard. He afterwards married the daughter of a poor cottager, by whom he has several children, and was employed about the house as a ploughman and carter. To be sure, the fellow has a dry sort of humour about him; but he was universally hated among the servants, for his abusive tongue and perverse disposition, which often brought him into trouble; for, though the fellow is as strong as an elephant, he has no more courage naturally than a chicken—I say naturally, because, since his being a member of knight-errantry, he has done some things that appear altogether incredible and preternatural.

'Timothy kept such a bawling, after he had received the blow from Sir Launcelot, that every body on the field thought some of his bones were broken; and his wife, with five bantlings, came sniveling to the knight, who ordered her to send the husband directly to his house. Tim accordingly went thither, groaning piteously all the way, creeping along with his body bent like a Greenland canoe. As soon as he entered the court, the outward door was shut; and Sir Launcelot coming down stairs with a horsewhip in his hand, asked what was the matter with him that he complained so dismally. To this question he replied,—"That it was as common as duck-weed in his country, for a man to complain when his bones were broke." "What should have broke your bones?" said the knight. "I cannot guess," answered the other, "unless it was that delicate switch that your honour in your mad pranks handled so dexterously upon my carcass." Sir Launcelot then told him, there was nothing so good for a bruise as a sweat, and he had the remedy in his hand.

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Timothy, eyeing the horsewhip askance, observed that there was another still more speedy, to wit, a moderate pill of lead, with a sufficient dose of gunpowder. "No, rascal," cried the knight, "that must be reserved for your betters." So saying, he employed the instrument so effectually, that Crabshaw soon forgot his fractured ribs, and capered about with great agility.

'When he had been disciplined in this manner to some purpose, the knight told him he might retire, but ordered him to return next morning, when he should have a repetition of the medicine, provided he did not find himself capable of walking in an erect posture.

'The gate was no sooner thrown open, than Timothy ran home with all the speed of a greyhound, and corrected his wife, by whose advice he had pretended to be so grievously damaged in his person.

'Nobody dreamed that he would next day present himself at Greavesbury-hall; nevertheless, he was there very early in the morning, and even closeted a whole hour with Sir Launcelot. He came out making wry faces, and several times slapped himself on the forehead, crying,—"Bodikins! thof he be crazy, I an't, that I an't!" When he was asked what was the matter? he said, he believed the devil had got in him, and he should never be his own man again.

'That same day the knight carried him to Ashenton, where he bespoke those accoutrements which he now wears; and while these were making, it was thought the poor fellow would have run distracted. He did nothing but growl, and curse, and swear to himself, run backwards and forwards between his own hut and Greavesbury-hall, and quarrel with the horses in the stable. At length his wife and family were removed into a snug farm-house that happened to be empty, and care taken that they should be comfortably maintained.

'These precautions being taken, the knight, one morning at day-break, mounted Bronzomarte, and Crabshaw, as his squire, ascended the back of a clumsy cart-horse, called Gilbert. This again was looked upon as an instance of in-

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sanity in the said Crabshaw; for, of all horses in the stable, Gilbert was the most stubborn and vitious, and had often like to have done mischief to Timothy while he drove the cart and plough. When he was out of humour, he would kick and plunge, as if the devil was in him. He once thrust Crabshaw into the middle of a quickset-hedge, where he was terribly torn; another time he canted him over his head into a quagmire, where he stuck with his heels up, and must have perished, if people had not been passing that way; a third time he seized him in the stable with his teeth by the rim of the belly, and swung him off the ground, to the great danger of his life; and I'll be hanged, if it was not owing to Gilbert, that Crabshaw was now thrown into the river.

'Thus mounted and accoutred, the knight and his squire set out on their first excursion. They turned off from the common highway, and travelled all that day without meeting any thing worthy recounting: but, in the morning of the second day, they were favoured with an adventure. The hunt was upon a common through which they travelled, and the hounds were in full cry after a fox, when Crabshaw, prompted by his own mischievous disposition, and neglecting the order of his master, who called aloud to him to desist, rode up to the hounds, and crossed them at full gallop. The huntsman, who was not far off, running towards the squire, bestowed upon his head such a momento with his pole, as made the landscape dance before his eyes; and in a twinkling he was surrounded by all the foxhunters, who plied their whips about his ears with infinite agility. Sir Launcelot advancing at an easy pace, instead of assisting the disastrous squire, exhorted his adversaries to punish him severely for his insolence, and they were not slow in obeying this injunction. Crabshaw finding himself in this disagreeable situation, and that there was no succour to be expected from his master, on whose prowess he had depended, grew desperate, and, clubbing his whip, laid about him with great fury, wheeling about Gilbert, who was not idle; for he, having received some of the favours intended for his rider, both bit with teeth, and kicked with his heels; and

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at last made his way through the ring that encircled him, though not before he had broke the huntsman's leg, lamed one of the best horses on the field, and killed half a score of the hounds.

'Crabshaw, seeing himself clear of the fray, did not tarry to take leave of his master, but made the most of his way to Greavesbury-hall, where he appeared hardly with any vestige of the human countenance, so much had he been defaced in this adventure. He did not fail to raise a great clamour against Sir Launcelot, whom he cursed as a coward in plain terms, swearing he would never serve him another day: but whether he altered his mind on cooler reflection, or was lectured by his wife, who well understood her own interest, he rose with the cock, and went again in quest of Sir Launcelot, whom he found on the eve of a very hazardous enterprise.

'In the midst of a lane, the knight happened to meet with a party of about forty recruits, commanded by a serjeant, a corporal, and a drummer, which last had his drum slung at his back; but seeing such a strange figure mounted on a high-spirited horse, he was seized with an inclination to divert his company. With this view, he braced his drum, and hanging it in its proper position, began to beat a point of war, advancing under the very nose of Bronzomarte; while the corporal exclaimed,—"D——n my eyes, who have we got here?—Old King Stephen, from the horse armoury in the tower, or the fellow that rides armed at my lord mayor's show?" The knight's steed seemed at least as well pleased with the sound of the drum, as were the recruits that followed it; and signified his satisfaction in some curvetings and caprioles, which did not at all discompose the rider, who, addressing himself to the serjeant,—"Friend," said he, "you ought to teach your drummer better manners. I would chastise the fellow on the spot for his insolence, were it not out of the respect I bear to his majesty's service." "Respect mine a——!" cried this ferocious commander, "what, d'ye think to frighten us with your pewter piss-pot on your skull, and your lacquered pot-lid on your arm? get out of the way,

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and be d——d, or I'll raise with my halbert such a clutter upon your target, that you'll remember it the longest day you have to live." At that instant, Crabshaw arriving upon Gilbert,—"So, rascal," said Sir Launcelot, "you are returned. Go and beat in that scoundrel's drum-head."

'The squire, who saw no weapons of offence about the drummer but a sword, which he hoped the owner durst not draw, and being resolved to exert himself in making atonement for his desertion, advanced to execute his master's orders; but Gilbert, who liked not the noise, refused to proceed in the ordinary way. Then the squire turning his tail to the drummer, he advanced in a retrograde motion, and with one kick of his heels, not only broke the drum into a thousand pieces, but laid the drummer in the mire, with such a blow upon his hip-bone, that he halted all the days of his life. The recruits, perceiving the discomfiture of their leader, armed themselves with stones; the serjeant raised his halbert in a posture of defence, and immediately a severe action ensued. By this time, Crabshaw had drawn his sword, and began to lay about him like a devil incarnate; but, in a little time, he was saluted by a volley of stones, one of which knocked out two of his grinders, and brought him to the earth, where he had like to have found no quarter; for the whole company crowded about him, with their cudgels brandished; and perhaps he owed his preservation to their pressing so hard that they hindered one another from using their weapons.

'Sir Launcelot seeing, with indignation, the unworthy treatment his squire had received, and scorning to stain his lance with the blood of plebeians, instead of couching it in the rest, seized it by the middle, and fetching one blow at the serjeant, broke in twain the halbert, which he had raised as a quarter-staff for his defence. The second stroke encountered his pate, which being the hardest part about him, sustained the shock without damage; but the third, lighting on his ribs, he honoured the giver with immediate prostration. The general being thus overthrown, Sir Launcelot advanced to the relief of Crabshaw, and handled his weapon

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so effectually, that the whole body of the enemy were disabled or routed, before one cudgel had touched the carcass of the fallen squire. As for the corporal, instead of standing by his commanding officer, he had overleaped the hedge, and run to the constable of an adjoining village for assistance. Accordingly, before Crabshaw could be properly remounted, the peace-officer arrived with his posse; and by the corporal was charged with Sir Launcelot and his squire as two highwaymen. The constable, astonished at the martial figure of the knight, and intimidated at sight of the havoc he had made, contented himself with standing at a distance, displaying the badge of his office, and reminding the knight that he represented his majesty's person.

'Sir Launcelot, seeing the poor man in great agitation, assured him that his design was to enforce, not violate the laws of his country; and that he and his squire would attend him to the next justice of peace; but, in the meantime, he, in his turn, charged the peace-officer with the serjeant and drummer, who had begun the fray.

'The justice had been a pettifogger, and was a sycophant to a nobleman in the neighbourhood, who had a post at court. He therefore thought he should oblige his patron, by shewing his respect for *the military*; and treated our knight with the most boorish insolence; but refused to admit him into his house, until he had surrendered all his weapons of offence to the constable. Sir Launcelot and his squire being found the aggressors, the justice insisted upon making out their mittimus, if they did not find bail immediately; and could hardly be prevailed upon to agree that they should remain at the house of the constable, who being a publican, undertook to keep them in safe custody, until the knight could write to his steward. Meanwhile he was bound over to the peace; and the serjeant with his drummer were told they had a good action against him for assault and battery, either by information or indictment.

'They were not, however, so fond of the law as the justice seemed to be. Their sentiments had taken a turn in favour of Sir Launcelot, during the course of his examination, by

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which it appeared that he was really a gentleman of fashion and fortune; and they resolved to compromise the affair without the intervention of his worship. Accordingly, the serjeant repaired to the constable's house, where the knight was lodged; and humbled himself before his honour, protesting, with many oaths, that, if he had known his quality, he would have beaten the drummer's brains about his ears, for presuming to give his honour or his horse the least disturbance; thof the fellow, he believed, was sufficiently punished in being a cripple for life.

'Sir Launcelot admitted of his apologies; and taking compassion on the fellow who had suffered so severely for his folly, resolved to provide for his maintenance. Upon the representation of the parties to the justice, the warrant was next day discharged; and the knight returned to his own house, attended by the serjeant and the drummer mounted on horseback, the recruits being left to the corporal's charge.

'The halberdier found the good effects of Sir Launcelot's liberality; and his companion being rendered unfit for his majesty's service, by the heels of Gilbert, is now entertained at Greavesbury-hall, where he will probably remain for life.

'As for Crabshaw, his master gave him to understand, that if he did not think him pretty well chastised for his presumption and flight, by the discipline he had undergone in the last two adventures, he would turn him out of his service with disgrace. Timothy said, he believed it would be the greatest favour he could do him to turn him out of a service in which he knew he should be rib-roasted every day, and murdered at last.

'In this situation were things at Greavesbury-hall about a month ago, when I crossed the country to Ferrybridge, where I met my uncle: probably this is the first incident of their second excursion; for the distance between this here house and Sir Launcelot's estate does not exceed fourscore or ninety miles.'

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CHAPTER VI.

In which the reader will perceive that in some cases madness is catching.

Mr Clarke having made an end of his narrative, the surgeon thanked him for the entertainment he had received; and Mr Ferret shrugged up his shoulders in silent disapprobation. As for Captain Crowe, who used at such pauses to pour in a broadside of dismembered remarks, linked together like chain-shot, he spoke not a syllable for some time; but, lighting a fresh pipe at the candle, began to roll such voluminous clouds of smoke as in an instant filled the whole apartment, and rendered himself invisible to the whole company. Though he thus shrouded himself from their view, he did not long remain concealed from their hearing. They first heard a strange dissonant cackle, which the doctor knew to be a sea-laugh, and this was followed by an eager exclamation of—'Rare pastime, strike my yards and top-masts! —I've a good mind—why shouldn't—many a losing voyage I've—smite my taffrel but I wool—'

By this time he had relaxed so much in his fumigation, that the tip of his nose and one eye re-appeared; and as he had drawn his wig forwards, so as to cover his whole forehead, the figure that now saluted their eyes was much more ferocious and terrible than the fire-breathing chimera of the ancients. Notwithstanding this dreadful appearance, there was no indignation in his heart, but, on the contrary, an agreeable curiosity, which he was determined to gratify.

Addressing himself to Mr Fillet,—'Pr'ythee, doctor,' said he, 'can'st tell, whether a man, without being rated a lord or a baron, or what dy'ye call um, d'ye see, mayn't take to the highway in the way of a frolick d'ye see? adad! for my own part, brother, I'm resolved as how to cruise a bit in the way of an arrant—if so be as I can't at once be commander, mayhap I may be bore upon the books as a petty officer or the like, d'ye see.'

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'Now, the Lord forbid!' cried Clarke, with tears in his eyes, 'I'd rather see you dead than brought to such a dilemma.' 'Mayhap thou would'st,' answered the uncle; 'for then, my lad, there would be some picking—aha! do'st thou tip me the traveller, my boy?' Tom assured him he scorned any such mercenary views:—'I am only concerned,' said he, 'that you should take any step that might tend to the disgrace of yourself or your family; and I say again, I had rather die than live to see you reckoned any other ways than compos.' 'Die and be d——d! you shambling half timbered son of a ——,' cried the choleric Crowe, 'do'st talk to me of keeping a reckoning and compass!—I could keep a reckoning, and box my compass long enough before thy keel-stone was laid—Sam Crowe is not come here to ask thy counsel how to steer his course.' 'Lord, Sir,' resumed the nephew, 'consider what people will say—all the world will think you mad.' 'Set thy heart at ease, Tom,' cried the seaman, 'I'll have a trip to and again in this here channel. Mad? what then, I think for my part one half of the nation is mad—and the other not very sound—I don't see why I han't as good a right to be mad as another man—but, doctor, as I was saying, I'd be bound to you, if you would direct me where I can buy that same tackle that an arrant must wear; as for the matter of the long-pole, headed with iron, I'd never desire better than a good boat-hook, and I could make a special good target of that there tin sconce that holds the candle—mayhap any blacksmith will hammer me a scull-cap, d'ye see, out of an old brass kettle; and I can call my horse by the name of my ship, which was *Mufti*.'

The surgeon was one of those wags who can laugh inwardly, without exhibiting the least outward mark of mirth or satisfaction. He at once perceived the amusement which might be drawn from this strange disposition of the sailor, together with the most likely means which could be used to divert him from such an extravagant pursuit. He therefore tipped Clarke the wink with one side of his face, while the other was very gravely turned to the captain, whom he addressed to this effect.—'It is not far from hence to Sheffield,

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where you might be completely fitted in half a day—then you must wake your armour in church or chapel, and be dubbed. As for this last ceremony, it may be performed by any person whatsoever. Don Quixote was dubbed by his landlord; and there are many instances on record, of errants obliging and compelling the next person they met to cross their shoulders, and dub them knights. I myself would undertake to be your godfather; and I have interest enough to procure the keys of the parish church that stands hard by; besides, this is the eve of St Martin, who was himself a knight-errant, and therefore a proper patron to a noviciate. I wish we could borrow Sir Launcelot's armour for the occasion.

Crowe, being struck with this hint, started up, and, laying his fingers on his lips to enjoin silence, walked off softly on his tiptoes, to listen at the door of our knight's apartment, and judge whether or not he was asleep. Mr Fillet took this opportunity to tell his nephew that it would be in vain for him to combat this humour with reason and argument; but the most effectual way of diverting him from the plan of knight-errantry would be to frighten him heartily while he should keep his vigil in the church. Towards the accomplishment of which purpose, he craved the assistance of the misanthrope as well as the nephew. Clarke seemed to relish the scheme; and observed, that his uncle, though endued with courage enough to face any human danger, had at bottom a strong fund of superstition, which he had acquired, or at least improved, in the course of a sea life. Ferret, who perhaps would not have gone ten paces out of his road to save Crowe from the gallows, nevertheless engaged as an auxiliary, merely in hope of seeing a fellow-creature miserable; and even undertook to be the principal agent in this adventure. For this office, indeed, he was better qualified than they could have imagined. In the bundle which he kept under his great coat, there was, together with divers nostrums, a small vial of liquid phosphorus, sufficient, as he had already observed, to frighten a whole neighbourhood out of their senses.

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In order to concert the previous measures, without being overheard, these confederates retired with a candle and lanthorn into the stable; and their backs were scarce turned, when captain Crowe came in loaded with pieces of the knight's armour, which he had conveyed from the apartment of Sir Lauucelot, whom he had left fast asleep.

Understanding that the rest of the company were gone out for a moment, he could not resist the inclination he felt of communicating his intention to the landlady, who, with her daughter, had been too much engaged in preparing Crabshaw's supper, to know the purport of their conversation. The good woman, being informed of the captain's design to remain alone all night in the church, began to oppose it with all her rhetoric. She said it was setting his Maker at defiance, and a wilful running into temptation. She assured him that all the country knew that the church was haunted by spirits and hobgoblins; that lights had been seen in every corner of it, and a tall woman in white had one night appeared upon the top of the tower; that dreadful shrieks were often heard to come from the south aisle, where a murdered man had been buried; that she herself had seen the cross on the steeple all a-fire; and one evening as she passed a-horseback close by the stile at the entrance into the church-yard, the horse stood still, sweating and trembling, and had no power to proceed until she had repeated the Lord's prayer.

These remarks made a strong impression on the imagination of Crowe, who asked, in some confusion, if she had got that same prayer in print? She made no answer, but reaching the prayer-book from a shelf, and turning up the leaf, put it into his hand; then the captain, having adjusted his spectacles, began to read, or rather spell aloud, with equal eagerness and solemnity. He had refreshed his memory so well as to remember the whole, when the doctor, returning with his companions, gave him to understand that he had procured the key of the chancel, where he might watch his armour as well as in the body of the church, and that he was ready to conduct him to the spot.

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Crowe was not now quite so forward as he had appeared before to achieve this adventure: he began to start objections with respect to the borrowed armour; he wanted to stipulate the comforts of a can of flip, and a candle's end, during his vigil; and hinted something of the damage he might sustain from your malicious imps of darkness.

The doctor told him, the constitutions of chivalry absolutely required that he should be left in the dark alone, and fasting, to spend the night in pious meditations; but if he had any fears which disturbed his conscience, he had much better desist, and give up all thoughts of knight-errantry, which could not consist with the least shadow of apprehension. The captain, stung by this remark, replied not a word; but, gathering up the armour into a bundle, threw it on his back, and set out for the place of probation, preceded by Clarke with the lanthorn. When they arrived at the church, Fillet, who had procured the key from the sexton, who was his patient, opened the door, and conducted our novice into the middle of the chancel, where the armour was deposited; then bidding Crowe draw his hanger, committed him to the protection of Heaven, assuring him he would come back, and find him either dead or alive by daybreak, and perform the remaining part of the ceremony. So saying, he and the other associates shook him by the hand, and took their leave, after the surgeon had tilted up the lanthorn to take a view of his visage, which was pale and haggard.

Before the door was locked upon him, he called aloud,—'hilloa! doctor, hip—another word, d'ye see—' They forthwith returned to know what he wanted, and found him already in a sweat. 'Hark ye, brother,' said he, wiping his face, 'I do suppose as how one may pass away the time in whistling the Black Joke, or singing Black-ey'd Susan, or some such sorrowful ditty.' 'By no means,' cried the doctor, 'such pastimes are neither suitable to the place nor the occasion, which is altogether a religious exercise. If you have got any psalms by heart, you may sing a stave or two, or repeat the Doxology.' 'Would I had Tom Lave-

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rick here,' replied our noviciate, 'he would sing you anthems like a sea-mew—a had been a clerk ashore—many's the time and often I've given him a rope's end for singing psalms in the larboard watch—Would I had hired the son of a b—— to have taught me a cast of his office—but it cannot be holp, brother—if we can't go large, we must haul upon a wind, as the saying is—if we can't sing, we must pray.' The company again left him to his devotion, and returned to the public house, in order to execute the essential part of their project.

CHAPTER VII.

In which the knight resumes his importance.

Doctor Fillet having borrowed a couple of sheets from the landlady, dressed the misanthrope and Tom Clarke in ghostly apparel, which was reinforced by a few drops of liquid phosphorus, from Ferret's vial, rubbed on the foreheads of the two adventurers. Thus equipped, they returned to the church with their conductor, who entered with them softly at an aisle which was opposite to a place where the novice kept watch. They stole unperceived through the body of the church; and though it was so dark that they could not distinguish the captain with the eye, they heard the sound of his steps, as he walked backwards and forwards on the pavement with uncommon expedition, and an ejaculation now and then escaped in a murmur from his lips.

The triumvirate having taken their station with a large pew in their front, the two ghosts uncovered their heads, which, by help of the phosphorus, exhibited a pale and lambent flame, extremely dismal and ghastly to the view: then Ferret, in a squeaking tone, exclaimed,—'Samuel Crowe! Samuel Crowe!' The captain hearing himself accosted in this manner, at such a time, and in such a place, replied,—'hilloa!' and, turning his eyes towards the quar-

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ter whence the voice seemed to proceed, beheld the terrible apparition. This no sooner saluted his view, than his hair bristled up, his knees began to knock, and his teeth to chatter, while he cried aloud,—'In the name of God, where are you bound, ho:' To this hail the misanthrope answered,—'We are the spirits of thy grandmother Jane and thy aunt Bridget.'

At mention of these names, Crowe's terrors began to give way to his resentment, and he pronounced, in a quick tone of surprise, mixed with indignation,—'What d'ye want? what d'ye want? what d'ye want, ho?' The spirit replied,—'We are sent to warn thee of thy fate.' 'From whence, ho?' cried the captain, whose choler had by this time well nigh triumphed over his fear. 'From Heaven,' said the voice. 'Ye lie, ye b——s of hell!' did our novice exclaim, 'ye are damned for heaving me out of my right, five fathom and a half by the lead, in burning brimstone. Don't I see the blue flames come out of your hawse holes—mayhap you may be the devil himself for aught I know—but I trust in the Lord, d'ye see—I never disrated a kinsman, d'ye see, so don't come alongside of me—put about on th'other tack, d'ye see—you need not clap hard aweather, for you'll soon get to hell again with a flowing sail.'

So saying, he had recourse to his paternoster; but perceiving the apparitions approach, he thundered out,—'Avast, avast, sheer off, ye babes of hell, or I'll be foul of your forelights.' He accordingly sprung forwards with his hanger, and very probably would have set the spirits on their way to the other world, had he not fallen over a pew in the dark, and entangled himself so much among the benches, that he could not immediately recover his footing. The triumvirate took this opportunity to retire; and such was the precipitation of Ferret in his retreat, that he encountered a post, by which his right eye sustained considerable damage; a circumstance which induced him to inveigh bitterly against his own folly, as well as the impertinence of his companions, who had inveigled him into such a troublesome adventure. Neither he nor Clarke could be prevailed upon to revisit

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the novice. The doctor himself thought his disease was desperate, and, mounting his horse, returned to his own habitation.

Ferret, finding all the beds in the public house were occupied, composed himself to sleep in a Windsor chair at the chimney corner; and Mr Clarke, whose disposition was extremely amorous, resolved to renew his practices on the heart of Dolly. He had reconnoitred the apartments in which the bodies of the knight and his squire were deposited, and discovered, close by the top of the stair-case, a sort of a closet or hovel, just large enough to contain a truckle-bed, which, from some other particulars, he supposed to be the bed-chamber of his beloved Dolly, who had by this time retired to her repose. Full of this idea, and instigated by the demon of desire, Mr Thomas crept softly up stairs, and, lifting the latch of the closet door, his heart began to palpitate with joyous expectation; but before he could breathe the gentle effusions of his love, the supposed damsel started up, and, seizing him by the collar with an Herculean gripe, uttered, in the voice of Crabshaw,—'It wan't for nothing that I dreamed of Newgate, sirrah; but I'd have thee to know, an arrant squire is not to be robbed by such a peddling thief as thee—here I'll howld thee vast, and the devil were in thy doublet——help! murder! vire! help!'

It was impossible for Mr Clarke to disengage himself, and equally impracticable to speak in his own vindication; so that here he stood trembling and half throttled, until the whole house being alarmed, the landlady and her ostler ran up stairs with a candle. When the light rendered objects visible, an equal astonishment prevailed on all sides: Crabshaw was confounded at sight of Mr Clarke, whose person he well knew; and, releasing him instantly from his grasp,—'Bodikins!' cried he, 'I believe as how this hause is haunted—who thought to meet with Measter Laawyer Clarke at midnight, and so far from hoam.' The landlady could not comprehend the meaning of this encounter; nor could Tom conceive how Crabshaw had transported himself thither from the room below, in which he saw him quietly re-

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posed. Yet nothing was more easy than to explain this mystery: the apartment below was the chamber which the hostess and her daughter reserved for their own convenience: and this particular having been intimated to the squire while he was at supper, he had resigned the bed quietly, and been conducted hither in the absence of the company. Tom, recollecting himself as well as he could, professed himself of Crabshaw's opinion, that the house was haunted, declaring that he could not well account for his being there in the dark; and, leaving those that were assembled to discuss this knotty point, retired down stairs, in hope of meeting with his charmer, whom accordingly he found in the kitchen just risen, and wrapped in a loose dishabille.

The noise of Crabshaw's cries had awakened and aroused his master, who, rising suddenly in the dark, snatched up his sword that lay by his bed-side, and hastened to the scene of tumult, where all their mouths were opened at once to explain the cause of the disturbance, and make an apology for breaking his honour's rest. He said nothing, but, taking the candle in his hand, beckoned his squire to follow him into his apartment, resolving to arm and take horse immediately. Crabshaw understood his meaning; and while he shuffled on his clothes, yawning hideously all the while, wished the lawyer at the devil for having visited him so unseasonably; and even cursed himself for the noise he had made, in consequence of which he foresaw he should now be obliged to forfeit his night's rest, and travel in the dark, exposed to the inclemencies of the weather. 'Pox rot thee, Tom Clarke, for a wicked laawyer!' said he to himself, 'hadst thou been hanged at Bartelmey-tide, I should this night have slept in peace, that I should—an I would there was a blister on this plaguy tongue of mine for making such a hollaballoo, that I do—five gallons of cold water has my poor belly been drenched with since night fell, so as my reins and my liver are all one as if they were turned into ice, and my whole harslet shakes and shivers like a vial of quicksilver. I have been dragged, half drowned like a rotten ewe, from the bottom of a river; and who knows but I may be next

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dragged quite dead from the bottom of a coal-pit—if so be as I am, I shall go to hell to be sure, for being consarned like in my own moorder, that I will, so I will; for a plague on it, I had no business with the vagaries of this crazy-peated measter of mine; a pox on him, say I.'

He had just finished this soliloquy as he entered the apartment of his master, who desired to know what was become of his armour. Timothy, understanding that it had been left in the room when the knight undressed, began to scratch his head in great perplexity; and at last declared it as his opinion, that it must have been carried off by witchcraft. Then he related his adventure with Tom Clarke, who he said was conveyed to his bed-side he knew not how; and concluded with affirming they were no better than papishes who did not believe in witchcraft. Sir Launcelot could not help smiling at his simplicity; but, assuming a peremptory air, he commanded him to fetch the armour without delay, that he might afterwards saddle the horses, in order to prosecute their journey.

Timothy retired in great tribulation to the kitchen, where, finding the misanthrope, whom the noise had also disturbed, and still impressed with the notion of his being a conjuror, he offered him a shilling if he would cast a figure, and let him know what was become of his master's armour.

Ferret, in hope of producing more mischief, informed him, without hesitation, that one of the company had conveyed it into the chancel of the church, where he would now find it deposited; at the same time presenting him with the key, which Mr Fillet had left in his custody.

The squire, who was none of those who set hobgoblins at defiance, being afraid to enter the church alone at these hours, bargained with the ostler to accompany and light him with a lanthorn. Thus attended, he advanced to the place, where the armour lay in a heap, and loaded it upon the back of his attendant without molestation, the lance being shouldered over the whole. In this equipage they were just going to retire, when the ostler, hearing a noise at some distance, wheeled about with such velocity, that one end of

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the spear saluting Crabshaw's pate, the poor squire measured his length on the ground; and, crushing the lanthorn in his fall, the light was extinguished. The other, terrified at these effects of his own sudden motion, threw down his burden, and would have betaken himself to flight, had not Crabshaw laid fast hold on his leg, that he himself might not be deserted. The sound of the pieces clattering on the pavement roused Captain Crowe from a trance of slumber, in which he had lain since the apparition vanished; and he hollaed, or rather bellowed, with vast vociferation. Timothy and his friend were so intimidated by this terrific strain, that they thought no more of the armour, but ran home arm in arm, and appeared in the kitchen with all the marks of horror and consternation.

When Sir Launcelot came forth wrapped in his cloak, and demanded his arms, Crabshaw declared that the devil had them in possession; and this assertion was confirmed by the ostler, who pretended to know the devil by his roar. Ferret sat in his corner, maintaining the most mortifying silence, and enjoying the impatience of the knight, who in vain requested an explanation of this mystery. At length his eyes began to lighten, when, seizing Crabshaw in one hand, and the ostler in the other, he swore by Heaven he would dash their souls out, and raze the house to the foundation, if they did not instantly disclose the particulars of this transaction. The good woman fell on her knees, protesting, in the name of the Lord, that she was innocent as the child unborn, thof she had lent the captain a prayer-book to learn the Lord's prayer, a candle and lanthorn to light him to the church, and a couple of clean sheets, for the use of the other gentlemen. The knight was more and more puzzled by this declaration, when Mr Clarke, coming into the kitchen, presented himself with a low obeisance to his old patron.

Sir Launcelot's anger was immediately converted into surprise. He set at liberty the squire and the ostler, and, stretching out his hand to the lawyer,—'My good friend Clarke,' said he, 'how came you hither? Can you solve this knotty point which has involved us all in such confusion?'

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Tom forthwith began a very circumstantial recapitulation of what had happened to his uncle; in what manner he had been disappointed of the estate; how he had accidentally seen his honour, been enamoured of his character, and become ambitious of following his example. Then he related the particulars of the plan which had been laid down to divert him from his design; and concluded with assuring the knight, that the captain was a very honest man, though he seemed to be a little disordered in his intellects. 'I believe it,' replied Sir Launcelot, 'madness and honesty are not incompatible—indeed I feel it by experience.'

Tom proceeded to ask pardon, in his uncle's name, for having made so free with the knight's armour; and begged his honour, for the love of God, would use his authority with Crowe, that he might quit all thoughts of knight-errantry, for which he was by no means qualified; for, being totally ignorant of the laws of the land, he would be continually committing trespasses, and bring himself into trouble. He said, in case he should prove refractory, he might be apprehended by virtue of a friendly warrant, for having feloniously carried off the knight's accoutrements. 'Taking away another man's moveables,' said he, 'and personal goods against the will of the owner, is *furtum* and felony according to the statute; different indeed from robbery, which implies putting in fear on the king's highway, *in alta via regia violenter et felonice captum et asportatum, in magnum terrorem*, &c.; for if the robbery be laid in the indictment as done *in quadam via pedestri*, in a footpath, the offender will not be ousted of his clergy. It must be *in alta via regia;* and your honour will please to take notice, that robberies committed on the river Thames are adjudged as done *in alta via regia;* for the king's high-stream is all the same as the king's highway.'

Sir Launcelot could not help smiling at Tom's learned investigation. He congratulated him on the progress he had made in the study of the law. He expressed his concern at the strange turn the captain had taken, and promised to use his influence in persuading him to desist from the preposterous design he had formed.

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The lawyer, thus assured, repaired immediately to the church, accompanied by the squire, and held a parley with his uncle, who, when he understood that the knight in person desired a conference, surrendered up the arms quietly, and returned to the public house.

Sir Launcelot received the honest seaman with his usual complacency; and, perceiving great discomposure in his looks, said, he was sorry to hear he had passed such a disagreeable night to so little purpose. Crowe, having recruited his spirits with a bumper of brandy, thanked him for his concern, and observed, that he had passed many a hard night in his time; but such another as this, he would not be bound to weather for the command of the whole British navy. 'I have seen Davy Jones in the shape of a blue flame, d'ye see, hopping to and fro on the sprit-sail-yard-arm; and I've seen your Jacks-o'-the-lanthorn, and Wills-o'-the-wisp, and many such spirits, both by sea and land; but to-night I've been boarded by all the devils and damned souls in hell, squeaking and squalling, and glimmering and glaring. Bounce went the door—crack went the pew—crash came the tackle—white sheeted ghosts dancing in one corner by the glow-worm's light—black devils hobbling in another—Lord have mercy upon us! and I was hailed, Tom, I was, by my grandmother Jane and my aunt Bridget, d'ye see—a couple of damn'd—but they're roasting, that's one comfort, my lad.'

When he had thus disburdened his conscience, Sir Launcelot introduced the subject of the new occupation at which he aspired. 'I understand,' said he, 'that you are desirous of treading the paths of errantry, which, I assure you, are thorny and troublesome. Nevertheless, as your purpose is to exercise your humanity and benevolence, so your ambition is commendable. But towards the practice of chivalry there is something more required than the virtues of courage and generosity. A knight-errant ought to understand the sciences, to be master of ethics or morality, to be well versed in theology, a complete casuist, and minutely acquainted with the laws of his country. He should not only be patient

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of cold, hunger, and fatigue, righteous, just, and valiant, but also chaste, religious, temperate, polite, and conversable; and have all his passions under the rein, except love, whose empire he should submissively acknowledge.' He said, this was the very essence of chivalry; and no man had ever made such a profession of arms, without first having placed his affection upon some beauteous object, for whose honour, and at whose command, he would cheerfully encounter the most dreadful perils.

He took notice, that nothing could be more irregular than the manner in which Crowe had attempted to keep his vigil; for he had never served his noviciate—he had not prepared himself with abstinence and prayer—he had not provided a qualified godfather for the ceremony of dubbing—he had no armour of his own to wake; but, on the very threshold of chivalry, which is the perfection of justice, had unjustly purloined the arms of another knight. That this was a mere mockery of a religious institution, and therefore unpleasing in the sight of Heaven; witness the demons and hobgoblins that were permitted to disturb and torment him in his trial.

Crowe having listened to these remarks with earnest attention, replied, after some hesitation,—'I am bound to you, brother, for your kind and christian counsel—I doubt as how I've steered by a wrong chart, d'ye see—as for the matter of the sciences, to be sure, I know plain sailing and Mercator, and am an indifferent good seaman, thof I say it that should not say it: but as to all the rest, no better than the viol-block or the geer-capstan. Religion I han't much overhauled; and we tars laugh at your polite conversation, thof, mayhap, we can chaunt a few ballads to keep the hands awake in the night-watch; then for chastity, brother, I doubt that's not expected in a sailor just come ashore, after a long voyage—sure all those poor hearts won't be damned for steering in the wake of nature. As for a sweetheart, Bet Mizen of St Catharine's would fit me to a hair—she and I are old messmates: and what signifies talking, brother? she knows already the trim of my vessel, d'ye see.' He concluded with saying,—'He thought he wa'n't too old to learn;

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and if Sir Launcelot would take him in tow, as his tender, he would stand by him all weathers, and it should not cost his consort a farthing's expense.'

The knight said, he did not think himself of consequence enough to have such a pupil, but should always be ready to give him his best advice; as a specimen of which, he exhorted him to weigh all the circumstances, and deliberate calmly and leisurely, before he actually engaged in such a boisterous profession; assuring him, that if, at the end of three months, his resolution should continue, he would take upon himself the office of his instructor. In the meantime, he gratified the hostess for his lodging, put on his armour, took leave of the company, and mounting Bronzomarte, proceeded southerly, being attended by his squire Crabshaw, grumbling, on the back of Gilbert.

CHAPTER VIII.

Which is within a hair's breadth of proving highly interesting.

Leaving Captain Crowe and his nephew for the present, though they, and even the misanthrope, will re-appear in due season, we are now obliged to attend the progress of the knight, who proceeded in a southerly direction, insensible of the storm that blew, as well as of the darkness, which was horrible. For some time, Crabshaw ejaculated curses in silence; till at length his anger gave way to his fear, which waxed so strong upon him, that he could no longer resist the desire of alleviating it, by entering into a conversation with his master. By way of introduction, he gave Gilbert the spur, directing him towards the flank of Bronzomarte, which he encountered with such a shock, that the knight was almost dismounted. When Sir Launcelot, with some warmth, asked the reason of this attack, the squire replied in these words:—'The devil, God bless us, mun be playing his pranks with Gilbert too, as sure as I'm a living soul—I'se wager a teaster, the foul fiend has left the

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seaman, and got into Gilbert, that he has—when a has passed through an ass and a horse, I'se marvel what beast a will get into next.' 'Probably into a mule,' said the knight; 'in that case, you will be in some danger—but I can, at any time, dispossess you with a horsewhip.' 'Aye, aye,' answered Timothy, 'your honour has a mortal good hand at giving a flap with a fox's tail, as the saying is—'tis a wonderment you did not try your hand on that there wiseacre that stole your honour's harness, and wants to be an arrant, with a murrain to 'un. Lord help his fool's head! it becomes him as a sow doth a cart-saddle.' 'There is no guilt in infirmity,' said the knight; 'I punish the vicious only.' 'I would your honour would punish Gilbert then,' cried the squire, 'for 'tis the most vicious tuoad that ever I laid a leg over—but as to that same seafaring man, what may his distemper be?' 'Madness,' answered Sir Launcelot. 'Bodikins,' exclaimed the squire, 'I doubt as how other volks are leame of the same leg—but a'n't vor such small gentry as he to be mad; they mun leave that to their betters.' 'You seem to hint at me, Crabshaw: do you really think I am mad?' 'I may say as how I have looked your honour in the mouth; and a sorry dog should I be, if I did not know your humours as well as I know e'er a beast in the steable at Greavesbury-hall.' 'Since you are so well acquainted with my madness,' said the knight, 'what opinion have you of yourself, who serve and follow a lunatic?' 'I hope I han't served your honour for nothing, but I shall inherit some of your cast vagaries—when your honour is pleased to be mad, I should be very sorry to be found right in my senses. Timothy Crabshaw will never eat the bread of unthankfulness—it shall never be said of him, that he was wiser than his measter: as for the matter of following a madman, we may see your honour's face is made of a fiddle; every one that looks on you, loves you.' This compliment the knight returned, by saying, 'If my face is a fiddle, Crabshaw, your tongue is a fiddlestick that plays upon it—yet your music is very disagreeable—you don't keep time.' 'Nor you neither, measter,' cried Timothy, 'or we shouldn't be here

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wandering about under cloud of night, like sheep-stealers, or evil spirits with troubled consciences.'

Here the discourse was interrupted by a sudden disaster; in consequence of which, the squire uttered an inarticulate roar, that startled the knight himself, who was very little subject to the sensation of fear: but his surprise was changed into vexation, when he perceived Gilbert without a rider passing by, and kicking his heels with great agility. He forthwith turned his steed, and riding back a few paces, found Crabshaw rising from the ground. When he asked what was become of his horse, he answered, in a whimpering tone,—'Horse! would I could once see him fairly carrion for the hounds—for my part, I believe as how 'tis no horse, but a devil incarnate; and yet I've been worse mounted, that I have—I'd like to have rid a horse that was foaled of an acorn.'

This accident happened in a hollow way, overshadowed with trees, one of which the storm had blown down, so that it lay over the road, and one of its boughs projecting horizontally, encountered the squire as he trotted along in the dark. Chancing to hitch under his long chin, he could not disengage himself, but hung suspended like a flitch of bacon; while Gilbert, pushing forward, left him dangling, and, by his awkward gambols, seemed to be pleased with the joke. This capricious animal was not retaken without the personal endeavours of the knight; for Crabshaw absolutely refusing to budge a foot from his honour's side, he was obliged to alight, and fasten Bronzomarte to a tree: then they set out together, and, with some difficulty, found Gilbert with his neck stretched over a five-barred gate, snuffing up the morning air. The squire, however, was not remounted, without first having undergone a severe reprehension from his master, who upbraided him with his cowardice, threatened to chastise him on the spot, and declared that he would divorce his dastardly soul from his body, should he ever be incommoded or affronted with another instance of his base-born apprehension.

Though there was some risk in carrying on the altercation

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at this juncture, Timothy, having bound up his jaws, could not withstand the inclination he had to confute his master. He therefore, in a muttering accent, protested, that, if the knight would give him leave, he should prove that his honour had tied a knot with his tongue, which he could not untie with all his teeth.—'How, caitiff,' cried Sir Launcelot, 'presume to contend with me in argument!' 'Your mouth is scarce shut,' said the other, 'since you declared that a man was not to be punished for madness, because it was a distemper: now I will maintain that cowardice is a distemper, as well as madness; for nobody would be afraid, if he could help it.' 'There is more logic in that remark,' resumed the knight, 'than I expected from your clod-pate, Crabshaw: but I must explain the difference between cowardice and madness. Cowardice, though sometimes the effect of natural imbecility, is generally a prejudice of education, or bad habit contracted from misinformation, or misapprehension; and may certainly be cured by experience, and the exercise of reason: but this remedy cannot be applied in madness, which is a privation or disorder of reason itself.' 'So is cowardice, as I'm a living soul,' exclaimed the squire; 'don't you say a man is frightened out of his senses? for my peart, measter, I can neither see nor hear, much less argufy, when I'm in such a quandary: wherefore, I do believe, odds bodikins! that cowardice and madness are both distempers, and differ no more than the hot and cold fits of an ague. When it teakes your honour, you're all heat, and fire, and fury, Lord bless us! but when it catches poor Tim, he's cold and dead-hearted, he sheakes and shivers like an aspen leaf, that he does.' 'In that case,' answered the knight, 'I shall not punish you for the distemper which you cannot help, but for engaging in a service exposed to perils, when you knew your own infirmity; in the same manner as a man deserves punishment, who enlists himself for a soldier, while he labours under any secret disease.' 'At that rate,' said the squire, my bread is like to be rarely buttered o'both sides, i'faith. But, I hope, as by the blessing of God I have run mad, so I shall in good time grow valiant, under your honour's precept and example.'

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By this time a very disagreeable night was succeeded by a fair, bright morning, and a market town appeared at the distance of three or four miles, when Crabshaw having no longer the fear of hobgoblins before his eyes, and being moreover cheered by the sight of a place where he hoped to meet with comfortable entertainment, began to talk big, to expatiate on the folly of being afraid, and finally set all danger at defiance; when all of a sudden he was presented with an opportunity of putting in practice those new adopted maxims. In an opening between two lanes, they perceived a gentleman's coach stopped by two highwaymen on horseback, one of whom advanced to reconnoitre and keep the coast clear, while the other exacted contribution from the travellers in the coach. He who acted as centinel, no sooner saw our adventurer appearing from the lane, than he rode up with a pistol in his hand, and ordered him to halt on pain of immediate death.

To this peremptory mandate the knight made no other reply than charging him with such impetuosity, that he was unhorsed in a twinkling, and lay sprawling on the ground, seemingly sore bruised with his fall. Sir Launcelot commanding Timothy to alight and secure the prisoner, couched his lance, and rode full speed at the other highwayman, who was not a little disturbed at sight of such an apparition. Nevertheless, he fired his pistol without effect; and, clapping spurs to his horse, fled away at full gallop. The knight pursued him with all the speed that Bronzomarte could exert: but the robber being mounted on a swift hunter, kept him at a distance; and after a chase of several miles, escaped through a wood so entangled with coppice, that Sir Lancelot thought proper to desist. He then, for the first time, recollected the situation in which he had left the other thief, and remembering to have heard a female shriek, as he passed by the coach window, resolved to return with all expedition, that he might make a proffer of his service to the lady, according to the obligation of knight-errantry. But he had lost his way; and after an hour's ride, during which he traversed many a field, and circled divers hedges, he

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found himself in the market town afore mentioned. Here the first object that presented itself to his eyes, was Crabshaw on foot, surrounded by a mob, tearing his hair, stamping with his feet, and roaring out in manifest distraction,—'Show me the mayor, for the love of God, show me the mayor!—O Gilbert, Gilbert! a murrain take thee, Gilbert! sure thou wast foaled for my destruction!'

From these exclamations, and the antic dress of the squire, the people, not without reason, concluded that the poor soul had lost his wits; and the beadle was just going to secure him, when the knight interposed, and at once attracted the whole attention of the populace. Timothy seeing his master, fell down on his knees, crying,—'The thief has run away with Gilbert—you may pound me into a peast, as the saying is: but now I'se as mad as your worship, an't afeard of the divel and all his works.' Sir Launcelot desiring the beadle would forbear, was instantly obeyed by that officer, who had no inclination to put the authority of his place in competition with the power of such a figure, armed at all points, mounted on a fiery steed, and ready for the combat. He ordered Crabshaw to attend him to the next inn, where he alighted; then taking him into a separate apartment. demanded an explanation of the unconnected words he had uttered.

The squire was in such agitation, that, with infinite difficulty, and by dint of a thousand different questions, his master learned the adventure to this effect:—Crabshaw, according to Sir Launcelot's command, had alighted from his horse, and drawn his cutlass, in hope of intimidating the discomfited robber into a tame surrender, though he did not at all relish the nature of the service; but the thief was neither so much hurt, nor so tame, as Timothy had imagined. He started on his feet with his pistol still in his hand; and, presenting it to the squire, swore, with dreadful imprecations, that he would blow his brains out in an instant. Crabshaw, unwilling to hazard the trial of this experiment, turned his back, and fled with great precipitation; while the robber, whose horse had run away, mounted Gilbert, and rode off

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across the country. It was at this period, that two footmen belonging to the coach, who had staid behind to take their morning's whet at the inn where they lodged, came up to the assistance of the ladies, armed with blunderbusses; and the carriage proceeded, leaving Timothy alone in distraction and despair. He knew not which way to turn, and was afraid of remaining on the spot, lest the robbers should come back, and revenge themselves upon him for the disappointment they had undergone. In this distress, the first thought that occurred, was to make the best of his way to the town, and demand the assistance of the civil magistrate towards the retrival of what he had lost; a design which he executed in such a manner, as justly entailed upon him the imputation of lunacy.

While Timothy stood fronting the window, and answering the interrogations of his master, he suddenly exclaimed, —'bodikins! there's Gilbert!' and sprung into the street with incredible agility. There finding his strayed companion brought back by one of the footmen who attended the coach, he imprinted a kiss on his forehead; and hanging about his neck, with the tears in his eyes, hailed his return with the following salutation:—'Art thou come back, my darling? ah Gilbert, Gilbert! a pize upon thee! thou hadst like to have been a dear Gilbert to me! how couldst thou break the heart of thy old friend, who has known thee from a colt? seven years next grass have I fed thee and bred thee; provided thee with sweet hay, delicate corn, and fresh litter, that thou mought lie warm, dry, and comfortable. Ha'n't I currycombed thy carcass till it was as sleek as a sloe, and cherished thee as the apple of mine eye? for all that thou hast played me an hundred dog's tricks; biting and kicking and plunging, as if the devil was in thy body; and now thou could'st run away with a thief, and leave me to be flayed alive by measter: what canst thou say for thyself, thou cruel, hard-hearted unchristian tuoad?' To this tender expostulation, which afforded much entertainment to the boys, Gilbert answered not one word; but seemed altogether insensible to the caresses of Timothy, who forthwith led him into the

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stable. On the whole, he seems to have been an unsocial animal; for it does not appear that he ever contracted any degree of intimacy, even with Bronzomarte, during the whole course of their acquaintance and fellowship. On the contrary, he has been more than once known to signify his aversion, by throwing out behind, and other eruptive marks of contempt for that elegant charger, who excelled him as much in personal merit, as his rider Timothy was outshone by his all-accomplished master.

While the squire accommodated Gilbert in the stable, the knight sent for the footman who had brought him back; and, having presented him with a liberal acknowledgment, desired to know in what manner the horse had been retrieved.

The stranger satisfied him in this particular, by giving him to understand, that the highwayman, perceiving himself pursued across the country, plied Gilbert so severely with whip and spur, that the animal resented the usage, and being besides, perhaps, a little struck with remorse for having left his old friend Crabshaw, suddenly halted, and stood stock still, notwithstanding all the stripes and tortures he underwent: or if he moved at all, it was in a retrograde direction. The thief, seeing all his endeavours ineffectual, and himself in danger of being overtaken, wisely quitted his acquisition, and fled into the bosom of a neighbouring wood.

Then the knight inquired about the situation of the lady in the coach, and offered himself as her guard and conductor; but was told that she was already safely lodged in the house of a gentleman at some distance from the road. He likewise learned that she was a person disordered in her senses, under the care and tuition of a widow lady her relation, and that in a day or two they should pursue their journey northward to the place of her habitation.

After the footman had been some time dismissed, the knight recollected that he had forgot to ask the name of the person to whom he belonged; and began to be uneasy at this omission, which indeed was more interesting than he could imagine: for an explanation of this nature would, in all likelihood, have led to a discovery, that the lady in the

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coach was no other than Miss Aurelia Darnel, who seeing him unexpectedly in such an equipage and attitude, as he passed the coach (for his helmet was off), had screamed with surprise and terror, and fainted away. Nevertheless, when she recovered from her swoon, she concealed the real cause of her agitation, and none of her attendants were acquainted with the person of Sir Launcelot.

The circumstances of the disorder, under which she was said to labour, shall be revealed in due course. In the meantime, our adventurer, though unaccountably affected, never dreamed of such an occurrence; but being very much fatigued, resolved to indemnify himself for the loss of last night's repose; and this happened to be one of the few things in which Crabshaw felt an ambition to follow his master's example.

CHAPTER IX.

Which may serve to shew that true patriotism is of no party.

The knight had not enjoyed his repose above two hours, when he was disturbed by such a variety of noises, as might have discomposed a brain of the firmest texture. The rumbling of carriages, and the rattling of horses feet on the pavement, was intermingled with loud shouts, and the noise of fiddle, French-horn, and bagpipe. A loud peal was heard ringing in the church-tower, at some distance, while the inn resounded with clamour, confusion, and uproar.

Sir Launcelot being thus alarmed, started from his bed, and running to the window, beheld a cavalcade of persons well mounted, and distinguished by blue cockades. They were generally attired like jockeys, with gold-laced hats and buckskin breeches, and one of them bore a standard of blue silk, inscribed in white letters,—'Liberty and the landed interest.' He who rode at their head was a jolly figure, of a florid complexion and round belly, seemingly turned of fifty, and, in all appearance, of a choleric disposition. As

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they approached the market-place, they waved their hats, huzza'd, and cried aloud,—'No foreign connections!—Old England for ever!' This acclamation, however, was not so loud or universal, but that our adventurer could distinctly hear a counter-cry from the populace, of—'No slavery,—No popish pretender;' an insinuation so ill relished by the cavaliers, that they began to ply their horsewhips among the multitude, and were, in their turn, saluted with a discharge or volley of stones, dirt, and dead cats; in consequence of which, some teeth were demolished, and many surtouts defiled.

Our adventurer's attention was soon called off from this scene, to contemplate another procession of people on foot, adorned with bunches of orange ribbons, attended by a regular band of music, playing—'God save great George our king,' and headed by a thin swarthy personage, of a sallow aspect, and large goggling eyes, arched over with two thick semicircles of hair, or rather bristles, jet black, and frowzy. His apparel was very gorgeous, though his address was very awkward; he was accompanied by the mayor, recorder, and heads of the corporation, in their formalities. His ensigns were known by the inscription,—'Liberty of conscience, and the protestant succession;' and the people saluted him as he passed with repeated cheers, that seemed to prognosticate success. He had particularly ingratiated himself with the good women, who lined the street, and sent forth many ejaculatory petitions in his favour.

Sir Launcelot immediately comprehended the meaning of this solemnity: he perceived it was the prelude to the election of a member to represent the county in parliament, and he was seized with an eager desire to know the names and characters of the competitors.

In order to gratify this desire, he made repeated application to the bell-rope that depended from the ceiling of his apartment; but this produced nothing, except the repetition of the words,—'Coming, Sir,' which echoed from three or four different corners of the house. The waiters were so distracted by a variety of calls, that they stood motionless,

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in the state of the schoolman's ass between two bundles of hay, incapble of determining where they should first offer their attendance.

Our knight's patience was almost exhausted, when Crabshaw entered the room, in a very strange equipage: one half of his face appeared close shaved, and the other covered with lather, while the blood trickled in two rivulets from his nose, upon a barber's cloth that was tucked under his chin; he looked grim with indignation, and under his left arm carried his cutlass, unsheathed. Where he had acquired so much of the profession of knight-errantry we shall not pretend to determine; but certain it is, he fell on his knees before Sir Launcelot, crying, with an accent of grief and distraction,—'In the name of St George for England, I beg a boon, Sir knight, and thy compliance I demand, before the peacock and the ladies.'

Sir Launcelot, astonished at this address, replied, in a lofty strain,—'Vailant squire, thy boon is granted, provided it doth not contravene the laws of the land, and the constitutions of chivalry.' 'Then I crave leave,' answered Crabshaw, 'to challenge and defy to mortal combat that caitif barber who hath left me in this piteous condition; and I vow by the peacock, that I will not shave my beard, until I have shaved his head from his shoulders: so may I thrive in the occupation of an arrant squire.'

Before his master had time to inquire into particulars, they were joined by a decent man in boots, who was likewise a traveller, and had seen the rise and progress of Timothy's disaster. He gave the knight to understand, that Crabshaw had sent for a barber, and already undergone one half of the operation, when the operator received the long-expected message from both the gentlemen who stood candidates at the election. The double summons was no sooner intimated to him, than he threw down his bason, and retired with precipitation, leaving the squire in the suds. Timothy, incensed at this desertion, followed him with equal celerity into the street, where he collared the shaver, and insisted upon being entirely trimmed, on pain of the basti-

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nado. The other finding himself thus arrested, and having no time to spare for altercation, lifted up his fist, and discharged it upon the snout of Crabshaw, with such force that the unfortunate aggressor was fain to bite the ground, while the victor hastened away, in hope of touching the double wages of corruption.

The knight being informed of these circumstances, told Timothy with a smile, that he should have liberty to defy the barber; but, in the meantime, he ordered him to saddle Bronzomarte, and prepare for immediate service. While the squire was thus employed, his master engaged in conversation with the stranger, who happened to be a London dealer travelling for orders, and was well acquainted with the particulars which our adventurer wanted to know.

It was from this communicative tradesman he learned, that the competitors were Sir Valentine Quickset and Mr Isaac Vanderpelft; the first a mere fox-hunter, who depended for success in this election upon his interest among the high-flying gentry; the other a stock-jobber and contractor, of foreign extract, not without a mixture of Hebrew blood, immensely rich, who was countenanced by his grace of ——, and supposed to have distributed large sums in securing a majority of votes among the yeomanry of the county, possessed of small freeholds, and copyholders, a great number of which last resided in this borough. He said these were generally dissenters and weavers; and that the mayor, who was himself a manufacturer, had received a very considerable order for exportation, in consequence of which it was believed he would support Mr Vanderpelft with all his influence and credit.

Sir Launcelot, roused at this intelligence, called for his armour, which being buckled on in a hurry, he mounted his steed, attended by Crabshaw on Gilbert, and rode immediately into the midst of the multitude by which the hustings were surrounded, just as Sir Valentine Quickset began to harangue the people from an occasional theatre, formed of a plank supported by the upper board of the public stocks, and an inferior rib of a wooden cage pitched also for the accommodation of petty delinquents.

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Though the singular appearance of Sir Launcelot at first attracted the eyes of all the spectators, yet they did not fail to yield attention to the speech of his brother knight, Sir Valentine, which ran in the following strain:—'Gentlemen vreeholders of this here county, I shan't pretend to meake a vine vlourishing speech—I'm a plain spoken man, as you all know. I hope I shall always speak my maind without vear or vavour, as the zaying is. 'Tis the way of the Quicksets—we are no upstarts, nor vorreigners, nor have we any Jewish blood in our veins; we have lived in this here neighbourhood time out of mind, as you all know; and possess an estate of vive thousand clear, which we spend at whoam, among you, in old English hospitality.—All my vore-vathers have been parliament-men, and I can prove that ne'r a one o'um gave a zingle vote for the court since the revolution. Vor my own peart, I value not the ministry three skips of a louse, as the zaying is—I ne'er knew but one minister that was an honest man; and vor all the rest, I care not if they were hanged as high as Haman, with a pox tu'on—I am, thank God, a vree-born, true-hearted Englishman, and a loyal, thof unworthy son of the church—vor all they have done vor H——r, I'd vain know what they have done vor the church, with a vengeance—vor my own peart, I hate all vorreigners, and vorreign measures, whereby this poor nation is broken-backed with a dismal load of debt; and taxes rise so high that the poor cannot get bread. Gentlemen vreeholders of this county, I value no minister a vig's end, d'ye see; if you will vavour me with your votes and interest, whereby I may be returned, I'll engage one half of my estate that I never cry yea to vour shillings in the pound, but will cross the ministry in every thing, as in duty bound, and as becomes an honest vreeholder in the ould interest—but, if you sell your votes and your country for hire, you will be detested in this here world, and damned in the next to all eternity; so I leave every man to his own conscience.'

This eloquent oration was received by his own friends with loud peals of applause; which, however, did not discourage

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his competitor, who, confident of his own strength, ascended the rostrum, or, in other words, an old cask, set upright for the purpose. Having bowed all round to the audience, with a smile of gentle condescension, he told them how ambitious he was of the honour to represent this county in parliament; and how happy he found himself in the encouragement of his friends, who had so unanimously agreed to support his pretensions. He said, over and above the qualification he possessed among them, he had fourscore thousand pounds in his pocket, which he had acquired by commerce, the support of the nation, under the present happy establishment, in defence of which he was ready to spend the last farthing. He owned himself a faithful subject to his majesty king George, sincerely attached to the protestant succession, in detestation and defiance of a popish, an abjured, and outlawed pretender; and declared that he would exhaust his substance and his blood, if necessary, in maintaining the principles of the glorious revolution. 'This,' cried he, 'is the solid basis and foundation upon which I stand.'

These last words had scarce proceeded from his mouth, when the head of the barrel or puncheon on which he stood, being frail and infirm, gave way: so that down he went with a crash, and in a twinkling disappeared from the eyes of the astonished beholders. The fox-hunters, perceiving his disaster, exclaimed, in the phrase and accent of the chase,—'Stole away! stole away!' and, with hideous vociferation, joined in the Sylvan chorus which the hunters halloo when the hounds are at fault.

The disaster of Mr Vanderpelft was soon repaired by the assiduity of his friends, who disengaged him from the barrel in a trice—hoisted him on the shoulders of four strong weavers, and, resenting the unmannerly exultation of their antagonists, began to form themselves in order of battle.

An obstinate fray would have undoubtedly ensued, had not their mutual indignation given way to their curiosity, at the motion of our knight, who had advanced into the middle between the two fronts, and waving his hand as a

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signal for them to give attention, addressed himself to them, with graceful demeanour, in these words:—'Countrymen, friends, and fellow-citizens, you are this day assembled to determine a point of the utmost consequence to yourselves and your posterity; a point that ought to be determined by far other weapons than brutal force and factious clamour. You, the freemen of England, are the basis of that excellent constitution which hath long flourished the object of envy and admiration. To you belongs the inestimable privilege of choosing a delegate properly qualified to represent you in the high court of parliament. This is your birthright, inherited from your ancestors, obtained by their courage, and sealed with their blood. It is not only your birthright which you should maintain in defiance of all danger, but also a sacred trust, to be executed with the most scrupulous care and fidelity. The person whom you trust ought not only to be endued with the most inflexible integrity, but should likewise possess a fund of knowledge that may enable him to act as a part of the legislature. He must be well acquainted with the history, the constitution, and the laws of his country; he must understand the forms of business, the extent of the royal prerogative, the privilege of parliament, the detail of government, the nature and regulation of the finances, the different branches of commerce, the politics that prevail, and the connections that subsist, among the different powers of Europe; for on all these subjects the deliberations of a house of commons occasionally turn: but these great purposes will never be answered by electing an illiterate savage, scarce qualified, in point of understanding, to act as a country justice of peace; a man who has scarce ever travelled beyond the excursion of a fox-chase, whose conversation never rambles farther than his stable, his kennel, and his barn-yard; who rejects decorum as degeneracy; mistakes rusticity for independence; ascertains his courage by leaping over gates and ditches, and founds his triumph on feats of drinking; who holds his estate by a factious tenure; professes himself the blind slave of a party, without knowing the principles that gave it

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birth or the motives by which it is actuated; and thinks that all patriotism consists in railing indiscriminately at ministers, and obstinately opposing every measure of the administration. Such a man, with no evil intentions of his own, might be used as a dangerous tool in the hands of a desperate faction, by scattering the seeds of disaffection, embarrassing the wheels of government, and reducing the whole kingdom to anarchy.'

Here the knight was interrupted by the shouts and acclamations of the Vanderpelfites, who cried aloud,—'Hear him! hear him! long life to the iron-cased orator.' This clamour subsiding, he prosecuted his harangue to the following effect.—

'Such a man as I have described may be dangerous from ignorance; but is neither so mischievous nor so detestable, as the wretch who knowingly betrays his trust, and sues to be the hireling and prostitute of a weak and worthless minister; a sordid knave, without honour or principle; who belongs to no family, whose example can reproach him with degeneracy, who has no country to command his respect, no friends to engage his affection, no religion to regulate his morals, no conscience to restrain his iniquity, and who worships no God but Mammon; an insinuating miscreant, who undertakes for the dirtiest work of the vilest administration; who practises national usury, receiving by wholesale the rewards of venality, and distributing the wages of corruption by retail.'

In this place our adventurer's speech was drowned in the acclamations of the fox-hunters, who now triumphed in their turn, and hoicksed the speaker, exclaiming,—'Well opened Jowler—to'un, to'un again, Sweetlips! hey, Merry, Whitefoot!' After a short interruption, he thus resumed his discourse.—

'When such a caitiff presents himself to you, like the devil, with a temptation in his hand, avoid him as if he were in fact the devil—it is not the offering of disinterested love; for what should induce him, who has no affections, to love you, to whose persons he is an utter stranger? Alas!

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it is not a benevolence, but a bribe. He wants to buy you at one market, that he may sell you at another. Without doubt his intention is to make an advantage of his purchase; and this aim he cannot accomplish, but by sacrificing, in some sort, your interest, your independency, to the wicked designs of a minister, as he can expect no gratification for the faithful discharge of his duty. But, even if he should not find an opportunity of selling you to advantage, the crime, the shame, the infamy, will still be the same in you, who, baser than the most abandoned prostitutes, have sold yourselves and your posterity for hire—for a paltry price, to be refunded with interest by some minister, who will indemnify himself out of your own pockets: for, after all, you are bought and sold with your own money—the miserable pittance you may now receive, is no more than a pitcher full of water thrown in to moisten the sucker of that pump which will drain you to the bottom. Let me therefore advise and exhort you, my countrymen, to avoid the opposite extremes of the ignorant clown and the designing courtier, and choose a man of honesty, intelligence, and moderation, who will—'

The doctrine of moderation was a very unpopular subject in such an assembly; and accordingly they rejected it as one man. They began to think the stranger wanted to set up for himself; a supposition that could not fail to incense both sides equally, as they were both zealously engaged in their respective causes. The whigs and the tories joined against this intruder, who, being neither, was treated like a monster or chimera in politics. They hissed, they hooted, and they holla'd; they annoyed him with missiles of dirt, sticks, and stones; they cursed, they threatened, and reviled, till at length his patience was exhausted.

'Ungrateful and abandoned miscreants!' he cried, 'I spoke to you as men and christians, as free-born Britons and fellow-citizens; but I perceive you are a pack of venal, infamous scoundrels, and I will treat you accordingly.' So saying, he brandished his lance, and riding into the thickest of the concourse, laid about him with such dexterity and

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effect, that the multitude was immediately dispersed, and he retired without further molestation.

The same good fortune did not attend Squire Crabshaw in his retreat. The ludicrous singularity of his features, and the half-mown crop of hair that bristled from one side of his countenance, invited some wags to make merry at his expense; one of them clapped a furze-bush under the tail of Gilbert, who, feeling himself thus stimulated *a posteriori*, kicked and plunged and capered in such a manner, that Timothy could hardly keep the saddle. In this commotion he lost his cap and his periwig, while the rabble pelted him in such a manner, that before he could join his master, he looked like a pillar, or rather a pillory of mud.

CHAPTER X.

Which sheweth that he who plays at bowls will sometimes meet with rubbers.

Sir Launcelot, boiling with indignation at the venality and faction of the electors, whom he had harangued to so little purpose, retired with the most deliberate disdain towards one of the gates of the town, on the outside of which his curiosity was attracted by a concourse of people, in the midst of whom stood Mr Ferret, mounted upon a stool, with a kind of satchel hanging round his neck, and a phial displayed in his right hand, while he held forth to the audience in a very vehement strain of elocution.

Crabshaw thought himself happily delivered when he reached the suburbs, and proceeded without halting; but his master mingled with the crowd, and heard the orator express himself to this effect.—

'Very likely you may undervalue me and my medicine, because I don't appear upon a stage of rotten boards, in a shabby velvet coat and tie-periwig, with a foolish fellow in a motely coat, to make you laugh by making wry faces; but I scorn to use these dirty arts for engaging your atten-

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tion. These paltry tricks *ad captandum vulgus* can have no effect but on ideots; and if you are ideots, I don't desire you should be my customers. Take notice, I don't address you in the style of a mountebank, or a High German doctor; and yet the kingdom is full of mountebanks, empirics, and quacks. We have quacks in religion, quacks in physic, quacks in law, quacks in politics, quacks in patriotism, quacks in government: High-German quacks, that have blistered, sweated, bled, and purged the nation into an atrophy. But this is not all; they have not only evacuated her into a consumption, but they have intoxicated her brain, until she is become delirious; she can no longer pursue her own interest, or indeed rightly distinguish it. Like the people of Nineveh, she can hardly tell her right hand from her left; but, as a changeling, is dazzled and delighted by an *ignis fatuus*, a Will-o'-the-wisp, an exhalation from the vilest materials in nature, that leads her astray through Westphalian bogs and deserts, and will one day break her neck over some barren rocks, or leave her sticking in some H———n pit or quagmire. For my part, if you have a mind to betray your country, I have no objection. In selling yourselves and your fellow-citizens, you only dispose of a pack of rascals who deserve to be sold—If you sell one another, why should not I sell this here elixir of long life, which, if properly used, will protract your days till you shall have seen your country ruined? I shall not pretend to disturb your understandings, which are none of the strongest, with a hotchpotch of unintelligible terms, such as Aristotle's four principles of generation, unformed matter, privation, efficient and final causes. Aristotle was a pedantic blockhead, and still more knave than fool. The same censure we may safely put on that wiseacre Dioscorides, with his faculties of simples, his seminal, specific, and principal virtues; and that crazy commentator Galen, with his four elements, elementary qualities, his eight complexions, his harmonies and discords. Nor shall I expatiate on the alkahest of that mad scoundrel Paracelsus, with which he pretended to reduce flints into salt; nor the *archæus* or *spiritus*

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vector of that visionary Van Helmont, his simple, elementary water, his *gas*, ferments, and transmutations; nor shall I enlarge upon the salt, sulphur, and oil, the *acidum vagum*, the mercury of metals, and the volatilised vitriol of other modern chemists, a pack of ignorant, conceited, knavish rascals, that puzzle your weak heads with such jargon, just as a Germanized m——r throws dust in your eyes, by lugging in and ringing the changes on the balance of power, the protestant religion, and your allies on the continent; acting like the juggler, who picks your pockets, while he dazzles your eyes and amuses your fancy with twirling his fingers, and reciting the gibberish of *hocus pocus*; for, in fact, the balance of power is a mere chimera. As for the protestant religion, nobody gives himself any trouble about it; and allies on the continent we have none, or at least none that would raise an hundred men to save us from perdition, unless we paid an extravagant price for their assistance. But, to return to this here elixir of long life, I might embellish it with a great many high-sounding epithets; but I disdain to follow the example of every illiterate vagabond, that from idleness turns quack, and advertises his nostrum in the public papers. I am neither a felonious dry-salter returned from exile, an hospital stump-turner, a decayed staymaker, a bankrupt printer, or insolvent debtor, released by act of parliament. I did not pretend to administer medicines without the least tincture of letters, or suborn wretches to perjure themselves in false affidavits of cures that were never performed; nor employ a set of led-captains to harangue in my praise at all public places. I was bred regularly to the profession of chemistry, and have tried all the processes of alchemy; and I may venture to say, that this here elixir is, in fact, the *chruseon pepuromenon ek puros*, the visible, glorious, spiritual body, from whence all other beings derive their existence, as proceeding from their father the sun, and their mother the moon; from the sun, as from a living and spiritual gold, which is mere fire, consequently the common and universal first created mover, from whence all moveable things have their distinct and particular motions; and also

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from the moon, as from the wife of the sun, and the common mother of all sublunary things. And forasmuch as man is and must be the comprehensive end of all creatures, and the microcosm, he is counselled in the Revelation to buy gold that is thoroughly fired, or rather pure fire, that he may become rich and like the sun; as, on the contrary, he becomes poor when he abuses the arsenical poison; so that his silver, by the fire, must be calcined to a *caput mortuum*, which happens when he will hold and retain the menstruum, out of which he partly exists, for his own property, and doth not daily offer up the same in the fire of the sun, that the woman may be clothed with the sun, and become a sun, and thereby rule over the moon; that is to say, that he may get the moon under his feet. Now this here elixir, sold for no more than sixpence a-phial, contains the essence of the alkahest; the archæus, the catholicon, the menstruum, the sun, the moon, and, to sum up all in one word, is the true, genuine, unadulterated, unchangeable, immaculate, and specific *chrusoon peputomenon ek puros*.'

The audience were variously affected by this learned oration. Some of those who favoured the pretensions of the whig candidate, were of opinion, that he ought to be punished for his presumption, in reflecting so scurrilously on ministers and measures. Of this sentiment was our adventurer, though he could not help admiring the courage of the orator, and owning within himself that he had mixed some melancholy truths with his scurrility.

Mr Ferret would not have stood so long in his rostrum unmolested, had not he cunningly chosen his station immediately without the jurisdiction of the town, whose magistrates therefore could not take cognizance of his conduct; but application was made to the constable of the other parish, while our nostrum-monger proceeded in his speech, the conclusion of which produced such an effect upon his hearers, that his whole cargo was immediately exhausted. He had just stepped down from his stool, when the constable with his staff arrived, and took him under his guidance. Mr Ferret on this occasion attempted to interest the people

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in his behalf, by exhorting them to vindicate the liberty of the subject against such an act of oppression; but finding them deaf to the tropes and figures of his elocution, he addressed himself to our knight, reminding him of his duty to protect the helpless and the injured, and earnestly soliciting his interposition.

Sir Launcelot, without making the least reply to his entreaties, resolved to see the end of this adventure; and, being joined by his squire, followed the prisoner at a distance, measuring back the ground he had travelled the day before, until he reached another small borough, where Ferret was housed in the common prison.

While he sat a-horseback, deliberating on the next step he should take, he was accosted by the voice of Tom Clarke, who called, in a whimpering tone, through a window grated with iron,—'For the love of God, Sir Launcelot, do, dear Sir, be so good as to take the trouble to alight, and come up stairs—I have something to communicate, of consequence to the community in general, and you in particular—Pray do, dear Sir knight. I beg a boon in the name of St Michael and St George for England.'

Our adventurer, not a little surprised at this address, dismounted without hesitation, and, being admitted to the common jail, there found not only his old friend Tom, but also the uncle, sitting on a bench, with a woollen night-cap on his head, and a pair of spectacles on his nose, reading very earnestly in a book, which he afterwards understood was entitled,—'The Life and Adventures of Valentine and Orson.' The captain no sooner saw his great pattern enter, than he rose, and received him with the salutation of—'what cheer, brother?' and, before the knight could answer, added these words.—'You see how the land lies—here have Tom and I been fast ashore these four-and-twenty hours; and this birth we have got by attempting to tow your galley, brother, from the enemy's harbour.—Adds bobs! if we had this here fellow whoreson for a consort, with all our tackle in order, brother, we'd soon shew 'em the topsail, slip our cable, and down with their barricadoes.

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But, howsomever, it don't signify talking—patience is a good stream-anchor, and will hold, as the saying is—but, damn my—as for the matter of my bolt-sprit. Hearkye, hearkye, brother—damn'd hard to engage with three at a time, one upon my bow, one upon my quarter, and one right ahead, rubbing and drubbing, lying athwart hawse, raking fore and aft, battering and grappling, and lashing and clashing—adds heart, brother—crash went the boltsprit—down came the round-top—up with the dead lights—I saw nothing but the stars at noon—lost the helm of my seven senses, and down I broached upon my broadside.'

As Mr. Clarke rightly conceived that his uncle would need an interpreter, he began to explain these hints, by giving a circumstantial detail of his own and the captain's disaster.

He told Sir Launcelot, that, notwithstanding all his persuasion and remonstrances, Captain Crowe insisted upon appearing in the character of a knight-errant; and, with that view, had set out from the public house on the morning that succeeded his vigil in the church: that upon the highway they had met with a coach containing two ladies, one of whom seemed to be under great agitation; for, as they passed, she struggled with the other, thrust out her head at the window, and said something which he could not distinctly hear: that Captain Crowe was struck with admiration of her unequalled beauty: and he (Tom) no sooner informed him who she was, than he resolved to set her at liberty, on the supposition that she was under restraint, and in distress: that he accordingly unsheathed his cutlass, and riding after the coach, commanded the driver to bring to on pain of death: that one of the servants, believing the captain to be a highwayman, presented a blunderbuss, and in all probability would have shot him on the spot, had not he (the nephew) rode up, and assured them the gentleman was *non compos*: that, notwithstanding his intimation, all the three attacked him with the butt-ends of their horse-whips, while the coach drove on, and, although he laid about him with great fury, at last brought him to the

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ground, by a stroke on the temple: that Mr Clarke himself then interposed in defence of his kinsman, and was also severely beaten; that two of the servants, upon application to a justice of the peace, residing near the field of battle, had granted a warrant against the captain and his nephew, and, without examination, committed them as idle vagrants, after having seized their horses and their money, on pretence of their being suspected for highwaymen. 'But as there was no just cause of suspicion,' added he, 'I am of opinion the justice is guilty of a trespass, and may be sued for *falsum imprisonamentum*, and considerable damages obtained; for you will please to observe, Sir, no justice has a right to commit any person till after due examination; besides, we were not committed for an assault and battery, *audita querela*, nor as wandering lunatics by the statute, who, to be sure, may be apprehended by a justice's warrant, and locked up and chained, if necessary, or be sent to their last legal settlement; but we were committed as vagrants and suspected highwaymen. Now we do not fall under the description of vagrants; nor did any circumstance appear to support the suspicion of robbery; for, to constitute robbery, there must be something taken; but here nothing was taken but blows, and they were upon compulsion. Even an attempt to rob, without any taking, is not felony, but a misdemeanour. To be sure, there is a taking in deed, and a taking in law; but still the robber must be in possession of a thing stolen; and we attempted to steal ourselves away.—My uncle, indeed, would have released the young lady *vi et armis*, had his strength been equal to his inclination; and in so doing I would have willingly lent my assistance, both from a desire to serve such a beautiful young creature, and also in regard to your honour, for I thought I heard her call upon your name.'

'Ha! how! what! whose name? say, speak—Heaven and earth!' cried the knight, with marks of the most violent emotion. Clarke, terrified at his looks, replied,—'I beg your pardon a thousand times; I did not say possitively he did speak those words, but I apprehended she did speak

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them. Words, which may be taken or interpreted by law in a general or common sense, ought not to receive a strained or unusual construction; and ambiguous words—' 'Speak or be dumb for ever!' exclaimed Sir Launcelot, in a terrific tone, laying his hand on his sword, 'what young lady, ha! what name did she call upon?' Clarke, falling on his knees, answered, not without stammering,—'Miss Aurelia Darnel; to the best of my recollection, she called upon Sir Launcelot Greaves.' 'Sacred powers!' cried our adventurer, 'which way did the carriage proceed?'

When Tom told him that the coach quitted the post-road, and struck away to the right at full speed, Sir Launcelot was seized with a pensive fit; his head sunk upon his breast, and he mused in silence for several minutes, with the most melancholy expression on his countenance; then recollecting himself, he assumed a more composed and cheerful air, and asked several questions with respect to the arms on the coach, and the liveries worn by the servants. It was in the course of this interrogation that he discovered he had actually conversed with one of the footmen, who had brought back Crabshaw's horse; a circumstance that filled him with anxiety and chagrin, as he had omitted to inquire the name of his master, and the place to which the coach was travelling; though, in all probability, had he made these inquiries, he would have received very little satisfaction, there being reason to think the servants were enjoined secrecy.

The knight, in order to meditate on this unexpected adventure, sat down by his old friend, and entered into a reverie, which lasted about a quarter of an hour, and might have continued longer, had it not been interrupted by the voice of Crabshaw, who bawled aloud,—'Look to it, my masters—as you brew you must drink—this shall be a dear day's work to some of you; for my part, I say nothing—the braying ass eats a little grass—one barber shaves not so close, but another finds a few stubble—you wanted to catch a capon, and you've stole a cat—he that takes up his lodgings in a stable, must be contented to lie upon litter.'

The knight, desirous of knowing the cause that prompted

Timothy to apothegmatize in this manner, looked through the grate, and perceived the squire fairly set in the stocks, surrounded by a mob of people. When he called to him, and asked the reason of this disgraceful restraint, Crabshaw replied,—' There's no cake, but there's another of the same make—who never climbed, never fell—after clouds comes clear weather. 'Tis all-long of your honour I've met with this preferment; no deservings of my own, but the interest of my master. Sir knight, if you will flay the justice, hang the constable, release your squire, and burn the town, your name will be famous in story; but, if you are content, I am thankful. Two hours are soon spent in such good company; in the meantime, look to 'un jailor, there's a frog in the stocks.'

Sir Launcelot, incensed at this affront offered to his servant, advanced to the prison door, but found it fast locked; and when he called to the turnkey, he was given to understand that he himself was prisoner. Enraged at this intimation, he demanded at whose suit, and was answered through the wicket,—' at the suit of the king, in whose name I will hold you fast, with God's assistance.'

The knight's looks now began to lighten; he rolled his eyes around, and, snatching up an oaken bench, which three ordinary men could scarce have lifted from the ground, he, in all likelihood, would have shattered the door in pieces, had not he been restrained by the interposition of Mr Clarke, who intreated him to have a little patience, assuring him he would suggest a plan that would avenge himself amply on the justice, without any breach of the peace. ' I say the justice,' added Tom, ' because it must be his doing.' He is a little petulant sort of a fellow, ignorant of the law, guilty of numberless irregularities, and, if properly managed, may, for this here act of arbitrary power, be not only cast in a swinging sum, but even turned out of the commission with disgrace.'

This was a very seasonable hint; in consequence of which the bench was softly replaced, and Captain Crowe deposited the poker, with which he had armed himself to second the efforts of Sir Launcelot. They now, for the first time, per-

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ceived that Ferret had disappeared; and, upon inquiry, found that he was in fact the occasion of the knight's detention and the squire's disgrace.

CHAPTER XI.

Description of a modern magistrate.

Before the knight would take any resolution for extricating himself from his present embarrassment, he desired to be better acquainted with the character and circumstances of the justice by whom he had been confined, and likewise to understand the meaning of his own detention. To be informed in this last particular, he renewed his dialogue with the turnkey, who told him through the grate, that Ferret no sooner perceived him in the jail, without his offensive arms, which he had left below, than he desired to be carried before the justice, where he had given information against the knight, as a violator of the public peace, who strolled about the country with unlawful arms, rendering the highways unsafe, encroaching upon the freedom of elections, putting his majesty's liege subjects in fear of their lives, and, in all probability, harbouring more dangerous designs under an affected cloak of lunacy. Ferret, upon this information, had been released, and entertained as an evidence for the king; and Crabshaw was put into the stocks as an idle stroller.

Sir Launcelot, being satisfied in these particulars, addressed himself to his fellow prisoners, and begged they would communicate what they knew respecting the worthy magistrate, who had been so premature in the execution of his office. This request was no sooner signified than a crew of naked wretches crowded around him, and, like a congregation of rooks, opened their throats all at once, in accusation of Justice Gobble. The knight was moved at this scene, which he could not help comparing, in his own mind, to what would appear upon a much more awful occasion, when the cries of the widow and the orphan, the injured and op-

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pressed, would be uttered at the tribunal of an unerring Judge, against the villanous and insolent authors of their calamity.

When he had, with some difficulty, quieted their clamours, and confined his interrogation to one person of a tolerably decent appearance, he learned, that Justice Gobble, whose father was a tailor, had for some time served as a journeyman hosier in London, where he had picked up some law terms, by conversing with hackney writers and attorneys clerks of the lowest order; that, upon the death of his master, he had insinuated himself into the good graces of the widow, who took him for her husband, so that he became a person of some consideration, and saved money apace; that his pride, increasing with his substance, was reinforced by the vanity of his wife, who persuaded him to retire from business, that they might live genteelly in the country; that his father dying, and leaving a couple of houses in this town, Mr Gobble had come down with his lady to take possession, and liked the place so well, as to make a more considerable purchase in the neighbourhood; that a certain peer being indebted to him in the large way of his business, and either unable or unwilling to pay the money, had compounded the debt, by inserting his name in the commission; since which period, his own insolence, and his wife's ostentation, had exceeded all bounds; that, in the execution of his authority, he had committed a thousand acts of cruelty and injustice against the poorer sort of people, who were unable to call him to a proper account; that his wife domineered with a more ridiculous, though less pernicious usurpation, among the females of the place; that, in a word, she was the subject of continual mirth, and he the object of universal detestation.

Our adventurer, though extremely well disposed to believe what was said to the prejudice of Gobble, would not give entire credit to this description, without first inquiring into the particulars of his conduct. He therefore asked the speaker, what was the cause of his particular complaint? 'For my own part, Sir,' said he, 'I lived in repute, and kept a

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shop in this here town, well furnished with a great variety of articles. All the people in the place were my customers; but what I and many others chiefly depended upon, was the extraordinary sale at two annual customary fairs, to which all the country people in the neighbourhood resorted to lay out their money. I had employed all my stock, and even engaged my credit, to procure a large assortment of goods for the Lammas market; but having given my vote, in the election of a vestry-clerk, contrary to the interest of Justice Gobble, he resolved to work my ruin. He suppressed the annual fairs, by which a great many people, especially publicans, earned the best part of their subsistence. The country people resorted to another town. I was overstocked with a load of perishable commodities, and found myself deprived of the best part of my home customers, by the ill nature and revenge of the justice, who employed all his influence among the common people, making use of threats and promises, to make them desert my shop, and give their custom to another person, whom he settled in the same business under my nose. Being thus disabled from making punctual payments, my commodities spoiling, and my wife breaking her heart, I grew negligent and careless, took to drinking, and my affairs went to wreck. Being one day in liquor, and provoked by the fleers and taunts of the man who had set up against me, I struck him at his own door; upon which I was carried before the justice, who treated me with such insolence, that I became desperate, and not only abused him in the execution of his office, but also made an attempt to lay violent hands upon his person. You know, Sir, when a man is both drunk and desperate, he cannot be supposed to have any command of himself. I was sent hither to jail. My creditors immediately seized my effects; and, as they were not sufficient to discharge my debts, a statute of bankruptcy was taken out against me; so that here I must lie, until they think proper to sign my certificate, or the parliament shall please to pass an act for the relief of insolvent debtors.'

The next person who presented himself in the crowd of

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accusers, was a meagre figure, with a green apron, who told the knight that he had kept a public house in town for a dozen of years, and enjoyed a good trade, which was in a great measure owing to a skittle-ground, in which the best people of the place diverted themselves occasionally: that Justice Gobble, being disobliged at his refusing to part with a gelding which he had bred for his own use, first of all shut up the skittle-ground; but finding the publican still kept his house open, he took care that he should be deprived of his licence, on pretence that the number of ale-houses was too great, and that this man had been bred to another employment. The poor publican, being thus deprived of his bread, was obliged to try the stay-making business, to which he had served an apprenticeship; but being very ill qualified for this profession, he soon fell to decay, and contracted debts, in consequence of which he was now in prison, where he had no other support but what arose from the labour of his wife, who had gone to service.

The next prisoner who preferred his complaint against the unrighteous judge, was a poacher, at whose practices Justice Gobble had for some years connived, so as even to screen him from punishment, in consideration of being supplied with game gratis, till at length he was disappointed by accident. His lady had invited guests to an entertainment, and bespoke a hare, which the poacher undertook to furnish. He laid his snares accordingly over night; but they were discovered, and taken away by the gamekeeper of the gentleman to whom the ground belonged. All the excuses the poacher could make proved ineffectual in appeasing the resentment of the justice and his wife at being thus disconcerted. Measures were taken to detect the delinquent in the excercise of his illicit occupation; he was committed to safe custody, and his wife, with five bantlings, was passed to her husband's settlement in a different part of the country.

A stout squat fellow, rattling with chains, had just taken up the ball of accusation, when Sir Launcelot was startled with the appearance of a woman, whose looks and equipage

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indicated the most piteous distress. She seemed to be turned of the middle age, was of a lofty carriage, tall, thin, weather-beaten, and wretchedly attired: her eyes were inflamed with weeping, and her looks displayed that wildness and peculiarity which denote distraction. Advancing to Sir Launcelot, she fell upon her knees, and, clasping her hands together, uttered the following rhapsody in the most vehement tone of affliction.—

'Thrice potent, generous, and august emperor, here let my knees cleave to the earth, until thou shalt do me justice on that inhuman caitiff Gobble. Let him disgorge my substance, which he hath devoured; let him restore to my widowed arms my child, my boy, the delight of my eyes, the prop of my life, the staff of my sustenance, whom he hath torn from my embrace, stolen, betrayed, sent into captivity, and murdered!—behold these bleeding wounds upon his lovely breast! see how they mangle his lifeless corse! Horror! give me my child, barbarians! his head shall lie upon his Suky's bosom—she will embalm him with her tears. Ha! plunge him in the deep! shall my boy then float in a watery tomb?—Justice, most mighty emperor! justice upon the villain who hath ruined us all! May heaven's dreadful vengeance overtake him! may the keen storm of adversity strip him of all his leaves and fruit! may peace forsake his mind, and rest be banished from his pillow, so that all his days shall be filled with reproach and sorrow, and all his nights be haunted with horror and remorse! may he be stung by jealousy without cause, and maddened by revenge without the means of execution! may all his offspring be blighted and consumed, like the mildewed ears of corn, except one that shall grow up to curse his old age, and bring his hoary head with sorrow to the grave, as he himself has proved a curse to me and mine!'

The rest of the prisoners, perceiving the knight extremely shocked at her misery and horrid imprecation, removed her by force from his presence, and conveyed her to another room: while our adventurer underwent a violent agitation, and could not for some minutes compose himself so well as

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to inquire into the nature of this wretched creature's calamity.

The shopkeeper, of whom he demanded this satisfaction, gave him to understand that she was born a gentlewoman, and had been well educated; that she married a curate, who did not long survive his nuptials, and afterwards became the wife of one Oakley, a farmer in opulent circumstances; that, after twenty years cohabitation with her husband, he sustained such losses by the distemper among the cattle, as he could not repair; and that this reverse of fortune was supposed to have hastened his death; that the widow, being a woman of spirit, determined to keep up and manage the farm, with the assistance of an only son, a very promising youth, who was already contracted in marriage with the daughter of another wealthy farmer. Thus the mother had a prospect of retrieving the affairs of her family, when all her hopes were dashed and destroyed by a ridiculous pique which Mrs Gobble conceived against the young farmer's sweetheart, Mrs Susan Sedgemoor. This young woman chancing to be at a country assembly, where the grave-digger of the parish acted as master of the ceremonies, was called out to dance before Miss Gobble, who happened to be there present also with her mother. The circumstance was construed into an unpardonable affront by the justice's lady, who abused the director in the most opprobrious terms for his insolence and ill-manners; and, retiring in a storm of passion, vowed revenge against the saucy minx who had presumed to vie in gentility with Miss Gobble. The justice entered into her resentment. The grave-digger lost his place; and Suky's lover, young Oakley, was pressed for a soldier. Before his mother could take any steps for his discharge, he was hurried away to the East Indies, by the industry and contrivance of the justice. Poor Suky wept and pined until she fell into a consumption. The forlorn widow, being thus deprived of her son, was overwhelmed with grief to such a degree, that she could no longer manage her concerns. Every thing went backwards; she ran in arrears with her landlord; and the prospect of bankruptcy aggravated her affliction, while it

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added to her incapacity. In the midst of these disastrous circumstances, news arrived that her son Greaves had lost his life in a sea engagement with the enemy; and these tidings almost instantly deprived her of reason. Then the landlord seized for his rent, and she was arrested at the suit of Justice Gobble, who had bought up one of her debts in order to distress her, and now pretended that her madness was feigned.

When the name of Greaves was mentioned, our adventurer started and changed colour; and, now the story was ended, asked, with marks of eager emotion, if the name of the woman's first husband was not Wilford. When the prisoner answered in the affirmative, he rose up, and striking his breast,—'Good heaven!' cried he, 'the very woman who watched over my infancy, and even nourished me with her milk!—She was my mother's humble friend. Alas! poor Dorothy! how would your old mistress grieve to see her favourite in this miserable condition.' While he pronounced these words, to the astonishment of the hearers, a tear stole softly down each cheek. Then he desired to know if the poor lunatic had any intervals of reason; and was given to understand, that she was always quiet, and generally supposed to have the use of her senses, except when she was disturbed by some extraordinary noise, or when any person touched upon her misfortune, or mentioned the name of her oppressor, in all which cases she started out into extravagance and frenzy. They likewise imputed great part of the disorder to the want of quiet, proper food, and necessaries, with which she was but poorly supplied by the cold hand of chance charity. Our adventurer was exceedingly affected by the distress of this woman, whom he resolved to relieve; and in proportion as his commiseration was excited, his resentment rose against the miscreant, who seemed to have insinuated himself into the commission of the peace on purpose to harass and oppress his fellow-creatures.

Thus animated, he entered into consultation with Mr Thomas Clarke concerning the steps he should take, first for their deliverance, and then for prosecuting and punish-

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ing the justice. In result of this conference, the knight called aloud for the jailor, and demanded to see a copy of his commitment, that he might know the cause of his imprisonment, and offer bail; or, in case that he should be refused, move for a writ of habeas corpus. The jailor told him the copy of the writ should be forthcoming: but, after he had waited some time, and repeated the demand before witnesses, it was not yet produced. Mr Clarke then, in a solemn tone, gave the jailor to understand, that an officer refusing to deliver a true copy of the commitment warrant, was liable to the forfeiture of one hundred pounds for the first offence, and for the second to a forfeiture of twice that sum, besides being disabled from executing his office.

Indeed it was no easy matter to comply with Sir Launcelot's demand; for no warrant had been granted, nor was it now in the power of the justice to remedy this defect, as Mr Ferret had taken himself away privately, without having communicated the name and designation of the prisoner; a circumstance the more mortifying to the jailor, as he perceived the extraordinary respect which Mr Clarke and the captain paid to the knight, and was now fully convinced that he would be dealt with according to law. Disordered with these reflections, he imparted them to the justice, who had in vain caused search to be made for Ferret, and was now extremely well inclined to set the knight and his friends at liberty, though he did not at all suspect the quality and importance of our adventurer. He could not, however, resist the temptation of displaying the authority of his office, and therefore ordered the prisoners to be brought before his tribunal, that, in the capacity of a magistrate, he might give them a severe reproof, and proper caution with respect to their future behaviour.

They were accordingly led through the street in procession, guarded by the constable and his gang, followed by Crabshaw, who had by this time been released from the stocks, and surrounded by a crowd of people, attracted by curiosity. When they arrived at the justice's house, they

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were detained for some time in the passage; then a voice was heard, commanding the constable to bring in the prisoners, and they were introduced to the hall of audience, where Mr Gobble sat in judgment, with a crimson velvet night-cap on his head: and on his right hand appeared his lady, puffed up with the pride and insolence of her husband's office, fat, frowzy, and not over clean, well stricken in years, without the least vestige of an agreeable feature, having a rubicund nose, ferret eyes, and imperious aspect. The justice himself was a little, affected, pert prig, who endeavoured to solemnize his countenance by assuming an air of consequence, in which pride, impudence, and folly, were strangely blended. He aspired at nothing so much as the character of an able spokesman, and took all opportunities of holding forth at vestry and quarter-sessions, as well as in the administration of his office in private. He would not, therefore, let slip this occasion of exciting the admiration of his hearers, and, in an authoritative tone, thus addressed our adventurer.—

'The laws of this land has provided—I says as how provision is made by the laws of this here land, in reverence to delinquems and manefactors, whereby the king's peace is upholden by we magistrates, who represents his majesty's person better than in e'er a contagious nation under the sun; but, howsomever, that there king's peace, and this here magistrate's authority, cannot be adequably and identically upheld, if so be as how criminals escapes unpunished. Now, friend, you must be confidentious in your own mind, as you are a notorious criminal, who have trespassed again the laws on divers occasions and importunities: if I had a mind to exercise the rigour of the law, according to the authority wherewith I am wested, you and your companions in iniquity would be sewerely punished by the statue; but we magistrates has a power to litigate the sewerity of justice, and so I am contented that you should be mercifully dealt withal, and even dismissed.'

To this harangue the knight replied, with solemn and deliberate accent,—'If I understand your meaning aright,

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I am accused of being a notorious criminal; but nevertheless you are contented to let me escape with impunity. If I am a notorious criminal, it is the duty of you, as a magistrate, to bring me to condign punishment; and if you allow a criminal to escape unpunished, you are not only unworthy of a place in the commission, but become accessory to his guilt, and, to all intents and purposes, *socius criminis*. With respect to your proffered mercy, I shall decline the favour; nor do I deserve any indulgence at your hands; for, depend upon it, I shall shew no mercy to you in the steps I intend to take for bringing you to justice. I understand that you have been long hackneyed in the ways of oppression, and I have seen some living monuments of your inhumanity—of that hereafter. I myself have been detained in prison, without cause assigned. I have been treated with indignity, and insulted by jailors and constables; led through the streets like a felon, as a spectacle to the multitude; obliged to dance attendance in your passage, and afterwards branded with the name of notorious criminal. I now demand to see the information in consequence of which I was detained in prison, the copy of the warrant of commitment or detainer, and the face of the person by whom I was accused. I insist upon a compliance with these demands, as the privileges of a British subject; and if it is refused, I shall seek redress before a higher tribunal.'

The justice seemed to be not a little disturbed at this peremptory declaration, which, however, had no other effect upon his wife, but that of enraging her choler, and inflaming her countenance. 'Sirrah! sirrah!' cried she, 'do you dares to insult a worshipful magistrate on the bench? Can you deny that you are a vagram, and a dilatory sort of a person? Han't the man with the satchel made an affidavy of it? If I was my husband, I'd lay you fast by the heels for your resumption, and ferk you with a primineery into the bargain, unless you could give a better account of yourself—I would.'

Gobble, encouraged by this fillip, resumed his petulance, and proceeded in this manner:—'Heark ye, friend, I might,

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as Mrs Gobble very justly observes, trounce you for your audacious behaviour; but I scorn to take such advantages: howsomever, I shall make you give an account of yourself and your companions; for I believes as how you are in a gang, and all in a story, and perhaps you may be found one day in a cord. What are you, friend? What is your station and degree?' 'I am a gentleman,' replied the knight. 'Ay, that is English for a sorry fellow,' said the justice. 'Every idle vagabond, who has neither home nor habitation, trade nor profession, designs himself a gentleman. But I must know how you live.' 'Upon my means.' 'What are your means?' 'My estate.' 'Whence doth it arise?' 'From inheritance.' 'Your estate lies in brass, and that you have inherited from nature; but do you inherit lands and tenements?' 'Yes.' 'But they are neither here nor there, I doubt. Come, come, friend, I shall bring you about presently.' Here the examination was interrupted by the arrival of Mr Fillet the surgeon, who chancing to pass, and seeing a crowd about the door, went in to satisfy his curiosity.

CHAPTER XII.

Which shews there are more ways to kill a dog than hanging.

Mr Fillet no sooner appeared in the judgment-chamber of Justice Gobble, than Captain Crowe, seizing him by the hand, exclaimed,—'Body o' me! doctor, thou'rt come up in the nick of time to lend us a hand in putting about. We're a little in the stays here—but howsomever we've got a good pilot, who knows the coast, and can weather the point, as the saying is. As for the enemy's vessel, she has had a shot or two already athwart her forefoot; the next, I do suppose, will strike the hull, and then you will see her taken all aback.' The doctor, who perfectly understood his dialect, assured him he might depend upon his assistance; and advancing to the knight, accosted him in

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these words:—'Sir Launcelot Greaves, your most humble servant—when I saw a crowd at the door, I little thought of finding you within, treated with such indignity—yet I can't help being pleased with an opportunity of proving the esteem and veneration I have for your person and character:—you will do me particular pleasure in commanding my best services.'

Our adventurer thanked him for this instance of his friendship, which he told him he would use without hesitation; and desired he would procure immediate bail for him and his two friends, who had been imprisoned contrary to law, without any cause assigned.

During this short dialogue, the justice, who had heard of Sir Launcelot's family and fortune, though an utter stranger to his person, was seized with such pangs of terror and compunction as a grovelling mind may be supposed to have felt in such circumstances; and they seemed to produce the same unsavoury effects that are so humorously delineated by the inimitable Hogarth, in his print of Felix on his tribunal, done in the Dutch style. Nevertheless, seeing Fillet retire to execute the knight's commands, he recollected himself so far as to tell the prisoners, there was no occasion to give themselves any farther trouble, for he would release them without bail or mainprise. Then discarding all the insolence from his features, and assuming an aspect of the most humble adulation, he begged the knight ten thousand pardons for the freedoms he had taken, which were entirely owing to his ignorance of Sir Launcelot's quality. 'Yes, I'll assure you, Sir,' said the wife, 'my husband would have bit off his tongue rather than say black is the white of your eye, if so be he had known your capacity. Thank God, we have been used to deal with gentlefolks, and many's the good pound we have lost by them; but what of that? Sure we know how to behave to our betters. Mr Gobble, thanks be to God, can defy the whole world to prove that he ever said an uncivil word, or did a rude thing to a gentleman, knowing him to be a person of fortune. Indeed, as to your poor gentry, and riff raff, your tag-rag and bob-tail, or

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such vulgar scoundrelly people, he has always behaved like a magistrate, and treated them with the rigger of authority.' 'In other words,' said the knight, 'he has tyrannized over the poor, and connived at the vices of the rich: your husband is little obliged to you for this confession, woman.' 'Woman!' cried Mrs Gobble, empurpled with wrath, and fixing her hands on her sides by way of defiance, 'I scorn your words. Marry come up, woman! quotha; no more a woman than your worship.' Then bursting into tears,—'Husband,' continued she, 'if you had the soul of a louse, you would not suffer me to be abused at this rate; you would not sit still on the bench, and hear your spouse called such contemptible epitaphs. Who cares for his title and his knightship? You and I, husband, knew a tailor that was made a knight; but, thank God, I have noblemen to stand by me with their privileges and beroguetifs.'

At this instant Mr Fillet returned with his friend, a practitioner in the law, who freely offered to join in bailing our adventurer, and the other two prisoners, for any sum that should be required. The justice perceiving the affair began to grow more and more serious, declared that he would discharge the warrants and dismiss the prisoners.

Here Mr Clarke interposing, observed, that against the knight no warrant had been granted, nor any information sworn to; consequently, as the justice had not complied with the form of proceeding directed by statute, the imprisonment was *coram non judice*, void. 'Right, Sir,' said the other lawyer, 'if a justice commits a felon for trial, without binding over the prosecutor to the assizes, he shall be fined.' 'And again,' cried Clarke, 'if a justice issues a warrant for commitment, where there is no accusation, action will lie against the justice.' 'Moreover,' replied the stranger, 'if a justice of peace is guilty of any misdemeanour in his office, information lies against him *in banco regis*, where he shall be punished by fine and imprisonment.' 'And besides,' resumed the accurate Tom, 'the same court will grant an information against a justice of peace, on motion, for sending even a servant to the house

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of correction or common jail without sufficient cause.' 'True,' exclaimed the other limb of the law, 'and, for contempt of law, attachment may be had against justices of peace *in banco regis:* a justice of the peace was fined a thousand marks for corrupt practices.'

With these words, advancing to Mr Clarke, he shook him by the hand, with the appellation of brother, saying,—'I doubt the justice has got into a cursed *hovel.*' Mr Gobble himself seemed to be of the same opinion. He changed colour several times during the remarks which the lawyers had made; and now, declaring that the gentlemen were at liberty, begged, in the most humble phrase, that the company would eat a bit of mutton with him, and after dinner the affair might be amicably compromised. To this proposal our adventurer replied, in a grave and resolute tone, —'If your acting in the commission as a justice of the peace concerned my own particular only, perhaps I should wave any further inquiry, and resent your insolence no other way but by silent contempt. If I thought the errors of your administration proceeded from a good intention, defeated by want of understanding, I should pity your ignorance, and, in compassion, advise you to desist from acting a part for which you are so ill qualified; but the preposterous conduct of such a man deeply affects the interest of the community, especially that part of it, which, from its helpless situation, is the more entitled to our protection and assistance. I am moreover convinced, that your misconduct is not so much the consequence of an uninformed head, as the poisonous issue of a malignant heart, devoid of humanity, inflamed with pride, and rankling with revenge. The common prison of this little town is filled with the miserable objects of your cruelty and oppression. Instead of protecting the helpless, restraining the hands of violence, preserving the public tranquillity, and acting as a father to the poor, according to the intent and meaning of that institution of which you are an unworthy member, you have distressed the widow and the orphan, given a loose to all the insolence of office, embroiled your neigh-

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bours by fomenting suits and animosities, and played the tyrant among the indigent and forlorn. You have abused the authority with which you were invested, entailed a reproach upon your office, and instead of being revered as a blessing, you are detested as a curse among your fellow-creatures. This indeed is generally the case of low fellows, who are thrust into the magistracy without sentiment, education, or capacity. Among other instances of your iniquity, there is now in prison an unhappy woman, infinitely your superior in the advantages of birth, sense, and education, whom you have, even without provocation, persecuted to ruin and distraction, after having illegally and inhumanly kidnapped her only child, and exposed him to a violent death in a foreign land. Ah, caitiff! if you were to forego all the comforts of life, distribute your means among the poor, and do the severest penance that ever priest-craft prescribed, for the rest of your days, you could not atone for the ruin of that hapless family; a family through whose sides you cruelly and perfidiously stabbed the heart of an innocent young woman, to gratify the pride and diabolical malice of that wretched low-bred woman, who now sits at your right hand as the associate of power and presumption. Oh! if such a despicable reptile shall annoy mankind with impunity, if such a contemptible miscreant shall have it in his power to do such deeds of inhumanity and oppression, what avails the law? Where is our admired constitution, the freedom, the security of the subject, the boasted humanity of the British nation? Sacred heaven! if there was no human institution to take cognizance of such atrocious crimes, I would listen to the dictates of eternal justice, and, arming myself with the right of nature, exterminate such villains from the face of the earth!'

These last words he pronounced in such a strain, while his eyes lightened with indignation, that Gobble and his wife underwent the most violent agitation; the constable's teeth chattered in his head, the jailor trembled, and the whole audience was overwhelmed with consternation.

After a short pause, Sir Launcelot proceeded in a milder

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strain:—'Thank Heaven, the laws of this country have exempted me from the disagreeable task of such an execution. To them we shall have immediate recourse, in three separate actions against you for false imprisonment; and any other person who has been injured by your arbitrary and wicked proceedings, in me shall find a warm protector, until you shall be expunged from the commission with disgrace, and have made such retaliation as your circumstances will allow for the wrongs you have done the community.'

In order to complete the mortification and terror of the justice, the lawyer, whose name was Fenton, declared, that, to his certain knowledge, these actions would be reinforced with divers prosecutions for corrupt practices, which had lain dormant until some person of courage and influence should take the lead against Justice Gobble, who was the more dreaded, as he acted under the patronage of Lord Sharpington. By this time fear had deprived the justice and his helpmate of the faculty of speech. They were indeed almost petrified with dismay, and made no effort to speak, when Mr Fillet, in the rear of the knight, as he retired with his company, took his leave of them in these words:—'And now, Mr Justice, to dinner with what appetite you may.'

Our adventurer, though warmly invited to Mr Fenton's house, repaired to a public inn, where he thought he should be more at his ease, fully determined to punish and depose Gobble from his magistracy, to effect a general jail delivery of all the debtors whom he had found in confinement, and in particular to rescue poor Mrs Oakley from the miserable circumstances in which she was involved.

In the meantime he insisted upon entertaining his friends at dinner, during which many sallies of sea-wit and good humour passed between Captain Crowe and doctor Fillet, which last had just returned from a neighbouring village, whither he was summoned to fish a man's yard arm, which had snapt in the slings. Their enjoyment, however, was suddenly interrupted by a loud scream from the kitchen, whither Sir Launcelot immediately sprung, with equal eager-

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ness and agility. There he saw the landlady, who was a woman in years, embracing a man dressed in a sailor's jacket, while she exclaimed,—'It is thy own flesh and blood, so sure as I'm a living soul. Ah! poor Greaves, poor Greaves, many a poor heart has grieved for thee!' To this salutation the youth replied,—'I'm sorry for that, mistress. How does poor mother? how does Suky Sedgemoor?'

The good woman of the house could not help shedding tears at these interrogations; while Sir Launcelot interposing, said, not without emotion,—'I perceive you are the son of Mrs Oakley. Your mother is in a bad state of health, but in me you will find a real parent.' Perceiving that the young man eyed him with astonishment, he gave him to understand that his name was Launcelot Greaves.

Oakley no sooner heard these words pronounced, than he fell upon his knees, and seizing the knight's hand, kissed it eagerly, crying,—'God for ever bless your honour, I am you name-son, sure enough—but what of that? I can earn my bread without being beholden to any man.'

When the knight raised him up, he turned to the woman of the house, saying,—'I want to see mother. I'm afraid as how times are hard with her; and I have saved some money for her use.' This instance of filial duty brought tears into the eyes of our adventurer, who assured him his mother should be carefully attended, and want for nothing; but that it would be very improper to see her at present, as the surprise might shock her too much, considering that she believed him dead. 'Ey, indeed,' cried the landlady, 'we were all of the same opinion, being, as the report went that poor Greaves Oakley was killed in battle.' 'Lord, mistress,' said Oakley, 'there wa'n't a word of truth in it, I'll assure you. What, d'ye think I'd tell a lie about the matter? Hurt I was, to be sure, but that don't signify; we gave 'em as good as they brought, and so parted. Well, if so be I can't see mother, I'll go and have some chat with Suky. What d'ye look so glum for? she an't married, is she.' 'No, no,' replied the woman, 'not married, but almost heart-broken. Since thou wast gone she has done

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nothing but sighed, and wept, and pined herself into a decay. I'm afraid thou hast come too late to save her life.'

Oakley's heart was not proof against this information. Bursting into tears, he exclaimed,—'O my dear, sweet, gentle Suky! have I then lived to be the death of her whom I loved more than the whole world?' He would have gone instantly to her father's house, but was restrained by the knight and his company, who had now joined him in the kitchen.

The young man was seated at table, and gave them to understand, that the ship to which he belonged having arrived in England, he was indulged with a month's leave to see his relations; and that he had received about fifty pounds in wages and prize-money. After dinner, just as they began to deliberate upon the measures to be taken against Gobble, that gentleman arrived at the inn, and humbly craved admittance. Mr Fillet, struck with a sudden idea, retired into another apartment with the young farmer; while the justice, being admitted to the company, declared that he came to propose terms of accommodation. He accordingly offered to ask pardon of Sir Launcelot in the public papers, and pay fifty pounds to the poor of the parish, as an atonement for his misbehaviour, provided the knight and his friends would grant him a general release. Our adventurer told him, he would willingly wave all personal concessions; but, as the case concerned the community, he insisted upon his leaving off acting in the commission, and making satisfaction to the parties he had injured and oppressed. This declaration introduced a discussion, in the course of which the justice's petulance began to revive; when Fillet, entering the room, told them he had a reconciling measure to propose, if Mr Gobble would for a few minutes withdraw. He rose up immediately, and was shown into the room which Fillet had prepared for his reception. While he sat musing on this untoward adventure, so big with disgrace and disappointment, young Oakley, according to the instructions he had received, appeared all at once before him, pointing to a ghastly wound, which the doctor had

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painted on his forehead. The apparition no sooner presented itself to the eyes of Gobble, than, taking it for granted it was the spirit of the young farmer whose death he had occasioned, he roared aloud—'Lord have mercy upon us!' and fell insensible on the floor. There being found by the company, to whom Fillet had communicated his contrivance, he was conveyed to bed, where he lay some time before he recovered the perfect use of his senses. Then he earnestly desired to see the knight, and assured him he was ready to comply with his terms, inasmuch as he believed he had not long to live. Advantage was immediately taken of this salutary disposition. He bound himself not to act as a justice of the peace, in any part of Great Britain, under the penalty of five thousand pounds. He burned Mrs Oakley's note; paid the debts of the shopkeeper; undertook to compound those of the publican, and to settle him again in business; and, finally, discharged them all from prison, paying the dues out of his own pocket. These steps being taken with peculiar eagerness, he was removed to his own house, where he assured his wife he had seen a vision that prognosticated his death; and had immediate recourse to the curate of the parish for spiritual consolation.

The most interesting part of the task that now remained, was to make the widow Oakley acquainted with her good fortune, in such a manner as might least disturb her spirits, already but too much discomposed. For this purpose they chose the landlady, who, after having received proper directions how to regulate her conduct, visited her in person that same evening. Finding her quite calm, and her reflection quite restored, she began with exhorting her to put her trust in Providence, which would never forsake the cause of the injured widow and fatherless: she promised to assist and befriend her on all occasions, as far as her abilities would reach: she gradually turned the conversation upon the family of the Greaves; and by degrees informed her, that Sir Launcelot, having learned her situation, was determined to extricate her from all her troubles. Perceiving her astonished, and deeply affected at this intimation, she

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artfully shifted the discourse, recommended resignation to the divine will, and observed, that this circumstance seemed to be an earnest of further happiness. 'O! I'm incapable of receiving more!' cried the disconsolate widow, with streaming eyes. 'Yet I ought not to be surprised at any blessing that flows from that quarter. The family of Greaves were always virtuous, humane, and benevolent. This young gentleman's mother was my dear lady and benefactress: he himself was suckled at these breasts. O! he was the sweetest, comeliest, best-conditioned babe! I loved not my own Greaves with greater affection—but he, alas! is now no more!' 'Have patience, good neighbour,' said the landlady of the White Hart, 'that is more than you have any right to affirm—all that you know of the matter is by common report, and common report is commonly false; besides, I can tell you I have seen a list of the men that were killed in Admiral P———'s ship, when he fought the French in the East Indies, and your son was not in the number.' To this intimation she replied, after a considerable pause,—'Don't, my good neighbour, don't feed me with false hope. My poor Greaves too certainly perished in a foreign land—yet he is happy;—had he lived to see me in this condition, grief would soon have put a period to his days.' 'I tell you then,' cried the visitant, 'he is not dead. I have seen a letter that mentions his being well since the battle. You shall come along with me—you are no longer a prisoner, but shall live at my house comfortably, till your affairs are settled to your wish.'

The poor widow followed her in silent astonishment, and was immediately accommodated with necessaries.

Next morning her hostess proceeded with her in the same cautious manner, until she was assured that her son had returned. Being duly prepared, she was blessed with a sight of poor Greaves, and fainted away in his arms.

We shall not dwell upon this tender scene, because it is but of a secondary concern in the history of our knight-errant: let it suffice to say, their mutual happiness was unspeakable. She was afterwards visited by Sir Launcelot,

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whom she no sooner beheld, than, springing forwards with all the eagerness of maternal affection, she clasped him to her breast, crying,—'My dear child! my Launcelot! my pride! my darling! my kind benefactor! This is not the first time I have hugged you in these arms! O! you are the very image of Sir Everhard in his youth; but you have got the eyes, the complexion, the sweetness, and complacency of my dear and ever-honoured lady.' This was not in the strain of hireling praise; but the genuine tribute of esteem and admiration. As such, it could not but be agreeable to our hero, who undertook to procure Oakley's discharge, and settle him in a comfortable farm on his own estate.

In the meantime Greaves went with a heavy heart to the house of farmer Sedgemoor, where he found Suky, who had been prepared for his reception, in a transport of joy, though very weak, and greatly emaciated. Nevertheless, the return of her sweatheart had such an happy effect on her constitution, that in a few weeks her health was perfectly restored.

This adventure of our knight was crowned with every happy circumstance that could give pleasure to a generous mind. The prisoners were released, and reinstated in their former occupations. The justice performed his articles from fear, and afterwards turned over a new leaf from remorse. Young Oakley was married to Suky, with whom he received a considerable portion. The new-married couple found a farm ready stocked for them on the knight's estate; and the mother enjoyed a happy retreat in the character of housekeeper at Greavesbury-hall.

CHAPTER XIII.

In which our knight is tantalized with a transient glimpse of felicity.

The success of our adventurer, which we have particularized in the last chapter, could not fail of enhancing his

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character, not only among those who knew him, but also among the people of the town, to whom he was not an utter stranger. The populace surrounded the house, and testified their approbation in loud huzzas. Captain Crowe was more than ever inspired with veneration for his admired patron, and more than ever determined to pursue his footsteps in the road of chivalry. Fillet and his friend the lawyer could not help conceiving an affection, and even a profound esteem, for the exalted virtue, the person, and accomplishments of the knight, dashed as they were with a mixture of extravagance and insanity. Even Sir Launcelot himself was elevated to an extraordinary degree of self-complacency on the fortunate issue of his adventure, and became more and more persuaded that a knight-errant's profession might be exercised, even in England, to the advantage of the community. The only person of the company who seemed unanimated with the general satisfaction was Mr Thomas Clarke. He had, not without good reason, laid it down as a maxim, that knight-errantry and madness were synonymous terms; and that madness, though exhibited in the most advantageous and agreeable light, could not change its nature, but must continue a perversion of sense to the end of the chapter. He perceived the additional impression which the brain of his uncle had sustained, from the happy manner in which the benevolence of Sir Launcelot had so lately operated; and began to fear it would be in a little time quite necessary to have recourse to a commission of lunacy, which might not only disgrace the family of the Crowes, but also tend to invalidate the settlement which the captain had already made in favour of our young lawyer.

Perplexed with these cogitations, Mr Clarke appealed to our adventurer's own reflection. He expatiated upon the bad consequences that would attend his uncle's perseverance in the execution of a scheme so foreign to his faculties; and entreated him, for the love of God, to divert him from his purpose, either by arguments or authority; as, of all mankind, the knight alone had gained such an ascendency over his spirits, that he would listen to his exhortations with respect and submission.

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Our adventurer was not so mad, but that he saw and owned the rationality of these remarks. He readily undertook to employ all his influence with Crowe to dissuade him from his extravagant design; and seized the first opportunity of being alone with the captain, to signify his sentiments on this subject.—'Captain Crowe,' said he, 'you are then determined to proceed in the course of knight-errantry?' 'I am,' replied the seaman, 'with God's help, d'ye see, and the assistance of wind and weather—' 'What, do'st thou talk of wind and weather?' cried the night in an elevated tone of affected transport, 'without the help of Heaven, indeed, we are all vanity, imbecility, weakness, and wretchedness; but if thou art resolved to embrace the life of an errant, let me not hear thee so much as whisper a doubt, a wish, a hope, or sentiment, with respect to any other obstacle, which wind or weather, fire or water, sword or famine, danger or disappointment, may throw in the way of thy career. When the duty of thy profession calls, thou must singly rush upon innumerable hosts of armed men: thou must storm the breach in the mouth of batteries loaded with death and destruction, while, every step thou movest, thou art exposed to the horrible explosion of subterranean mines, which being sprung, will whirl thee aloft in the air, a mangled corse, to feed the fowls of heaven: thou must leap into the abyss of dismal caves and caverns, replete with poisonous toads and hissing serpents: thou must plunge into seas of burning sulphur: thou must launch upon the ocean in a crazy bark, when the foaming billows roll mountains high, when the lightning flashes, the thunder roars, and the howling tempest blows, as if it would commix the jarring elements of air and water, earth and fire, and reduce all nature to the original anarchy of chaos. Thus involved, thou must turn thy prow full against the fury of the storm, and stem the boisterous surge to thy destined port, though at the distance of a thousand leagues—thou must—'

'Avast, avast, brother,' exclaimed the impatient Crowe, 'you've got into the high latitudes, d'ye see:—if so be as you spank it away at that rate, adad, I can't continue in tow—we must cast off the rope, or 'ware timbers. As for

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your 'osts and breeches, and hurling aloft, d'ye see, your caves and caverns, whistling tuoads and serpents, burning brimstone and foaming billows, we must take our hap; I value 'em not a rotten ratline: but as for sailing in the wind's eye, brother, you must give me leave—no offence I hope—I pretend to be a thorough-bred seaman, d'ye see—and I'll be damn'd if you, or e'er an arrant that broke biscuit, ever sailed in a three-mast vessel within five points of the wind, allowing for variation and lee-way.—No, no, brother, none of your tricks upon travellers—I a'n't now to learn my compass.' 'Tricks!' cried the knight, starting up, and laying his hand on the pummel of his sword, 'what! suspect my honour?'

Crowe, supposing him to be really incensed, interrupted him with great earnestness, saying,—'Nay, don't—what apize! adds-buntlines!—I did'n't go to give you the lie, brother, smite my limbs: I only said as how to sail in the wind's eye was impossible.' 'And I say unto thee,' resumed the knight, 'nothing is impossible to a true knight-errant, inspired and animated by love.' 'And I say unto thee,' holla'd Crowe, 'If so be as how love pretends to turn his hawse-holes to the wind, he's no seaman, d'ye see, but a snotty-nosed lubberly boy, that knows not a cat from a capstan—a don't.'

'He that does not believe that love is an infallable pilot must not embark upon the voyage of chivalry; for, next to the protection of Heaven, it is from love that the knight derives all his prowess and glory. The bare name of his mistress invigorates his arm: the remembrance of her beauty infuses into his breast the most heroic sentiments of courage; while the idea of her chastity hedges him round like a charm, and renders him invulnerable to the sword of his antagonist. A knight without a mistress is a mere non-entity, or at least a monster in nature, a pilot without compass, a ship without rudder, and must be driven to and fro upon the waves of discomfiture and disgrace.'

'An that be all,' replied the sailor, I told you before as how I've got a sweetheart, as true a hearted girl as ever

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swung in canvas.—What tho'f she may have started a hoop in rolling—that signifies nothing—I'll warrant her tight as a nut-shell.'

'She must, in your opinion, be a paragon either of beauty or virtue. Now, as you have given up the last, you must uphold her charms unequalled, and her person without a parallel.' 'I do, I do uphold she will sail upon a parallel as well as e'er a frigate that was rigged to the northward of fifty.'

'At that rate, she must rival the attractions of her whom I adore; but that, I say, is impossible: the perfections of my Aurelia are altogether supernatural; and as two suns cannot shine together in the same sphere with equal splendour, so I affirm, and will prove with my body, that your mistress, in comparison with mine, is as a glow-worm to the meridian sun, a rush-light to the full moon, or a stale mackarel's eye to a pearl of orient.' 'Harke, brother, you might give good words, however: an we once fall a jawing, d'ye see, I can heave out as much bilgewater as another; and since you besmear my sweetheart Besselia, I can as well bedaub your mistress Aurelia, whom I value no more than old junk, pork-slush, or stinking stockfish.'

'Enough, enough—such blasphemy shall not pass unchastised. In consideration of our having fed from the same table, and maintained together a friendly, though short intercourse, I will not demand the combat before you are duly prepared. Proceed to the first great town where you can be furnished with horse and harnessing, with arms offensive and defensive; provide a trusty squire, assume a motto and device, declare yourself a son of chivalry, and proclaim the excellence of her who rules your heart. I shall fetch a compass; and wheresoever we may chance to meet, let us engage with equal arms in mortal combat, that shall decide and determine this dispute.'

So saying, our adventurer stalked with great solemnity into another apartment; while Crowe, being sufficiently irritated, snapped his fingers in token of defiance. Honest Crowe thought himself scurvily used by a man whom he had

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cultivated with such humility and veneration; and, after an incoherent ejaculation of sea oaths, went in quest of his nephew, in order to make him acquainted with this unlucky transaction.

In the meantime, Sir Launcelot having ordered supper, retired into his own chamber, and gave a loose to the most tender emotions of his heart. He recollected all the fond ideas which had been excited in the course of his correspondence with the charming Aurelia. He remembered with horror the cruel letter he had received from that young lady, containing a formal renunciation of his attachment; so unsuitable to the whole tenor of her character and conduct. He revolved the late adventure of the coach, and the declaration of Mr Clarke, with equal eagerness and astonishment; and was seized with the most ardent desire of unravelling a mystery so interesting to the predominant passion of his heart. All these mingled considerations produced a kind of ferment in the economy of his mind, which subsided into a profound reverie, compounded of hope and perplexity.

From this trance he was waked by the arrival of his squire, who entered the room with the blood trickling over his nose, and stood before him without speaking. When the knight asked whose livery was that he wore, he replied,—'Tis your honour's own livery:—I received it on your account, and hope as you will quit the score.' Then he proceeded to inform his master, that two officers of the army having come into the kitchen, insisted upon having for their supper the victuals which Sir Launcelot had bespoke; and that he, the squire, objecting to the proposal, one of them had seized the poker, and basted him with his own blood; that, when he told them he belonged to a knight-errant, and threatened them with the vengeance of his master, they cursed and abused him, calling him Sancho Panza, and such dogs names; and bade him tell his master Don Quicksot, that, if he made any noise, they would confine him to his cage, and lie with his mistress Dulcinea.—'To be sure, Sir,' said he, 'they thought you as great a nincompoop as your squire—trim-tram, like master like man;—but I hope as how you will give them a Rowland for their Oliver.'

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'Miscreant!' cried the knight, 'you have provoked the gentlemen with your impertinence, and they have chastised you as you deserve. I tell thee, Crabshaw, they have saved me the trouble of punishing thee with my own hands; and well it is for thee, sinner as thou art, that they themselves have performed the office; for, had they complained to me of thy insolence and rusticity, by Heaven! I would have made thee an example to all the impudent squires upon the face of the earth. Hence, then, avaunt, caitiff! Let his majesty's officers, who perhaps are fatigued with hard duty in the service of their country, comfort themselves with the supper which was intended for me, and leave me undisturbed to my own meditations.'

Timothy did not require a repetition of this command, which he forthwith obeyed, growling within himself, that thenceforward he should let every cuckold wear his own horns; but he could not help entertaining some doubts with respect to the courage of his master, who, he supposed, was one of those Hectors who have their fighting days, but are not at all times equally prepared for the combat.

The knight, having taken a slight repast, retired to his repose, and had for some time enjoyed a very agreeable slumber, when he was startled by a knocking at his chamber door. 'I beg your honour's pardon,' said the landlady, 'but there are two uncivil persons in the kitchen, who have well nigh turned my whole house topsy-turvy. Not contented with laying violent hands on your honour's supper, they want to be rude to two young ladies who are just arrived, and have called for a post-chaise to go on. They are afraid to open their chamber door to get out; and the young lawyer is like to be murdered for taking the ladies part.'

Sir Launcelot, though he refused to take notice of the insult which had been offered to himself, no sooner heard of the distress of the ladies, than he started up, huddled on his clothes, and, girding his sword to his loins, advanced with a deliberate pace to the kitchen, where he perceived Thomas Clarke warmly engaged in altercation with a couple of young

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men dressed in regimentals, who, with a peculiar air of arrogance and ferocity, treated him with great insolence and contempt. Tom was endeavouring to persuade them, that, in the constitution of England, the military was always subservient to the civil power; and that their behaviour to a couple of helpless young women was not only unbecoming gentlemen, but expressly contrary to the law, inasmuch as they might be sued for an assault on an action of damages.

To this remonstrance the two heroes in red replied by a volley of dreadful oaths, intermingled with threats, which put the lawyer in some pain for his ears.

While one thus endeavoured to intimidate honest Tom Clarke, the other thundered at the door of the apartment to which the ladies had retired, demanding admittance, but received no other answer than a loud shriek. Our adventurer advancing to this uncivil champion, accosted him thus, in a grave and solemn tone.—'Assuredly I could not have believed, except upon the evidence of my own senses, that persons who have the appearance of gentlemen, and bear his majesty's honourable commission in the army, could behave so wide of the decorum due to society, of a proper respect to the laws, of that humanity which we owe to our fellow-creatures, and that delicate regard for the fair sex, which ought to prevail in the breast of every gentleman, and which in particular dignifies the character of a soldier. To whom shall that weaker, though more amiable, part of the creation fly for protection, if they are insulted and outraged by those whose more immediate duty it is to afford them security and defence from injury and violence? What right have you, or any man upon earth, to excite riot in a public inn, which may be deemed a temple sacred to hospitality; to disturb the quiet of your fellow guests, some of them perhaps exhausted by fatigue, some of them invaded by distemper; to interrupt the king's lieges in their course of journeying upon their lawful occasions? Above all, what motive but wanton barbarity could prompt you to violate the apartment, and terrify the tender hearts of two helpless young ladies, travelling, no doubt, upon some cruel emergency,

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which compels them, unattended, to encounter in the night the dangers of the highway?'

'Hearkye, Don Bethlem,' said the captain, strutting up, and cocking his hat in the face of our adventurer, 'you may be as mad as e'er a straw-crowned monarch in Moorfields, for aught I care; but, damme! don't you be saucy, otherwise I shall dub your worship with a good stick across your shoulders.' 'How! petulant boy!' cried the knight, 'since you are so ignorant of urbanity, I will give you a lesson that you shall not easily forget.' So saying, he unsheathed his sword, and called upon the soldier to draw in his defence.

The reader may have seen the physiognomy of a stockholder at Jonathan's when the rebels were at Derby, or the features of a bard when accosted by a bailiff, or the countenance of an alderman when his banker stops payment; if he has seen either of these phenomena, he may conceive the appearance that was now exhibited by the visage of the ferocious captain, when the naked sword of Sir Launcelot glanced before his eyes. Far from attempting to produce his own, which was of unconscionable length, he stood motionless as a statue, staring with the most ghastly look of terror and astonishment. His companion, who partook of his panic, seeing matters brought to a very serious crisis, interposed with a crest-fallen countenance, assuring Sir Launcelot they had no intention to quarrel, and what they had done was entirely for the sake of the frolic.

'By such frolics,' cried the knight, 'you become nuisances to society, bring yourselves into contempt, and disgrace the corps to which you belong. I now perceive the truth of the observation, that cruelty always resides with cowardice. My contempt is changed into compassion, and as you are probably of good families, I must insist upon this young man's drawing his sword, and acquitting himself in such a manner as may screen him from the most infamous censure which an officer can undergo.' 'Lack-a-day, Sir,' said the other, 'we are no officers, but 'prentices to two London haberdashers, travellers for orders. Captain is a

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good travelling name, and we have dressed ourselves like officers to procure more respect upon the road.'

The knight said he was very glad, for the honour of the service, to find they were impostors, though they deserved to be chastised for arrogating to themselves an honourable character, which they had not spirit to sustain.

These words were scarce pronounced, when Mr Clarke approaching one of the bravadoes, who had threatened to crop his ears, bestowed such a benediction on his jaw as he could not receive without immediate humiliation; while Timothy Crabshaw, smarting from his broken head and his want of supper, saluted the other with a Yorkshire hug, that laid him across the body of his companion. In a word, the two pseudo-officers were very roughly handled for their presumption in pretending to act characters for which they were so ill qualified.

While Clarke and Crabshaw were thus laudably employed, the two young ladies passed through the kitchen so suddenly, that the knight had only a transient glimpse of their backs, and they disappeared before he could possibly make a tender of his services. The truth is, they dreaded nothing so much as their being discovered, and took the first opportunity of gliding into the chaise, which had been for some time waiting in the passage.

Mr Clarke was much more disconcerted than our adventurer by their sudden escape. He ran with great eagerness to the door, and, perceiving they were flown, returned to Sir Launcelot, saying,—'Lord bless my soul, Sir, didn't you see who it was?' 'Hah! how!' exclaimed the knight, reddening with alarm, 'who was it?' 'One of them,' replied the lawyer, 'was Dolly, our old landlady's daughter at the Black Lion. I knew her when first she lighted, notwithstanding her being neatly dressed in a green joseph, which, I'll assure you, Sir, becomes her remarkably well. I'd never desire to see a prettier creature. As for the other, she's a very genteel woman; but whether old or young, ugly or handsome, I can't pretend to say, for she was masked. I had just time to salute Dolly, and ask a few questions; but

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all she could tell me was, that the masked lady's name was Miss Meadows; and that she, Dolly, was hired as her waiting-woman.'

When the name of Meadows was mentioned, Sir Launcelot, whose spirits had been in violent commotion, became suddenly calm and serene, and he began to communicate to Clarke the dialogue which had passed between him and Captain Crowe, when the hostess, addressing herself to our errant,—'Well,' said she, 'I have had the honour to accommodate many ladies of the first fashion at the White Hart, both young and old, proud and lowly, ordinary and handsome; but such a miracle as Miss Meadows I never yet did see. Lord, let me never thrive but I think she is of something more than a human creature!—O! had your honour but set eyes on her, you would have said it was a vision from heaven, a cherubim of beauty!—For my part, I can hardly think it was any thing but a dream—then so meek, so mild, so good-natured, and generous! I say, blessed is the young woman who tends upon such a heavenly creature:—and, poor dear young lady! she seems to be under grief and affliction, for the tears stole down her lovely cheeks, and looked for all the world like orient pearl.'

Sir Launcelot listened attentively to the description, which reminded him of his dear Aurelia, and, sighing bitterly, withdrew to his own apartment.

CHAPTER XIV.

Which shews,
That a man cannot always sip
When the cup is at his lip.

Those who have felt the doubts, the jealousies, the resentments, the humiliations, the hopes, the despair, the impatience, and, in a word, the infinite disquiets of love, will be able to conceive the sea of agitation on which our adventurer was tossed all night long, without repose or intermission.

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Sometimes he resolved to employ all his industry and address in discovering the place in which Aurelia was sequestered, that he might rescue her from the supposed restraint to which she had been subjected. But when his heart beat high with the anticipation of this exploit, he was suddenly invaded, and all his ardour checked, by the remembrance of that fatal letter, written and signed by her own hand, which had divorced him from all hope, and first unsettled his understanding. The emotions waked by this remembrance were so strong, that he leaped from the bed, and, the fire being still burning in the chimney, lighted a candle, that he might once more banquet his spleen by reading the original billet, which, together with the ring he had received from Miss Darnel's mother, he kept in a small box, carefully deposited within his portmanteau. This being instantly unlocked, he unfolded the paper, and recited the contents in these words.—

'Sir,—Obliged as I am by the passion you profess, and the eagerness with which you endeavour to give me the most convincing proof of your regard, I feel some reluctance in making you acquainted with a circumstance, which, in all probability, you will not learn without some disquiet. But the affair is become so interesting, I am compelled to tell you, that however agreeable your proposals may have been to those whom I thought it my duty to please by every reasonable concession, and howsoever you may have been flattered by the seeming complacency with which I have heard your addresses, I now find it absolutely necessary to speak in a decisive strain, to assure you, that, without sacrificing my own peace, I cannot admit a continuation of your correspondence; and that your regard for me will be best shewn by your desisting from a pursuit which is altogether inconsistent with the happiness of AURELIA DARNEL.'

Having pronounced aloud the words that composed this dismission, he hastily replaced the cruel scroll, and, being too well acquainted with the hand to harbour the least doubt of its being genuine, threw himself into his bed in a transport of despair, mingled with resentment; during the predominancy of which he determined to proceed in the career of adventure, and endeavour to forget the unkindness of his mistress amidst the avocations of knight-errantry.

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Such was the resolution that governed his thoughts, when he rose in the morning, ordered Crabshaw to saddle Bronzomarte, and demanded a bill of his expense. Before these orders could be executed, the good woman of the house, entering his apartment, told him, with marks of concern, that the poor young lady, Miss Meadows, had dropped her pocket-book in the next chamber, where it was found by the hostess, who now presented it unopened.

Our knight having called in Mrs Oakley and her son as witnesses, unfolded the book without reading one syllable of the contents, and found in it five bank-notes, amounting to two hundred and thirty pounds. Perceiving at once that the loss of this treasure might be attended with the most embarrassing consequences to the owner, and reflecting that this was a case which demanded the immediate interposition and assistance of chivalry, he declared that he himself would convey it safely into the hands of Miss Meadows; and desired to know the road she had pursued, that he might set out in quest of her without a moment's delay. It was not without some difficulty that this information was obtained from the post-boy, who had been enjoined to secrecy by the lady, and even gratified with a handsome reward for his promised discretion. The same method was used to make him disgorge his trust; he undertook to conduct Sir Launcelot, who hired a post-chaise for dispatch, and immediately departed, after having directed his squire to follow his track with the horses.

Yet, whatever haste he made, it is absolutely necessary, for the reader's satisfaction, that we should outstrip the chaise, and visit the ladies before his arrival. We shall therefore, without circumlocution, premise, that Miss Meadows was no other than that paragon of beauty and goodness, the all-accomplished Miss Aurelia Darnel. She had, with that meekness of resignation peculiar to herself, for some years submitted to every species of oppression which her uncle's tyranny of disposition could plan, and his unlimited power of guardianship execute, till at length it rose to such a pitch of despotism as she could not endure. He

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had projected a match between his niece and one Philip Sycamore, Esq. a young man who possessed a pretty considerable estate in the north country, who liked Aurelia's person, but was enamoured of her fortune, and had offered to purchase Anthony's interest and alliance with certain concessions, which could not but be agreeable to a man of loose principles, who would have found it a difficult task to settle the accounts of his wardship.

According to the present estimate of matrimonial felicity, Sycamore might have found admittance as a future son-in-law to any private family of the kingdom. He was by birth a gentleman, tall, straight, and muscular, with a fair, sleek, unmeaning face, that promised more simplicity than ill-nature. His education had not been neglected, and he inherited an estate of five thousand a-year. Miss Darnel, however, had penetration enough to discover and despise him, as a strange composition of rapacity and profusion, absurdity and good sense, bashfulness and impudence, self-conceit and diffidence, awkwardness and ostentation, insolence and good-nature, rashness and timidity. He was continually surrounded and preyed upon by certain vermine called led captains and buffoons, who showed him in leading-strings, like a sucking giant, rifled his pockets without ceremony, ridiculed him to his face, traduced his character, and exposed him in a thousand ludicrous attitudes for the diversion of the public; while at the same time he knew their knavery, saw their drift, detested their morals, and despised their understanding. He was so infatuated by indolence of thought, and communication with folly, that he would have rather suffered himself to be led into a ditch with company, than be at the pains of going over a bridge alone; and involved himself in a thousand difficulties, the natural consequences of an error in the first concoction, which, though he plainly saw it, he had not resolution enough to avoid.

Such was the character of Squire Sycamore, who professed himself the rival of Sir Launcelot Greaves in the good graces of Miss Aurelia Darnel. He had in this pursuit persevered with more constancy and fortitude than he ever ex-

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erted in any other instance. Being generally needy from extravagance, he was stimulated by his wants, and animated by his vanity, which was artfully instigated by his followers, who hoped to share the spoils of his success. These motives were reinforced by the incessant and eager exhortations of Anthony Darnel, who, seeing his ward in the last year of her minority, thought there was no time to be lost in securing his own indemnification, and snatching his niece for ever from the hopes of Sir Launcelot, whom he now hated with redoubled animosity. Finding Aurelia deaf to all his remonstrances, proof against ill usage, and resolutely averse to the proposed union with Sycamore, he endeavoured to detach her thoughts from Sir Launcelot, by forging tales to the prejudice of his constancy and moral character, and, finally, by recapitulating the proofs and instances of his distraction, which he particularized with the most malicious exaggerations.

In spite of all his arts, he found it impracticable to surmount her objections to the purposed alliance, and therefore changed his battery. Instead of transferring her to the arms of his friend, he resolved to detain her in his own power by a legal claim, which would invest him with the uncontrouled management of her affairs. This was a charge of lunacy, in consequence of which he hoped to obtain a commission, to secure a jury to his wish, and be appointed sole committee of her person, as well as steward on her estate, of which he would then be heir apparent.

As the first steps towards the execution of this honest scheme, he had subjected Aurelia to the superintendency and direction of an old duenna, who had been formerly the procuress of his pleasures; and hired a new set of servants, who were given to understand, at their first admission, that the young lady was disordered in her brain.

An impression of this nature is easily preserved among servants, when the master of the family thinks his interest is concerned in supporting the imposture. The melancholy produced from her confinement, and the vivacity of her resentment under ill usage, were, by the address of Anthony,

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and the prepossession of his domestics, perverted into the effects of insanity; and the same interpretation was strained upon her most indifferent words and actions.

The tidings of Miss Darnel's disorder were carefully circulated in whispers, and soon reached the ears of Mr Sycamore, who was not at all pleased with the information. From his knowledge of Anthony's disposition, he suspected the truth of the report; and, unwilling to see such a prize ravished from his grasp, he, with the advice and assistance of his myrmidons, resolved to set the captive at liberty, in full hope of turning the adventure to his own advantage; for he argued in this manner:—'If she is in fact *compos mentis*, her gratitude will operate in my behalf, and even prudence will advise her to embrace the proffered asylum from the villany of her uncle. If she is really disordered, it will be no great difficulty to deceive her into marriage, and then I become her trustee of course.'

The plan was well conceived, but Sycamore had not discretion enough to keep his own counsel. From weakness and vanity, he blabbed the design, which in a little time was communicated to Anthony Darnel, and he took his precautions accordingly. Being infirm in his own person, and consequently unfit for opposing the violence of some desperadoes, whom he knew to be the satellites of Sycamore, he prepared a private retreat for his ward at the house of an old gentleman, the companion of his youth, whom he had imposed upon with the fiction of her being disordered in her understanding, and amused with a story of a dangerous design upon her person. Thus cautioned and instructed, the gentleman had gone with his own coach and servants to receive Aurelia and her governante at a third house, to which she had been privately removed from her uncle's habitation; and in this journey it was that she had been so accidentally protected from the violence of the robbers by the interposition and prowess of our adventurer.

As he did not wear his helmet in that exploit, she recognised his features as he passed the coach, and, struck with the apparition, shrieked aloud. She had been assured by

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her guardian that his design was to convey her to her own house; but perceiving in the sequel that the carriage struck off upon a different road, and finding herself in the hands of strangers, she began to dread a much more disagreeable fate, and conceived doubts and ideas that filled her tender heart with horror and affliction. When she expostulated with the duenna, she was treated like a changeling, admonished to be quiet, and reminded that she was under the direction of those who would manage her with a tender regard to her own welfare, and the honour of her family. When she addressed herself to the old gentleman, who was not much subject to the emotions of humanity, and besides firmly persuaded that she was deprived of her reason, he made no answer, but laid his finger on his mouth, by way of enjoining silence.

This mysterious behaviour aggravated the fears of the poor hapless young lady; and her terrors waxed so strong, that when she saw Tom Clarke, whose face she knew, she called aloud for assistance, and even pronounced the name of his patron Sir Launcelot Greaves, which she imagined might stimulate him the more to attempt something for her deliverance.

The reader has already been informed in what manner the endeavours of Tom and his uncle miscarried. Miss Darnel's new keeper having, in the course of his journey, halted for refreshment at the Black Lion, of which being landlord, he believed the good woman and her family were entirely devoted to his will and pleasure; Aurelia found an opportunity of speaking in private to Dolly, who had a very prepossessing appearance. She conveyed a purse of money into the hands of this young woman, telling her, while the tears trickled down her cheeks, that she was a young lady of fortune, in danger, as she apprehended, of assassination. This hint, which she communicated in a whisper, while the governante stood at the other end of the room, was sufficient to interest the compassionate Dolly in her behalf. As soon as the coach departed, she made her mother acquainted with the transaction; and as they na-

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turally concluded that the young lady expected their assistance, they resolved to approve themselves worthy of her confidence.

Dolly having enlisted in their design a trusty countryman, one of her own professed admirers, they set out together for the house of the gentleman in which the fair prisoner was confined, and waitedfor her in secret at the end of a pleasant park, in which they naturally concluded she might be indulged with the privilege of taking the air. The event justified their conception; on the very first day of their watch they saw her approach, accompanied by her duenna. Dolly and her attendant immediately tied their horses to a stake, and retired into a thicket, which Aurelia did not fail to enter. Dolly forthwith appeared, and, taking her by the hand, led her to the horses, one of which she mounted in the utmost hurry and trepidation, while the countryman bound the duenna with a cord prepared for the purpose, gagged her mouth, and tied her to a tree, where he left her to her own meditations. Then he mounted before Dolly, and through unfrequented paths conducted his charge to an inn on the post-road, where a chaise was ready for their reception.

As he refused to proceed farther, lest his absence from his own home should create suspicion, Aurelia rewarded him liberally, but would not part with her faithful Dolly, who indeed had no inclination to be discharged; such an affection and attachment had she already acquired for the amiable fugitive, though she knew neither her story nor her true name. Aurelia thought proper to conceal both, and assumed the fictitious appellation of Meadows, until she should be better acquainted with the disposition and discretion of her new attendant.

The first resolution she could take, in the present flutter of her spirits, was to make the best of her way to London, where she thought she might find an asylum in the house of a female relation, married to an eminent physician, known by the name of Kawdle. In the execution of this hasty resolve, she travelled at a violent rate, from stage to stage, in

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a carriage drawn by four horses, without halting for necessary refreshment or repose, until she judged herself out of danger of being overtaken. As she appeared overwhelmed with grief and consternation, the good-natured Dolly endeavoured to alleviate her distress with diverting discourse, and, among other less interesting stories, entertained her with the adventures of Sir Launcelot and captain Crowe, which she had seen and heard recited while they remained at the Black Lion; nor did she fail to introduce Mr Thomas Clarke in her narrative, with such a favourable representation of his person and character, as plainly discovered that her own heart had received a rude shock from the irresistible force of his qualifications.

The history of Sir Launcelot Greaves was a theme which effectually fixed the attention of Aurelia, distracted as her ideas must have been by the circumstances of her present situation. The particulars of his conduct since the correspondence between him and her had ceased, she heard with equal concern and astonishment; for, how far soever she deemed herself detached from all possibility of future connection with that young gentleman, she was not made of such indifferent stuff as to learn without emotion the calamitous disorder of an accomplished youth, whose extraordinary virtues she could not but revere.

As they had deviated from the post-road, taken precautions to conceal their route, and made such progress, that they were now within one day's journey of London, the careful and affectionate Dolly, seeing her dear lady quite exhausted with fatigue, used all her natural rhetoric, which was very powerful, mingled with tears that flowed from the heart, in persuading Aurelia to enjoy some repose; and so far she succeeded in the attempt, that for one night the toil of travelling was intermitted. This recess from incredible fatigue was a pause that afforded our adventurer time to overtake them before they reached the metropolis, that vast labyrinth, in which Aurelia might have been for ever lost to his inquiry.

It was in the afternoon of the day which succeeded his

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departure from the White Hart, that Sir Launcelot arrived at the inn, where Miss Aurelia Darnel had bespoke a dish of tea, and a post-chaise for the next stage. He had by inquiry traced her a considerable way, without ever dreaming who the person really was whom he thus pursued, and now he desired to speak with her attendant. Dolly was not a little surprised to see Sir Launcelot Greaves, of whose character she had conceived a very sublime idea from the narrative of Mr Thomas Clarke; but she was still more surprised when he gave her to understand that he had charged himself with the pocket-book, containing the bank-notes which Miss Meadows had dropped in the house where they had been threatened with insult. Miss Darnel had not yet discovered her disaster, when her attendant, running into the apartment, presented the prize which she had received from our adventurer, with his compliments to Miss Meadows, implying a request to be admitted into her presence, that he might make a personal tender of his best services.

It is not to be supposed that the amiable Aurelia heard unmoved such a message from a person whom her maid discovered to be the identical Sir Launcelot Greaves, whose story she had so lately related; but as the ensuing scene requires fresh attention in the reader, we shall defer it till another opportunity, when his spirits shall be recruited from the fatigue of this chapter.

CHAPTER XV.

Exhibiting an interview, which, it is to be hoped, will interest the curiosity of the reader.

The mind of the delicate Aurelia was strangely agitated by the intelligence which she received, with her pocket-book, from Dolly. Confounded as she was by the nature of her situation, she at once perceived that she could not, with any regard to the dictates of gratitude, refuse complying with the request of Sir Launcelot; but, in the first hurry of

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her emotion, she directed Dolly to beg, in her name, that she might be excused for wearing a mask at the interview which he desired, as she had particular reasons, which concerned her peace, for retaining that disguise. Our adventurer submitted to this preliminary with a good grace, as he had nothing in view but the injunction of his order, and the duties of humanity; and he was admitted without further preamble.

When he entered the room, he could not help being struck with the presence of Aurelia. Her stature was improved since he had seen her; her shape was exquisitely formed; and she received him with an air of dignity, which impressed him with a very sublime idea of her person and character. She was no less affected at the sight of our adventurer, who, though cased in armour, appeared with his head uncovered; and the exercise of travelling had thrown such a glow of health and vivacity on his features, which were naturally elegant and expressive, that we will venture to say, there was not in all England a couple that excelled this amiable pair in personal beauty and accomplishments. Aurelia shone with all the fabled graces of nymph or goddess; and to Sir Launcelot might be applied what the divine poet Ariosto says of the prince Zerbino:—

Natura il fecé e poi ruppe la stampa.
'When Nature stamp'd him, she the die destroy'd.'

Our adventurer having made his obeisance to this supposed Miss Meadows, told her, with an air of pleasantry, that although he thought himself highly honoured in being admitted to her presence, and allowed to pay his respects to her, as superior beings are adored, unseen; yet his pleasure would receive a very considerable addition, if she would be pleased to withdraw that invidious veil, that he might have a glimpse of the divinity which it concealed. Aurelia immediately took off her mask, saying, with a faltering accent, —'I cannot be so ungrateful as to deny such a small favour to a gentleman who has laid me under the most important obligations.'

The unexpected apparition of Miss Aurelia Darnel, beam-

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ing with all the emanations of ripened beauty, blushing with all the graces of the most lovely confusion, could not but produce a violent effect upon the mind of Sir Launcelot Greaves. He was, indeed, overwhelmed with a mingled transport of astonishment, admiration, affection, and awe. The colour vanished from his cheeks, and he stood gazing upon her in silence, with the most emphatic expression of countenance.

Aurelia was infected by his disorder: she began to tremble, and the roses fluctuated on her face.—'I cannot forget,' said she, 'that I owe my life to the courage and humanity of Sir Launcelot Greaves, and that he at the same time rescued from the most dreadful death a dear and venerable parent.' 'Would to Heaven she still survived!' cried our adventurer, with great emotion. 'She was the friend of my youth, the kind patroness of my felicity! my guardian angel forsook me when she expired! her last injunctions are deep engraven on my heart!'

While he pronounced these words, she lifted her handkerchief to her fair eyes, and, after some pause, proceeded in a tremulous tone,—'I hope, Sir—I hope you have—I should be sorry—pardon me, Sir, I cannot reflect upon such an interesting subject unmoved'——Here she fetched a deep sigh, that was accompanied by a flood of tears; while the knight continued to bend his eyes upon her with the utmost eagerness of attention.

Having recollected herself a little, she endeavoured to shift the conversation.—'You have been abroad since I had the pleasure to see you—I hope you were agreeably amused in your travels.' 'No, madam,' said our hero, drooping his head, 'I have been unfortunate.' When she, with the most enchanting sweetness of benevolence, expressed her concern to hear he had been unhappy, and her hope that his misfortunes were not past remedy, he lifted up his eyes, and fixing them upon her again, with a look of tender dejection, —'Cut off,' said he, 'from the possession of what my soul held most dear, I wished for death, and was visited by distraction. I have been abandoned by my reason—my youth is for ever blasted.'—

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The tender heart of Aurelia could bear no more—her knees began to totter, the lustre vanished from her eyes, and she fainted in the arms of her attendant. Sir Launcelot, aroused by this circumstance, assisted Dolly in seating her mistress on a couch, where she soon recovered, and saw the knight on his knees before her.—'I am still happy,' said he, 'in being able to move your compassion, though I have been held unworthy of your esteem.' 'Do me justice,' she replied; 'my best esteem has always been inseparably connected with the character of Sir Launcelot Greaves.' 'Is it possible?' cried our hero, 'then surely I have no reason to complain. If I have moved your compassion, and possess your esteem, I am but one degree short of supreme happiness—that, however, is a gigantic step. O Miss Darnel! when I remember that dear, that melancholy moment.' So saying, he gently touched her hand, in order to press it to his lips, and perceived on her finger the very individual ring which he had presented in her mother's presence, as an interchanged testimony of plighted faith. Starting at the well-known object, the sight of which conjured up a strange confusion of ideas,—'This,' said he, 'was once the pledge of something still more cordial than esteem.' Aurelia, blushing at this remark, while her eyes lightened with unusual vivacity, replied, in a severer tone,—'Sir, you best know how it lost its original signification.' 'By heaven! I do not, madam,' exclaimed our adventurer; 'with me it was ever held a sacred idea throned within my heart, cherished with such fervency of regard, with such reverence of affection, as the devout anchorite more unreasonably pays to those sainted reliques that constitute the object of his adoration.' 'And like those reliques,' answered Miss Darnel, 'I have been insensible of my votary's devotion.... A saint I must have been, or something more, to know the sentiments of your heart by inspiration.' 'Did I forbear,' said he, 'to express, to repeat, to enforce, the dictates of the purest passion that ever warmed the human breast, until I was denied access, and formally discarded by that cruel dismission.' 'I must beg your pardon, Sir,' cried Aurelia, interrupting him hastily,

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'I know not what you mean.' 'That fatal sentence,' said he, 'if not pronounced by your own lips, at least written by your own fair hand, which drove me out an exile for ever from the paradise of your affection.' 'I would not,' she replied, 'do Sir Launcelot Greaves the injury to suppose him capable of imposition; but you talk of things to which I am an utter stranger. I have a right, Sir, to demand of your honour, that you will not impute to me the breaking off a connection, which—I would—rather wish—had never—' 'Heaven and earth! what do I hear?' cried our impassioned knight, 'have I not the baleful letter to produce? What else but Miss Darnel's explicit and express declaration could have destroyed the sweetest hope that ever cheered my soul; could have obliged me to resign all claim to that felicity for which alone I wished to live; could have filled my bosom with unutterable sorrow and despair; could have even divested me of reason, and driven me from the society of men, a poor, forlorn, wandering lunatic, such as you see me now prostrate at your feet; all the blossoms of my youth withered, all the honours of my family decayed?'

Aurelia looking wishfully at her lover,—'Sir,' said she, 'you overwhelm me with amazement and anxiety! you are imposed upon, if you have received any such letter: you are deceived, if you thought Aurelia Darnel could be so insensible, ungrateful, and—inconstant.'

This last word she pronounced with some hesitation, and a downcast look, while her face underwent a total suffusion, and the knight's heart began to palpitate with all the violence of emotion. He eagerly imprinted a kiss upon her hand, exclaiming, in interrupted phrase,—'Can it be possible!—Heaven grant—Sure this is no illusion!—O madam!—shall I call you my Aurelia? My heart is bursting with a thousand fond thoughts and presages. You shall see that dire paper which hath been the source of all my woes—it is the constant companion of my travels—last night I nourished my chagrin with the perusal of its horrid contents.'

Aurelia expressed great impatience to view the cruel

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forgery, for such she assured him it must be; but he could not gratify her desire, till the arrival of his servant with the portmanteau. In the meantime, tea was called. The lovers were seated: he looked and languished; she flushed and faltered: all was doubt and delirium, fondness and flutter. Their mutual disorder communicated itself to the kind-hearted sympathizing Dolly, who had been witness to the interview, and deeply affected with the disclosure of the scene. Unspeakable was her surprise, when she found her mistress, Miss Meadows, was no other than the celebrated Aurelia Darnel, whose eulogium she had heard so eloquently pronounced by her sweetheart, Mr Thomas Clarke; a discovery which still more endeared her lady to her affection. She had wept plentifully at the progress of their mutual explanation, and was now so disconcerted, that she scarce knew the meaning of the orders she had received: she set the kettle on the table, and placed the tea-board on the fire. Her confusion, by attracting the notice of her mistress, helped to relieve her from her own embarrassing situation. She, with her own delicate hands, rectified the mistake of Dolly, who still continued to sob, and said,—'Yaw may think, my Leady Darnel, as haw I'aive yeaten hool-cheese; but it y'ant soa. I'se think, vor mai peart, as haw I'aive bean bewitched.'

Sir Launcelot could not help smiling at the simplicity of Dolly, whose goodness of heart and attachment Aurelia did not fail to extol, as soon as her back was turned. It was in consequence of this commendation, that, the next time she entered the room, our adventurer, for the first time, considered her face, and seemed to be struck with her features. He asked her some questions, which she could not answer to his satisfaction, applauded her regard for her lady, and assured her of his friendship and protection. He now begged to know the cause that obliged his Aurelia to travel at such a rate, and in such an equipage; and she informed him of those particulars which we have already communicated to the reader.

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Sir Launcelot glowed with resentment, when he understood how his dear Aurelia had been oppressed by her perfidious and cruel guardian. He bit his nether lip, rolled his eyes around, started from his seat, and striding across the room,—'I remember,' said he, 'the dying words of her who is now a saint in heaven—— "That violent man, my brother-in-law, who is Aurelia's sole guardian, will thwart her wishes with every obstacle that brutal resentment and implacable malice can contrive." What followed, it would ill become me to repeat: but she concluded with these words, —"The rest we must leave to the dispensations of Providence." Was it not Providence that sent me hither, to guard and protect the injured Aurelia?' Then turning to Miss Darnel, whose eyes streamed with tears, he added,— 'Yes, divine creature! Heaven, careful of your safety, and in compassion to my sufferings, hath guided me hither, in this mysterious manner, that I might defend you from violence, and enjoy this transition from madness to deliberation, from despair to felicity.'

So saying, he approached this amiable mourner, this fragrant flower of beauty, glittering with the dew-drops of the morning; this sweetest and gentlest, loveliest ornament of human nature: he gazed upon her with looks of love ineffable; he sat down by her; he pressed her soft hand in his; he began to fear that all he saw was the flattering vision of a distempered brain; he looked and sighed, and, turning up his eyes to heaven, breathed, in broken murmurs, the chaste raptures of his soul. The tenderness of this communication was too painful to be long endured. Aurelia industriously interposed other subjects of discourse, that his attention might not be dangerously overcharged, and the afternoon passed insensibly away.

Though he had determined, in his own mind, never more to quit this idol of his soul, they had not yet concerted any plan of conduct, when their happiness was all at once interrupted by a repetition of cries, denoting horror; and a servant coming in, said he believed some rogues were murdering a traveller on the highway. This supposition of such

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distress operated like gunpowder on the disposition of our adventurer, who, without considering the situation of Aurelia, and indeed without seeing, or being capable to think on her, or any other subject, for the time being, ran directly to the stable, and mounting the first horse that he found saddled, issued out in the twilight, having no other weapon but his sword. He rode full speed to the spot whence the cries seemed to proceed; but they sounded more remote as he advanced. Nevertheless, he followed them to a considerable distance from the road, over fields, ditches, and hedges; and at last came so near, that he could plainly distinguish the voice of his own squire, Timothy Crabshaw, bellowing for mercy with great vociferation. Stimulated by this recognition, he redoubled his career in the dark, till at length his horse plunged into a hole, the nature of which he could not comprehend; but he found it impracticable to disengage him. It was with some difficulty, that he himself clambered over a ruined wall, and regained the open ground. Here he groped about, in the utmost impatience of anxiety, ignorant of the place, mad with vexation for the fate of his unfortunate squire, and between whiles invaded with a pang of concern for Aurelia, left amongst strangers, unguarded, and alarmed. In the midst of this emotion, he bethought himself of hallooing aloud, that, in case he should be in the neighbourhood of any inhabited place, he might be heard and assisted. He accordingly practised this expedient, which was not altogether without effect; for he was immediately answered by an old friend, no other than his own steed Bronzomarte, who, hearing his master's voice, neighed strenuously at a small distance. The knight, being well acquainted with the sound, heard it with astonishment, and, advancing in the right direction, found his noble charger fastened to a tree. He forthwith untied and mounted him; then, laying the reins upon his neck, allowed him to choose his own path, in which he began to travel with equal steadiness and expedition. They had not proceeded far, when the knight's ears were again saluted by the cries of Crabshaw; which Bronzomarte no sooner heard, than he pricked up

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his ears, neighed, and quickened his pace, as if he had been sensible of the squire's distress, and hastened to his relief. Sir Launcelot, notwithstanding his own disquiet, could not help observing and admiring this generous sensibility of his horse: he began to think himself some hero of romance, mounted upon a winged steed, inspired with reason, directed by some humane enchanter, who pitied virtue in distress. All circumstances considered, it is no wonder that the commotion in the mind of our adventurer produced some such delirium. All night he continued the chase; the voice, which was repeated at intervals, still retreating before him, till the morning began to appear in the east, when, by divers piteous groans, he was directed to the corner of a wood, where he beheld his miserable squire stretched upon the grass, and Gilbert feeding by him altogether unconcerned, the helmet and the lance suspended at the saddle-bow, and the portmanteau safely fixed upon the crupper.

The knight, riding up to Crabshaw, with equal surprise and concern, asked what had brought him there? and Timothy, after some pause, during which he surveyed his master with a rueful aspect, answered, 'the devil.' 'One would imagine, indeed, you had some such conveyance,' said Sir Launcelot. 'I have followed your cries since last evening, I know not how, nor whither, and never could come up with you till this moment. But, say, what damage have you sustained, that you lie in that wretched posture, and groan so dismally?' 'I can't guess,' replied the squire, 'if it bean't that mai hoole carcass is drilled into oilet holes, and my flesh pinched into a jelly.' 'How! wherefore!' cried the knight—'who were the miscreants that treated you in such a barbarous manner? Do you know the ruffians?' 'I know nothing at all,' answered the peevish squire, 'but that I was tormented by vive hundred and vifty thousand legions of devils, and there's an end oon't.' 'Well, you must have a little patience, Crabshaw—there's a salve for every sore.' 'Yaw mought as well tell ma, for every zow there's a zir-reverence.' 'For a man in your condition, methinks you talk very much at your ease—Try if you can get

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up and mount Gilbert, that you might be conveyed to some place where you can have proper assistance.—So—well done —cheerly !'

Timothy actually made an effort to rise, but fell down again, and uttered a dismal yell. Then his master exhorted him to take advantage of a park wall, by which he lay, and raise himself gradually upon it. Crabshaw, eying him askance, said, by way of reproach, for his not alighting and assisting him in person, 'Thatch your house with t—, and you'll have more teachers than reachers.' Having pronounced this inelegant adage, he made a shift to stand upon his legs; and now, the knight lending a hand, was mounted upon Gilbert, though not without a world of ohs! and ahs! and other ejaculations of pain and impatience.

As they jogged on together, our adventurer endeavoured to learn the particulars of the disaster which had befallen the squire; but all the information he could obtain, amounted to a very imperfect sketch of the adventure. By dint of a thousand interrogations, he understood, that Crabshaw had been, in the preceding evening, encountered by three persons on horseback, with Venetian masks on their faces, which he mistook for their natural features, and was terrified accordingly; that they not only presented pistols to his breast, and led his horse out of the highway; but pricked him with goads, and pinched him, from time to time, till he screamed with the torture: that he was led through unfrequented places across the country, sometimes at an easy trot, sometimes at full gallop, and tormented all night by these hideous demons, who vanished at day-break, and left him lying on the spot where he was found by his master.

This was a mystery which our hero could by no means unriddle: it was the more unaccountable, as the squire had not been robbed of his money, horses, and baggage. He was even disposed to believe, that Crabshaw's brain was disordered, and the whole account he had given no more than a chimera. This opinion, however, he could no longer retain, when he arrived at an inn on the post-road, and found, upon examination, that Timothy's lower extremities were

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covered with blood, and all the rest of his body speckled with livid marks of contusion. But he was still more chagrined when the landlord told him, that he was thirty miles distant from the place where he had left Aurelia, and that his way lay through cross-roads, which were almost impassable at that season of the year. Alarmed at this intelligence, he gave directions that his squire should be immediately conveyed to bed in a comfortable chamber, as he complained more and more; and indeed was seized with a fever, occasioned by the fatigue, the pain, and terror he had undergone. A neighbouring apothecary being called, and giving it as his opinion, that he could not for some days be in a condition to travel, his master deposited a sum of money in his hands, desiring he might be properly attended till he should hear further: then mounting Bronzomarte, he set out with a guide for the place he had left, not without a thousand fears and perplexities, arising from the reflection of having left the jewel of his heart with such precipitation.

CHAPTER XVI.

Which, it is hoped, the reader will find an agreeable medley of mirth and madness, sense and absurdity.

It was not without reason that our adventurer afflicted himself; his fears were but too prophetic. When he alighted at the inn, which he had left so abruptly the preceding evening, he ran directly to the apartment where he had been so happy in Aurelia's company; but her he saw not—all was solitary. Turning to the woman of the house, who had followed him into the room, 'Where is the lady?' cried he, in a tone of impatience. Mine hostess, screwing up her features into a very demure aspect, said she saw so many ladies, she could not pretend to know who he meant. 'I tell thee, woman,' exclaimed the knight, in a louder accent, 'thou never sawest such another—I mean that miracle of

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beauty—' 'Very like,' replied the dame, as she retired to the room door. 'Husband, here's one as axes concerning a miracle of beauty; hi, hi, hi. Can you give him any information about this miracle of beauty?—O la! hi, hi, hi.' Instead of answering this question, the innkeeper advancing, and surveying Sir Launcelot, 'Friend,' said he, 'you are the person that carried off my horse out of the stable.' 'Tell me not of a horse—where is the young lady?' 'Now I will tell you of the horse, and I'll make you find him too before you and I part.' 'Wretched animal! how dar'st thou dally with my impatience?—Speak, or despair—What is become of Miss Meadows? Say, did she leave this place of her own accord, or was she—hah!—speak—answer, or, by the powers above—' 'I'll answer you flat—she you call Miss Meadows is in very good hands—so you may make yourself easy on that score—' 'Sacred Heaven! explain your meaning, miscreant, or I'll make you a dreadful example to all the insolent publicans of the realm.' So saying, he seized him with one hand, and dashing him on the floor, set one foot on his belly, and kept him trembling in that prostrate attitude. The hostler and waiter flying to the assistance of their master, our adventurer unsheathed his sword, declaring he would dismiss their souls from their bodies, and exterminate the whole family from the face of the earth, if they would not immediately give him the satisfaction he required.

The hostess being by this time terrified almost out of her senses, fell on her knees before him, begging he would spare their lives, and promising to declare the whole truth. He would not however remove his foot from the body of her husband, until she told him, that in less than half an hour after he had sallied out upon the supposed robbers, two chaises arrived, each drawn by four horses; that two men armed with pistols alighting from one of them, laid violent hands upon the young lady; and, notwithstanding her struggling and shrieking, forced her into the other carriage, in which was an infirm gentleman, who called himself her guardian; that the maid was left to the care of a third ser-

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vant to follow with a third chaise, which was got ready with all possible dispatch, while the other two proceeded at full speed on the road to London. It was by this communicative lacquey the people of the house were informed that the old gentleman his master was Squire Darnel, the young lady his niece and ward, and our adventurer a needy sharper, who wanted to make a prey of her fortune.

The knight, fired even almost to frenzy by this intimation, spurned the carcass of his host; and, his eye gleaming terror, rushed into the yard, in order to mount Bronzomarte and pursue the ravisher, when he was diverted from his purpose by a new incident.

One of the postilions, who had driven the chaise in which Dolly was conveyed, happened to arrive at that instant; when, seeing our hero, he ran up to him, cap in hand, and, presenting a letter, accosted him in these words: 'Please your noble honour, if your honour be Sir Launcelot Greaves of the West Riding, here's a letter from a gentlewoman that I promised to deliver into your honour's own hands.'

The knight, snatching the letter with the utmost avidity, broke it up, and found the contents couched in these terms;

'Honoured Sir,

'The man az gi'en me leave to lat yaw knaw my dear leady is going to Loondon with her unkle Squaire Darnel.---Be not conzarned, honoured Sir, vor I'se take it on mai laife to let yaw knaw wheare we be zettled, if zobe I can vind where you loage in Loondon.---The man zays yaw may put it in the pooblic prints.---I houp the bareheir will be honest enuff to deliver this scrowl; and that your honour will pardon

Your umble servant to command,

Dorothy Cowslip.

'P. S. Please my kaind sarvice to lauyer Clarke. Squire Darnel's man is very civil vor sartain; but I'ave no thoughts on him I'll assure yaw.—Marry hap, worse ware may have a better chap, as the zaying goes.'

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Nothing could be more seasonable than the delivery of this billet, which he had no sooner perused than his reflection returned, and he entered into a serious deliberation with his own heart. He considered that Aurelia was by this time far beyond a possibility of being overtaken, and that by a precipitate pursuit he should only expose his own infirmities. He confided in the attachment of his mistress, and in the fidelity of her maid, who would find opportunities of communicating her sentiments by means of this lacquey, of whom he perceived by the letter she had already made a conquest. He therefore resolved to bridle his impatience, to proceed leisurely to London, and, instead of taking any rash step which might induce Anthony Darnel to remove his niece from that city, remain in seeming quiet until she should be settled, and her guardian returned to the country. Aurelia had mentioned to him the name of Doctor Kawdle, and from him he expected in due time to receive the most interesting information.

These reflections had an instantaneous effect upon our hero, whose rage immediately subsided, and whose visage gradually resumed its natural cast of courtesy and good humour. He forthwith gratified the postilion with such a remuneration as sent him dancing into the kitchen, where he did not fail to extol the generosity and immense fortune of Sir Launcelot Greaves.

Our adventurer's next step was to see Bronzomarte properly accommodated; then he ordered a refreshment for himself, and retired into an apartment, where mine host with his wife and all the servants waited on him to beseech his honour to forgive their impertinence, which was owing to their ignorance of his honour's quality, and the false information they received from the gentleman's servant. He had too much magnanimity to retain the least resentment against such inconsiderable objects. He not only pardoned them without hesitation, but assured the landlord he would be accountable for the horse, which, however, was that same evening brought home by a countryman, who had found him pounded as it were within the walls of a ruined cottage.

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As the knight had been greatly fatigued without enjoying any rest for eight-and-forty hours, he resolved to indulge himself with one night's repose, and then return to the place where he had left his squire indisposed; for by this time even his concern for Timothy had recurred.

On a candid scrutiny of his own heart, he found himself much less unhappy than he had been before his interview with Aurelia; for, instead of being, as formerly, tormented with the pangs of despairing love, which had actually unsettled his understanding, he was now happily convinced that he had inspired the tender breast of Aurelia with mutual affection; and though she was invidiously snatched from his embrace in the midst of such endearments as had wound up his soul to ecstacy and transport, he did not doubt of being able to rescue her from the power of an inhuman kinsman, whose guardianship would soon of course expire; and in the meantime he rested with the most perfect dependence on her constancy and virtue.

As he next day crossed the country, ruminating on the disaster that had befallen his squire, and could now compare circumstances coolly, he easily comprehended the whole scheme of that adventure, which was no other than an artifice of Anthony Darnel and his emissaries to draw him from the inn, where he proposed to execute his design upon the innocent Aurelia. He took it for granted that the uncle, having been made acquainted with his niece's elopement, had followed her track by the help of such information as he received from one stage to another; and that, receiving more particulars at the White Hart touching Sir Launcelot, he had formed the scheme in which Crabshaw was an involuntary instrument towards the seduction of his master.

Amusing himself with these and other cogitations, our hero in the afternoon reached the place of his destination, and entering the inn where Timothy had been left at sick quarters, chanced to meet the apothecary retiring precipitately in a very unsavoury pickle from the chamber of his patient. When he inquired about the health of his squire, this retainer to medicine, wiping himself all the while with

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a napkin, answered in manifest confusion, that he apprehended him to be in a very dangerous way from an inflammation of the *pia mater*, which had produced a most furious delirium. Then he proceeded to explain, in technical terms, the method of cure he had followed; and concluded with telling him the poor squire's brain was so outrageously disordered, that he had rejected all administration, and just thrown an urinal in his face.

The knight's humanity being alarmed at this intelligence, he resolved that Crabshaw should have the benefit of further advice, and asked if there was not a physician in the place. The apothecary, after some interjections of hesitation, owned there was a doctor in the village, an odd sort of a humourist; but he believed he had not much to do in the way of his profession, and was not much used to the forms of prescription. He was counted a scholar to be sure, but as to his medical capacity—he would not take upon him to say—'No matter,' cried Sir Launcelot, 'he may strike out some lucky thought for the benefit of the patient, and I desire you will call him instantly.'

While the apothecary was absent on this service, our adventurer took it in his head to question the landlord about the character of this physician, which had been so unfavourably represented, and received the following information.

'For my peart, measter, I knows nothing amiss of the doctor—he's a quiet sort of an inoffensive man; uses my house sometimes, and pays for what he has, like the rest of my customers. They says he deals very little in physic stuff, but cures his patients with fasting and water-gruel, whereby he can't expect the 'pothecary to be his friend. You knows, measter, one must live, and let live, as the saying is. I must say, he, for the value of three guineas, set up my wife's constitution in such a manner, that I have saved within these two years, I believe, forty pounds in 'pothecary's bills. But what of that? Every man must eat, tho'f at another's expense; and I should be in a deadly hole myself, if all my customers should take it in their heads to drink no-

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thing but water-gruel, because it is good for the constitution. Thank God, I have as good a constitution as e'er a man in England, but for all that, I and my whole family bleed and purge, and take a diet-drink twice a-year, by way of serving the 'pothecary, who is a very honest man, and a very good neighbour.'

Their conversation was interrupted by the return of the apothecary with the doctor, who had very little of the faculty in his appearance. He was dressed remarkably plain; seemed to be turned of fifty; had a careless air, and a sarcastical turn in his countenance. Before he entered the sick-man's chamber, he asked some questions concerning the disease; and when the apothecary, pointing to his own head, said, 'It lies all here,' the doctor, turning to Sir Launcelot, replied, 'If that be all there's nothing in it.'

Upon a more particular inquiry about the symptoms, he was told that the blood was seemingly viscous, and salt upon the tongue; the urine remarkably acrosaline; and the fæces atrabilious and fœtid. When the doctor said he would engage to find the same phenomena in every healthy man of the three kingdoms, the apothecary added, that the patient was manifestly comatous, and moreover afflicted with griping pains and borborygmata. 'A f— for your borborygmata,' cried the physician. 'What has been done?' To this question, he replied, that venæsection had been three times performed; that a vesicatory had been applied *inter scapulas;* that the patient had taken occasionally of a cathartic apozem, and, between whiles, alexipharmic boluses and neutral draughts.' 'Neutral, indeed,' said the doctor; 'so neutral, that I will be crucified if ever they declare either for the patient or the disease.' 'So saying, he brushed into Crabshaw's chamber, followed by our adventurer, who was almost suffocated at his first entrance. The day was close; the window-shutters were fastened; a huge fire blazed in the chimney; thick harateen curtains were close drawn round the bed, where the wretched squire lay extended under an enormous load of blankets. The nurse, who had all the exteriors of a bawd given to drink, sat stewing in this apart-

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ment like a damned soul in some infernal bagnio; but rising when the company entered, made her courtesies with great decorum. 'Well,' said the doctor, 'how does your patient, nurse?' 'Blessed be God for it, I hope in a fair way:—to be sure his apozem has had a blessed effect—five-and-twenty stools since three o'clock in the morning.—But then, a'would not suffer the blisters to be put upon his thighs.—Good lack! a'has been mortally obstropolous, and out of his senses all this blessed day.' 'You lie,' cried the squire, 'I a'n't out of my seven senses, tho'f I'm half mad with vexation.'

The doctor having withdrawn the curtain, the hapless squire appeared very pale and ghastly; and, having surveyed his master with a rueful aspect, addressed him in these words.—'Sir knight, I beg a boon: be pleased to tie a stone about the neck of the apothecary, and a halter about the neck of the nurse, and throw the one into the next river, and the other over the next tree, and, in so doing, you will do a charitable deed to your fellow-creatures; for he and she do the devil's work in partnership, and have sent many a score of their betters home to him before their time.' 'Oh! he begins to talk sensibly.—Have a good heart,' said the physician. 'What is your disorder?' 'Physic.' 'What do you chiefly complain of?' 'The doctor.' 'Does your head ach?' 'Yea, with impertinence.' 'Have you a pain in your back?' 'Yes, where the blister lies.' 'Are you sick at stomach?' 'Yes, with hunger.' 'Do you feel any shiverings?' 'Always at sight of the apothecary.' 'Do you perceive any load in your bowels?' 'I would the apothecary's conscience was as clear.' 'Are you thirsty?' 'Not thirsty enough to drink barley-water.' 'Be pleased to look into his fauces,' said the apothecary; 'he has got a rough tongue, and a very foul mouth, I'll assure you.' 'I have known that the case with some limbs of the faculty, where they stood more in need of correction than of physic.—Well, my honest friend, since you have already undergone the proper purgations in due form, and say you have no other disease than the doctor, we will set you on your legs again without further question. Here, nurse, open that window,

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and throw these phials into the street. Now lower the curtain, without shutting the casement, that the man may not be stifled in his own steam. In the next place, take off two thirds of these coals, and one third of these blankets.—How dost feel now, my heart?' 'I should feel heart-whole, if so be as you would throw the noorse a'ter the bottles, and the 'pothecary a'ter the noorse, and oorder me a pound of chops for my dinner; for I be so hoongry, I could eat a horse behind the saddle.'

The apothecary, seeing what passed, retired of his own accord, holding up his hands in sign of astonishment. The nurse was dismissed in the same breath. Crabshaw rose, dressed himself without assistance, and made a hearty meal on the first eatable that presented itself to view. The knight passed the evening with the physician, who, from his first appearance, concluded he was mad; but, in the course of the conversation, found means to resign that opinion without adopting any other in lieu of it, and parted with him under all the impatience of curiosity. The knight, on his part, was very well entertained with the witty sarcasms and erudition of the doctor, who appeared to be a sort of cynic philosopher, tinctured with misanthropy, and at open war with the whole body of apothecaries, whom, however, it was by no means his interest to disoblige.

Next day, Crabshaw being to all appearance perfectly recovered, our adventurer reckoned with the apothecary, paid the landlord, and set out on his return for the London road, resolving to lay aside his armour at some distance from the metropolis; for, ever since his interview with Aurelia, his fondness for chivalry had been gradually abating. As the torrent of his despair had disordered the current of his sober reflection, so now, as that despair subsided, his thoughts began to flow deliberately in their ancient channel. All day long he regaled his imagination with plans of connubial happiness, formed on the possession of the incomparable Aurelia; determined to wait with patience, until the law should supersede the authority of her guardian, rather than adopt any violent expedient which might hazard the interest of his passion.

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He had for some time travelled in the turnpike road, when his reverie was suddenly interrupted by a confused noise; and when he lifted up his eyes, he beheld at a little distance a rabble of men and women, variously armed with flails, pitch-forks, poles, and muskets, acting offensively against a strange figure on horseback, who, with a kind of lance, laid about him with incredible fury. Our adventurer was not so totally abandoned by the spirit of chivalry, to see without emotion a single knight in danger of being overpowered by such a multitude of adversaries. Without staying to put on his helmet, he ordered Crabshaw to follow him in the charge against those plebeians: then couching his lance, and giving Bronzomarte the spur, he began his career with such impetuosity as overturned all that happened to be in his way, and intimidated the rabble to such a degree, that they retired before him like a flock of sheep, the greater part of them believing he was the devil *in propria persona*. He came in the very nick of time to save the life of the other errant, against whom three loaded muskets were actually levelled, at the very instant that our adventurer began his charge. The unknown knight was so sensible of the seasonable interposition, that, riding up to our hero,—'Brother,' said he, 'this is the second time that you have holp me off, when I was bump ashore. Bess Mizen, I must say, is no more than a leaky bum-boat, in comparison of the glorious galley you want to man. I desire that henceforth we may cruise in the same latitudes, brother; and I'll be damned if I don't stand by you as long as I have a stick standing, or can carry a rag of canvas.'

By this address our knight recognized the novice Captain Crowe, who had found means to accommodate himself with a very strange suit of armour. By way of helmet, he wore one of the caps used by the light horse, with straps buckled under his chin, and contrived in such a manner as to conceal his whole visage, except the eyes. Instead of cuirass, mail, greaves, and other pieces of complete armour, he was cased in a postilion's leathern jerkin, covered with thin plates of tinned iron: his buckler was a pot-lid, his lance a

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hop-pole shod with iron, and a basket-hilt broad sword, like that of Hudibras, depended by a broad buff belt, that girded his middle. His feet were defended by jack-boots, and his hands by the gloves of a trooper. Sir Launcelot would not lose time in examining particulars, as he perceived some mischief had been done, and that the enemy had rallied at a distance; he therefore commanded Crowe to follow him, and rode off with great expedition; but he did not perceive his squire was taken prisoner, nor did the captain recollect that his nephew, Tom Clarke, had been disabled and secured in the beginning of the fray. The truth is, the poor captain had been so belaboured about the pate, that it was a wonder he remembered his own name.

CHAPTER XVII.

Containing adventures of chivalry equally new and surprising.

The knight Sir Launcelot, and the novice Crowe, retreated with equal order and expedition to the distance of half a league from the field of battle, where the former, halting, proposed to make a lodgment in a very decent house of entertainment, distinguished by the sign of St George of Cappadocia encountering the dragon, an achievement in which temporal and spiritual chivalry were happily reconciled. Two such figures alighting at the inn gate did not pass through the yard unnoticed and unadmired by the guests and attendants; some of whom fairly took to their heels, on the supposition that these outlandish creatures were the avant-couriers or heralds of a French invasion. The fears and doubts, however, of those who ventured to stay, were soon dispelled, when our hero accosted them in the English tongue, and with the most courteous demeanour desired to be shown into an apartment.

Had Captain Crowe been spokesman, perhaps their suspicions would not have so quickly subsided; for he was, in reality, a very extraordinary novice, not only in chivalry,

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but also in his external appearance, and particularly in those dialects of the English language which are used by the terrestrial animals of this kingdom. He desired the hostler to take his horse in tow, and bring him to his moorings in a safe riding. He ordered the waiter, who shewed them into a parlour, to bear a hand, ship his oars, mind his helm, and bring alongside a short allowance of brandy or grog, that he might cant a slug into his bread-room; for there was such a heaving and pitching, that he believed he should shift his ballast. The fellow understood no part of this address but the word *brandy*, at mention of which he disappeared. Then Crowe, throwing himself into an elbow-chair, —'Stop my hawse-holes,' cried he, 'I can't think what's the matter, brother; but, egad, my head sings and simmers like a pot of chowder. My eye-sight yaws to and again, d'ye see: then there's such a walloping and whushing in my hold—smite my—Lord have mercy upon us. Here, you swab, ne'er mind a glass—hand me the noggin.'

The latter part of this address was directed to the waiter, who had returned with a quartern of brandy, which Crowe snatching eagerly, started into his bread-room at one cant. Indeed there was no time to be lost, inasmuch as he seemed to be on the verge of fainting away when he swallowed this cordial, by which he was instantaneously revived.

He then desired the servant to unbuckle the straps of his helmet; but this was a task which the drawer could not perform, even though assisted with the good offices of Sir Launcelot; for the head and jaws were so much swelled with the discipline they had undergone, that the straps and buckles lay buried, as it were, in pits formed by the tumefaction of the adjacent parts.

Fortunately for the novice, a neighbouring surgeon passed by the door on horseback; a circumstance which the waiter, who saw him from the window, no sooner disclosed, than the knight had recourse to his assistance. This practitioner having viewed the whole figure, and more particularly the head of Crowe, in silent wonder, proceeded to feel his pulse; and then declared that as the inflammation was very

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great, and going on with violence to its *acme*, it would be necessary to begin with copious phlebotomy, and then to empty the intestinal canal. So saying, he began to strip the arm of the captain, who perceiving his aim,—'Avast, brother,' cried he, 'you go the wrong way to work—you may as well rummage the afterhold, when the damage is in the forecastle. I shall right again, when my jaws are unhooped.'

With these words he drew a clasp-knife from his pocket, and, advancing to a glass, applied it so vigorously to the leathern straps of his headpiece, that the gordian knot was cut, without any other damage to his face than a moderate scarification, which, added to the tumefaction of features, naturally strong, and a whole week's growth of a very bushy beard, produced, on the whole, a most hideous caricatura. After all, there was a necessity for the administration of the surgeon, who found divers contusions on different parts of the skull, which even the tin cap had not been able to protect from the weapons of the rustics.

These being shaved and dressed *secundum artem*, and the operator dismissed with a proper acknowledgment, our knight detached one of the post-boys to the field of action for intelligence concerning Mr Clarke, and squire Timothy; and, in the interim, desired to know the particulars of Crowe's adventures since he parted from him at the White Hart.

A connected relation, in plain English, was what he had little reason to expect from the novice, who nevertheless exerted his faculties to the uttermost for his satisfaction. He gave him to understand, that in steering his course to Birmingham, where he thought of fitting himself with tackle, he had fallen in, by accident, at a public house, with an itinerant tinker, in the very act of mending a kettle: that, seeing him do his business like an able workman, he had applied to him for advice; and the tinker, after having considered the subject, had undertaken to make him such a suit of armour, as neither sword nor lance should penetrate; that they adjourned to the next town, where the leather coat, the plates of tinned iron, the lance, and the broad-

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sword, were purchased, together with a copper saucepan, which the artist was now at work upon, in converting it to a shield; but, in the meantime, the captain, being impatient to begin his career of chivalry, had accommodated himself with a pot-lid, and taken to the highway, notwithstanding all the entreaties, tears, and remonstrances, of his nephew Tom Clarke, who could not however be prevailed upon to leave him in the dangerous voyage he had undertaken: that this being but the second day of his journey, he descried five or six men on horseback, bearing up full in his teeth; upon which he threw his sails a-back, and prepared for action; that he hailed them at a considerable distance, and bade them bring to; when they came alongside, notwithstanding his hail, he ordered them to clew up their courses, and furl their top-sails, otherwise he would be foul of their quarters; that, hearing this salute, they luffed all at once, till their cloth shook in the wind: then he halloed in a loud voice, that his sweetheart Besselia Mizzen wore the broad pendant of beauty, to which they must strike their topsails, on pain of being sent to the bottom; that, after having eyed him for some time with astonishment, they clapped on all their sails, some of them running under his stern, and others athwart his forefoot, and got clear off: that, not satisfied with running a-head, they all of a sudden tacked about, and one of them boarding him on the lee-quarter, gave him such a drubbing about his upper works, that the lights danced in his lanthorns: that he returned the salute with his hop-pole so effectually, that his aggressor broached to in the twinkling of a handspike; and then he was engaged with all the rest of the enemy, except one who sheered off, and soon returned with a mosqueto fleet of small craft, who had done him considerable damage, and, in all probability, would have made prize of him, had'nt he been brought off by the knight's gallantry. He said, that in the beginning of the conflict Tom Clarke rode up to the foremost of the enemy, as he did suppose, in order to prevent hostilities; but before he got up to him near enough to hold discourse, he was pooped with a sea

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that almost sent him to the bottom, and then towed off he knew not whither.

Crowe had scarce finished his narration, which consisted of broken hints, and unconnected explosions of sea-terms, when a gentleman of the neighbourhood, who acted in the commission of the peace, arrived at the gate, attended by a constable, who had in custody the bodies of Thomas Clarke and Timothy Crabshaw, surrounded by five men on horseback, and an innumerable posse of men, women, and children, on foot. The captain, who always kept a good look-out, no sooner descried this cavalcade and procession, than he gave notice to Sir Launcelot, and advised that they should crowd away with all the sail they could carry. Our adventurer was of another opinion, and determined, at any rate, to procure the enlargement of the prisoners.

The justice, ordering his attendants to stay without the gate, sent his compliments to Sir Launcelot Greaves, and desired to speak with him for a few minutes. He was immediately admitted, and could not help staring at sight of Crowe, who, by this time, had no remains of the human physiognomy, so much was the swelling increased, and the skin discoloured. The gentleman, whose name was Mr Elmy, having made a polite apology for the liberty he had taken, proceeded to unfold his business. He said, information had been lodged with him, as a justice of the peace, against two armed men on horseback, who had stopped five farmers on the king's highway, put them in fear and danger of their lives, and even assaulted, maimed, and wounded divers persons, contrary to the king's peace, and in violation of the statute: that, by the description, he supposed the knight and his companion to be the persons against whom the complaint had been lodged; and understanding his quality from Mr Clarke, whom he had known in London, he was come to wait upon him, and if possible effect an accommodation.

Our adventurer having thanked him for the polite and obliging manner in which he proceeded, frankly told him the whole story, as it had been just related by the captain;

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and Mr Elmy had no reason to doubt the truth of the narrative, as it confirmed every circumstance which Clarke had before reported. Indeed, Tom had been very communicative to this gentleman, and made him acquainted with the whole history of Sir Launcelot Greaves, as well as with the whimsical resolution of his uncle, Captain Crowe. Mr Elmy now told the knight, that the persons whom the captain had stopped, were farmers returning from a neighbouring market, a set of people naturally boorish, and at that time elevated with ale to an uncommon pitch of insolence: that one of them in particular, called Prickle, was the most quarrelsome fellow in the whole county; and so litigious, that he had maintained above thirty law-suits, in eight-and-twenty of which he had been condemned in costs. He said the others might be easily influenced in the way of admonition; but there was no way of dealing with Prickle, except by the form and authority of the law; he therefore proposed to hear evidence in a judicial capacity, and his clerk being in attendance, the court was immediately opened in the knight's apartment.

By this time Mr Clarke had made such good use of his time in explaining the law to his audience, and displaying the great wealth and unbounded liberality of Sir Launcelot Greaves, that he had actually brought over to his sentiments the constable and the commonalty, tag, rag, and bob-tail, and even staggered the majority of the farmers, who, at first, had breathed nothing but defiance and revenge. Farmer Stake being first called to the bar, and sworn touching the identity of Sir Launcelot Greaves and Captain Crowe, declared, that the said Crowe had stopped him on the king's highway, and put him in bodily fear; that he afterwards saw the said Crowe with a pole or weapon, value three pence, breaking the king's peace, by committing assault and battery against the heads and shoulders of his majesty's liege subjects, Geoffrey Prickle, Hodge Dolt, Richard Bumpkin, Mary Fang, Catherine Rubble, and Margery Litter; and that he saw Sir Launcelot Greaves, baronet, aiding, assisting, and comforting the said Crowe,

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contrary to the king's peace, and against the form of the statute.

Being asked, if the defendant, when he stopped them, demanded their money, or threatened violence? he answered, he could not say, inasmuch as the defendant spoke in an unknown language. Being interrogated, if the defendant did not allow them to pass without using any violence, and if they did not pass unmolested? the deponent replied in the affirmative. Being required to tell for what reason they returned, and if the defendant, Crowe, was not assaulted before he began to use his weapon, the deponent made no answer. The depositions of farmer Bumpkin and Muggins, as well as of Madge Litter and Mary Fang, were taken to much the same purpose; and his worship earnestly exhorted them to an accommodation, observing, that they themselves were in fact the aggressors, and that Captain Crowe had done no more than exerted himself in his own defence.

They were all pretty well disposed to follow his advice, except farmer Prickle, who, entering the court with a bloody handkerchief about his head, declared that the law should determine it at next 'size; and in the meantime insisted that the defendants should find immediate bail, or go to prison, or be set in the stocks. He affirmed that they had been guilty of an *affray*, in appearing with armour and weapons not usually worn, to the terror of others, which is in itself a breach of the peace; but that they had moreover, with force of arms, that is to say, with swords, staves, and other warlike instruments, by turns, made an assault and *affray*, to the terror and disturbance of him and divers subjects of our lord the king, then and there being, and to the evil and pernicious example of the liege people of the said lord the king, and against the peace of our said lord the king, his crown, and dignity.

The peasant had purchased a few law-terms at a considerable expense, and he thought he had a right to turn his knowledge to the annoyance of all his neighbours. Mr Elmy, finding him obstinately deaf to all proposals of accommoda-

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tion, held the defendants to very moderate bail, the landlord and the curate of the parish freely offering themselves as sureties. Mr Clarke, with Timothy Crabshaw, against whom nothing appeared, were now set at liberty; when the former, advancing to his worship, gave information against Geoffrey Prickle, and declared upon oath that he had seen him assault Captain Crowe without any provocation; and when he, the deponent, interposed to prevent further mischief, the said Prickle had likewise assaulted and wounded him, the deponent, and detained him for some time in false imprisonment, without warrant or authority.

In consequence of this information, which was corroborated by divers evidences, selected from the mob at the gate, the tables were turned upon farmer Prickle, who was given to understand, that he must either find bail, or be forthwith imprisoned. This *honest* boor, who was in opulent circumstances, had made such popular use of the benefits he possessed, that there was not an housekeeper in the parish who would not have rejoiced to see him hanged. His dealings and connections, however, were such, that none of the other four would have refused to bail him, had not Clarke given them to understand, that, if they did, he would make them all principals and parties, and have two separate actions against each. Prickle happened to be at variance with the innkeeper, and the curate durst not disoblige the vicar, who at that very time was suing the farmer for the small tithes. He offered to deposit a sum equal to the recognizance of the knight's bail; but this was rejected, as an expedient contrary to the practice of the courts. He sent for the attorney of the village, to whom he had been a good customer; but the lawyer was hunting evidence in another county. The exciseman presented himself as a surety; but he, not being an housekeeper, was not accepted. Divers cottagers, who depended on farmer Prickle, were successively refused, because they could not prove that they had paid scot and lot, and parish taxes.

The farmer, finding himself thus forlorn, and in imminent danger of visiting the inside of a prison, was seized with a

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paroxysm of rage, during which he inveighed against the bench, reviled the two adventurers errant, declared that he believed, and would lay a wager of twenty guineas, that he had more money in his pocket than e'er a man in the company; and in the space of a quarter of an hour, swore forty oaths, which the justice did not fail to number. 'Before we proceed to other matters,' said Mr Elmy, 'I order you to pay forty shillings for the oaths you have swore, otherwise I will cause you to be set in the stocks without further ceremony.'

Prickle, throwing down a couple of guineas, with two execrations more to make up the sum, declared that he could afford to pay for swearing as well as e'er a justice in the county, and repeated his challenge of the wager, which our adventurer now accepted, protesting, at the same time, that it was not a step taken from any motive of pride, but entirely with a view to punish an insolent plebeian, who could not otherwise be chastised without a breach of the peace. Twenty guineas being deposited on each side in the hands of Mr Elmy, Prickle, with equal confidence and dispatch, produced a canvas bag, containing two hundred and seventy pounds, which, being spread upon the table, made a very formidable show, that dazzled the eyes of the beholders, and induced many of them to believe he had insured his conquest.

Our adventurer, asking if he had any thing further to offer, and being answered in the negative, drew forth, with great deliberation, a pocket-book, in which there was a considerable parcel of bank-notes, from which he selected three of one hundred pounds each, and exhibited them upon the table, to the astonishment of all present. Prickle, mad with his overthrow and loss, said, it might be necessary to make him prove the notes were honestly come by; and Sir Launcelot started up, in order to take vengeance upon him for this insult, but was withheld by the arms and remonstrances of Mr Elmy, who assured him that Prickle desired nothing so much as another broken head, to lay the foundation of a new prosecution.

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The knight, calmed by this interposition, turned to the audience, saying, with the most affable deportment,—'Good people, do not imagine that I intend to pocket the spoils of such a contemptible rascal. I shall beg the favour of this worthy gentleman to take up these twenty guineas, and distribute them as he shall think proper among the poor of the parish; but, by this benefaction, I do not hold myself acquitted for the share I had in the bruises some of you have received in this unlucky fray, and therefore I give the other twenty guineas to be divided among the sufferers, to each according to the damage he or she shall appear to have sustained; and I shall consider it as an additional obligation, if Mr Elmy will likewise superintend this retribution.'

At the close of this address, the whole yard and gateway rung with acclamation, while honest Crowe, whose generosity was not inferior even to that of the accomplished Greaves, pulled out his purse, and declared, that, as he had begun the engagement, he would at least go share and share alike in new-caulking their seams and repairing their timbers. The knight, rather than enter into a dispute with his novice, told him he considered the twenty guineas as given by them both in conjunction, and that they would confer together on that subject hereafter.

This point being adjusted, Mr Elmy assumed all the solemnity of the magistrate, and addressed himself to Prickle in these words:—'Farmer Prickle, I am both sorry and ashamed to see a man of your years and circumstances so little respected, that you cannot find sufficient bail for forty pounds; a sure testimony that you have neither cultivated the friendship, nor deserved the good-will of your neighbours. I have heard of your quarrels and your riots, your insolence and litigious disposition, and often wished for an opportunity of giving you a proper taste of the law's correction. That opportunity now offers—you have, in the hearing of all these people, poured forth a torrent of abuse against me, both in the character of a gentleman and of a magistrate; your abusing me personally, perhaps I should have overlooked with the contempt it deserves; but

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I should ill vindicate the dignity of my office as a magistrate, by suffering you to insult the bench with impunity. I shall therefore imprison you for contempt, and you shall remain in jail, until you can find bail on the other prosecutions.'

Prickle, the first transports of his anger having subsided, began to be pricked with the thorns of compunction. He was indeed extremely mortified at the prospect of being sent to jail so disgracefully. His countenance fell, and after a hard internal struggle, while the clerk was employed in writing the mittimus, he said he hoped his worship would not send him to prison. He begged pardon of him and our adventurers for having abused them in his passion; and observed, that, as he had received a broken head, and paid two-and-twenty guineas for his folly, he could not be said to have escaped altogether without punishment, even if the plaintiff should agree to exchange releases.

Sir Launcelot, seeing this stubborn rustic effectually humbled, became an advocate in his favour with Mr Elmy and Tom Clarke, who forgave him at his request; and a mutual release being executed, the farmer was permitted to depart. The populace were regaled at our adventurer's expense; and the men, women, and children, who had been wounded or bruised in the battle, to the number of ten or a dozen, were desired to wait upon Mr Elmy in the morning, to receive the knight's bounty. The justice was prevailed upon to spend the evening with Sir Launcelot and his two companions, for whom supper was bespoke; but the first thing the cook prepared, was a poultice for Crowe's head, which was now enlarged to a monstrous exhibition. Our knight, who was all kindness and complacency, shook Mr Clarke by the hand, expressing his satisfaction at meeting with his old friends again, and told him softly, that he had compliments for him from Mrs Dolly Cowslip, who now lived with his Aurelia.

Clarke was confounded at this intelligence, and after some hesitation,—'Lord bless my soul!' cried he, 'I'll be shot then, if the pretended Miss Meadows wa'n't the same

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as Miss Darnel!" He then declared himself extremely glad that poor Dolly had got into such an agreeable situation, passed many warm encomiums on her goodness of heart and virtuous inclinations, and concluded with appealing to the knight, whether she did not look very pretty in her green joseph? In the meantime, he procured a plaster for his own head, and helped to apply the poultice to that of his uncle, who was sent to bed betimes with a moderate dose of sack-whey, to promote perspiration. The other three passed the evening to their mutual satisfaction; and the justice in particular grew enamoured of the knight's character, dashed as it was with extravagance.

Let us now leave them to the enjoyment of a sober and rational conversation, and give some account of other guests who arrived late in the evening, and here fixed their night-quarters.—But as we have already trespassed on the reader's patience, we shall give him a short respite until the next chapter makes its appearance.

CHAPTER XVIII.

In which the rays of chivalry shine with renovated lustre.

Our hero little dreamed that he had a formidable rival in the person of the knight who arrived about eleven at the sign of the St George, and, by the noise he made, gave intimation of his importance. This was no other than Squire Sycamore, who having received advice that Miss Aurelia Darnel had eloped from the place of her retreat, immediately took the field in quest of that lovely fugitive; hoping that, should he have the good fortune to find her in her present distress, his good offices would not be rejected. He had followed the chase so close, that immediately after our adventurer's departure he alighted at the inn from whence Aurelia had been conveyed, and there he learned the particulars which we have related above.

Mr Sycamore had a great deal of the childish romantic

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in his disposition, and in the course of his amours, is said to have always taken more pleasure in the pursuit than in the final possession. He had heard of Sir Launcelot's extravagance, by which he was in some measure infected, and he dropped an insinuation, that he could eclipse his rival even in his own lunatic sphere. This hint was not lost upon his companion, counsellor, and buffoon, the facetious Davy Dawdle, who had some humour and a great deal of mischief in his composition. He looked upon his patron as a fool, and his patron knew him to be both knave and fool; yet the two characters suited each other so well, that they could hardly exist asunder. Davy was an artful sycophant, but he did not flatter in the usual way; on the contrary, he behaved *en cavalier*, and treated Sycamore, on whose bounty he subsisted with the most sarcastic familiarity. Nevertheless, he seasoned his freedom with certain qualifying ingredients that subdued the bitterness of it, and was now become so necessary to the squire, that he had no idea of enjoyment with which Dawdle was not somehow or other connected. There had been a warm dispute betwixt them about the scheme of contesting the prize with Sir Launcelot in the lists of chivalry. Sycamore had insinuated, that if he had a mind to play the fool, he could wear armour, wield a lance, and manage a charger, as well as Sir Launcelot Greaves. Dawdle snatching the hint, 'I had some time ago,' said he, 'contrived a scheme for you, which I was afraid you had not address enough to execute—It would be no difficult matter, in imitation of the bachelor Sampton Carrasco, to go in quest of Greaves as a knight-errant, defy him as a rival, and establish a compact, by which the vanquished should obey the injunctions of the victor.' 'That is my very idea,' cried Sycamore. 'Your idea,' replied the other, 'had you ever an idea of your own conception?' Thus the dispute began, and was maintained with great vehemence, until other arguments failing, the squire offered to lay a wager of twenty guineas. To this proposal Dawdle answered by the interjection *pish!* which inflamed Sycamore to a repetition of the defiance. 'You are in the right,' said Dawdle, 'to use

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such an argument as you know is by me unanswerable. A wager of twenty guineas will at any time overthrow and confute all the logic of the most able syllogist, who has not got a shilling in his pocket.'

Sycamore looked very grave at this declaration, and, after a short pause, said, 'I wonder, Dawdle, what you do with all your money!' 'I am surprised you should give yourself that trouble—I never ask what you do with yours.' 'You have no occasion to ask, you know pretty well how it goes.' 'What! do you upbraid me with your favours?—'tis mighty well Sycamore.' 'Nay, Dawdle, I did not intend to affront.' 'Zounds! affront! what d'ye mean?' 'I'll assure you, Davy, you don't know me, if you think I could be so ungenerous as to—a—to'— 'I always thought, whatever faults or foibles you might have, Sycamore, that you was not deficient in generosity,—though to be sure it is often very absurdly displayed.' 'Ay, that's one of my greatest foibles; I can't refuse even a scoundrel when I think he is in want.—Here, Dawdle, take that note.' 'Not I, Sir,—what d'ye mean,—what right have I to your notes?' 'Nay, but Dawdle,—come.' 'By no means—it looks like the abuse of good-nature,—all the world knows you're good-natured to a fault.' 'Come, dear Davy, you shall—you must oblige me.' Thus urged, Dawdle accepted the bank-note with great reluctance, and restored the idea to the right owner.

A suit of armour being brought from the garret or armoury of his ancestors, he gave orders for having the pieces scoured and furbished up; and his heart dilated with joy when he reflected upon the superb figure he should make when cased in complete steel, and armed at all points for the combat.

When he was fitted with the other parts, Dawdle insisted on buckling on his helmet, which weighed fifteen pounds; and the headpiece being adjusted, made such a clatter about his ears with a cudgel, that his eyes had almost started from their sockets. His voice was lost within the vizor, and his friend affected not to understand his meaning when he made signs with his gauntlets, and endeavoured to close with him,

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that he might wrest the cudgel from his hand. At length he desisted, saying, 'I'll warrant the helmet sound by its ringing;' and taking it off, found the squire in a cold sweat. He would have achieved his first exploit on the spot, had his strength permitted him to assault Dawdle; but, what with want of air, and the discipline he had undergone, he had well nigh swooned away; and before he retrieved the use of his members, he was appeased by the apologies of his companion, who protested he meant nothing more than to try if the helmet was free of cracks, and whether or not it would prove a good protection to the head it covered.

His excuses were accepted; the armour was packed up, and next morning Mr Sycamore set out from his own house, accompanied by Dawdle, who undertook to perform the part of his squire at the approaching combat. He was also attended by a servant on horseback, who had charge of the armour, and another who blowed the trumpet. They no sooner understood that our hero was housed at the George, than the trumpeter sounded a charge, which alarmed Sir Launcelot and his company, and disturbed honest Captain Crowe in the middle of his first sleep. Their next step was to pen a challenge, which, when the stranger departed, was by the trumpeter delivered with great ceremony into the hands of Sir Launcelot, who read it in these words:—

'To the Knight of the Crescent, greeting. Whereas I am informed you have the presumption to lay claim to the heart of the peerless Aurelia Darnel, I give you notice that I can admit no rivalship in the affection of that paragon of beauty; and I expect that you will either resign your pretensions, or make it appear, in single combat, according to the law of arms, and the institutions of chivalry, that you are worthy to dispute her favour with him of the Griffin.

'POLYDORE.'

Our adventurer was not a little surprised at this address, which however he pocketed in silence, and began to reflect, not without mortification, that he was treated as a lunatic by some person who wanted to amuse himself with the infirmities of his fellow-creatures. Mr Thomas Clarke, who saw the ceremony with which the letter was delivered, and the

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emotions with which it was read, hied him to the kitchen for intelligence, and there learned that the stranger was Squire Sycamore. He forthwith comprehended the nature of the billet, and, in the apprehension that bloodshed would ensue, resolved to alarm his uncle, that he might assist in keeping the peace. He accordingly entered the apartment of the captain, who had been waked by the trumpet, and now peevishly asked the meaning of that damned piping, as if all hands were called upon deck. Clarke having imparted what he knew of the transaction, together with his own conjectures, the captain said, he did not suppose as how they would engage by candle light; and that, for his own part, he should turn out in the larboard watch, long enough before any signals could be hove out for forming the line. With this assurance the lawyer retired to his rest, where he did not fail to dream of Mrs Dolly Cowslip, while Sir Launcelot passed the night awake, in ruminating on the strange challenge he had received. He had got notice that the sender was Mr Sycamore, and hesitated with himself whether he should not punish him for his impertinence; but when he reflected on the nature of the dispute, and the serious consequences it might produce, he resolved to decline the combat, as a trial of right and merit founded upon absurdity. Even in his maddest hours, he never adopted those maxims of knight-errantry which related to challenges. He always perceived the folly and wickedness of defying a man to mortal fight, because he did not like the colour of his beard, or the complexion of his mistress; or of deciding by homicide whether he or his rival deserved the preference, when it was the lady's prerogative to determine which should be the happy lover. It was his opinion that chivalry was an useful institution while confined to its original purposes of protecting the innocent, assisting the friendless, and bringing the guilty to condign punishment: but he could not conceive how these laws should be answered by violating every suggestion of reason, and every precept of humanity.

Captain Crowe did not examine the matter so philosophically. He took it for granted that in the morning the two

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knights would come to action, and slept sound on that supposition. But he rose before it was day, resolved to be somehow concerned in the fray; and understanding that the stranger had a companion, set him down immediately for his own antagonist. So impatient was he to establish this secondary contest, that by day-break he entered the chamber of Dawdle, to which he was directed by the waiter, and roused him with a hilloa, that might have been heard at the distance of half a league. Dawdle, startled by this terrific sound, sprung out of bed, and stood upright on the floor, before he opened his eyes upon the object by which he had been so dreadfully alarmed. But when he beheld the head of Crowe, so swelled and swathed, so livid, hideous, and grisly, with a broad sword by his side, and a case of pistols in his girdle, he believed it was the apparition of some murdered man; his hair bristled up, his teeth chattered, and his knees knocked: he would have prayed, but his tongue denied its office. Crowe seeing his perturbation,—'Mayhap, friend,' said he, 'you take me for a buccaneer; but I am no such person. My name is Captain Crowe. I come not for your silver nor your gold, your rigging nor your stowage; but hearing as how your friend intends to bring my friend Sir Launcelot Greaves to action, d'ye see, I desire, in the way of friendship, that, while they are engaged, you and I, as their seconds, may lie board and board for a few glasses to divert one another, d'ye see.' Dawdle hearing this request, began to retrieve his faculties, and throwing himself into the attitude of Hamlet when the ghost appears, exclaimed in theatrical accent,

'Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
'Art thou a spirit of grace, or goblin damn'd?'

As he seemed to bend his eye on vacancy, the captain began to think that he really saw something preternatural, and stared wildly round. Then addressing himself to the terrified Dawdle,—'Damn'd,' said he, 'for what should I be damn'd? If you are afeard of goblins, brother, put your trust in the Lord, and he'll prove a sheet anchor to you.' The other having by this time recollected himself perfectly,

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continued notwithstanding to spout tragedy, and in the words of Macbeth,' pronounced,

> 'What man dare, I dare:
> 'Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
> 'The arm'd rhinoceros, or Hyrcanian tiger;
> 'Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
> 'Shall never tremble.'——

'Ware names, Jack,' cried the impatient mariner, 'if so be as how you'll bear a hand and rig yourself, and take a short trip with me into the offing, we'll overhaul this here affair in the turning of a capstan.'

At this juncture they were joined by Mr Sycamore in his night-gown and slippers. Disturbed by Crowe's first salute, he had sprung up, and now expressed no small astonishment at first sight of the novice's countenance. After having gazed alternately at him and Dawdle,—'Who have we got here,' said he, 'raw head and bloody bones?' When his friend, slipping on his clothes, gave him to understand that this was a friend of Sir Launcelot Greaves, and explained the purport of his errand, he treated him with more civility. He assured him that he should have the pleasure to break a spear with Mr Dawdle; and signified his surprise that Sir Launcelot had not made an answer to his letter. It being by this time clear day-light, and Crowe extremely interested in this affair, he broke without ceremony into the knight's chamber, and told him abruptly that the enemy had brought to, and waited for his coming up, in order to begin the action.—'I've hailed his consort,' said he, 'a shambling chattering fellow: he took me first for a hobgoblin, then called me names, a tiger, a wrynoseo'ross, and a Persian bear; but egad, if I come athwart him, I'll make him look like the bear and ragged staff before we part—I wool—'

This intimation was not received with that alacrity which the captain expected to find in our adventurer, who told him in a peremptory tone, that he had no design to come to action, and desired to be left to his repose. Crowe forthwith retired crest-fallen, and muttered something, which was never distinctly heard.

About eight in the morning Mr Dawdle brought him a

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formal message from the knight of the Griffin, desiring he would appoint the lists, and give security of the field. To which request he made answer in a very composed and solemn accent,—'If the person who sent you thinks I have injured him, let him, without disguise or any such ridiculous ceremony, explain the nature of the wrong; and then I shall give such satisfaction as may suit my conscience and my character. If he hath bestowed his affection upon any particular object, and looks upon me as a favourite rival, I shall not wrong the lady so much as to take any step that may prejudice her choice, especially a step that contradicts my own reason as much as it would outrage the laws of my country. If he who calls himself knight of the Griffin is really desirous of treading in the paths of true chivalry, he will not want opportunities of signalizing his valour in the cause of virtue. Should he, notwithstanding this declaration, offer violence to me in the course of my occasions, he will always find me in a posture of defence: or, should he persist in repeating his importunities, I shall without ceremony chastise the messenger.' His declining the combat was interpreted into fear by Mr Sycamore, who now became more insolent and ferocious, on the supposition of our knight's timidity. Sir Launcelot meanwhile went to breakfast with his friends, and having put on his armour, ordered the horses to be brought forth. Then he paid the bill, and walking deliberately to the gate, in presence of Squire Sycamore and his attendants, vaulted at one spring into the saddle of Bronzomarte, whose neighing and curveting proclaimed the joy he felt in being mounted by his accomplished master.

Though the knight of the Griffin did not think proper to insult his rival personally, his friend Dawdle did not fail to crack some jokes on the figure and horsemanship of Crowe, who again declared he should be glad to fall in with him upon the voyage: nor did Mr Clarke's black patch and rueful countenance pass unnoticed and unridiculed. As for Timothy Crabshaw, he beheld his brother squire with the contempt of a veteran; and Gilbert paid him his com-

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pliments with his heels at parting: but when our adventurer and his retinue were clear of the inn, Mr Sycamore ordered his trumpeter to sound a retreat, by way of triumph over his antagonist.

Perhaps he would have contented himself with this kind of victory, had not Dawdle further inflamed his envy and ambition, by launching out in praise of Sir Launcelot. He observed, that his countenance was open and manly; his joints strong knit, and his form unexceptionable; that he trod like Hercules, and vaulted into the saddle like a winged Mercury: nay, he even hinted it was lucky for Sycamore that the knight of the Crescent happened to be so pacifically disposed. His patron sickened at these praises, and took fire at the last observation. He affected to undervalue personal beauty, though the opinion of the world had been favourable to himself in that particular: he said he was at least two inches taller than Greaves; and as to shape and air, he would make no comparisons; but with respect to riding, he was sure he had a better seat than Sir Launcelot, and would wager five hundred to fifty guineas, that he would unhorse him at the first encounter. 'There is no occasion for laying wagers,' replied Mr Dawdle, 'the doubt may be determined in half an hour—Sir Launcelot is not a man to avoid you at full gallop.' Sycamore, after some hesitation, declared he would follow and provoke him to battle, on condition that Dawdle would engage Crowe; and this condition was accepted: for, though Davy had no stomach to the trial, he could not readily find an excuse for declining it: besides, he had discovered the captain to be a very bad horseman, and resolved to eke out his own scanty valour with a border of ingenuity. The servants were immediately ordered to unpack the armour, and, in a little time, Mr Sycamore made a very formidable appearance. But the scene that followed is too important to be huddled in at the end of a chapter; and therefore we shall reserve it for a more conspicuous place in these memoirs.

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CHAPTER XIX.

Containing the achievements of the knights of the Griffin and Crescent.

MR SYCAMORE, alias the knight of the Griffin, so denominated from a griffin painted on his shield, being armed at all points, and his friend Dawdle provided with a certain implement, which he flattered himself would insure a victory over the novice Crowe, they set out from the George, with their attendants, in all the elevation of hope, and pranced along the highway that led towards London, that being the road which our adventurer pursued. As they were extremely well mounted, and proceeded at a round pace, they in less than two hours came up with Sir Launcelot and his company; and Sycamore sent another formal defiance to the knight by his trumpeter, Dawdle having, for good reasons, declined that office.

Our adventurer hearing himself thus addressed, and seeing his rival, who had passed him, posted to obstruct his progress, armed cap-a-pee, with his lance in the rest, determined to give the satisfaction that was required, and desired that the regulations of the combat might be established. The knight of the Griffin proposed, that the vanquished party should resign all pretensions to Miss Aurelia Darnel, in favour of the victor; that while the principals were engaged, his friend Dawdle should run a tilt with Captain Crowe; that Squire Crabshaw and Mr Sycamore's servant should keep themselves in readiness to assist their respective masters occasionally, according to the law of arms; and that Mr Clarke should observe the motions of the trumpeter, whose province was to sound the charge to battle.

Our knight agreed to these regulations, notwithstanding the earnest and pathetic remonstrances of the young lawyer, who, with tears in his eyes, conjured all the combatants in their turns to refrain from an action that might be attended with bloodshed and murder, and was contrary to the laws

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both of God and man. In vain he endeavoured to move them by tears and entreaties, by threatening them with prosecutions in this world, and pains and penalties in the next: they persisted in their resolution, and his uncle would have begun hostilities on his carcass, had he not been prevented by Sir Launcelot, who exhorted Clarke to retire from the field, that he might not be involved in the consequences of the combat. He relished this advice so well, that he had actually moved off to some distance; but his apprehensions and concern for his friends co-operating with an insatiable curiosity, detained him in sight of the engagement.

The two knights having fairly divided the ground, and the same precautions being taken by the seconds, on another part of the field, Sycamore began to be invaded with some scruples, which were probably engendered by the martial appearance and well known character of his antagonist. The confidence which he had derived from the reluctance of Sir Launcelot now vanished, because it plainly appeared that the knight's backwardness was not owing to personal timidity; and he foresaw that the prosecution of this joke might be attended with very serious consequences to his own life and reputation. He therefore desired a parley, in which he observed his affection for Miss Darnel was of such a delicate nature, that, should the discomfiture of his rival contribute to make her unhappy, his victory must render him the most miserable wretch upon earth. He proposed, therefore, that her sentiments and choice should be ascertained before they proceeded to extremity.

Sir Launcelot declared that he was much more afraid of combating Aurelia's inclination, than of opposing the knight of the Griffin in arms; and that if he had the least reason to think Mr Sycamore, or any other person, was distinguished by her preference, he would instantly give up his suit as desperate. At the same time, he observed, that Sycamore had proceeded too far to retract; that he had insulted a gentleman, and not only challenged, but even pursued him, and blocked up his passage in the public highway; outrages which he (Sir Launcelot) would not suffer to pass un-

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punished. Accordingly he insisted on the combat, on pain of treating Mr Sycamore as a craven and a recreant. This declaration was reinforced by Dawdle, who told him, that, should he now decline the engagement, all the world would look upon him as an infamous poltroon.

These two observations gave a necessary fillip to the courage of the challenger. The parties took their stations, the trumpet sounded to charge, and the combatants began their career with great impetuosity. Whether the gleam of Sir Launcelot's arms affrighted Mr Sycamore's steed, or some other object had an unlucky effect on his eye-sight, certain it is, he started at about midway, and gave his rider such a violent shake, as discomposed his attitude, and disabled him from using his lance to the best advantage. Had our hero continued his career with his lance couched, in all probability Sycamore's armour would have proved but a bad defence to his carcass; but Sir Launcelot, perceiving his rival's spear unrested, had just time to throw up the point of his own, when the two horses closed with such a shock, that Sycamore, already wavering in the saddle, was overthrown, and his armour crashed around him as he fell.

The victor, seeing him lie without motion, alighted immediately, and began to unbuckle his helmet, in which office he was assisted by the trumpeter. When the headpiece was removed, the hapless knight of the Griffin appeared in the pale livery of death, though he was only in a swoon, from which he soon recovered by the effect of the fresh air, and the aspersion of cold water, brought from a small pool in the neighbourhood. When he recognized his conqueror doing the offices of humanity about his person, he closed his eyes from vexation, told Sir Launcelot that his was the fortune of the day, though he himself owed his mischance to the fault of his own horse; and observed, that this ridiculous affair would not have happened, but for the mischievous instigation of that scoundrel Dawdle, on whose ribs he threatened to revenge this mishap.

Perhaps Captain Crowe might have saved him the trouble, had the wag honourably adhered to the institutions of chi-

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valry in his conflict with our novice; but on this occasion his ingenuity was more commendable than his courage. He had provided at the inn a blown bladder, in which several smooth pebbles were inclosed; and this he slily fixed on the head of his pole, when the captain obeyed the signal of battle. Instead of bearing the brunt of the encounter, he turned out of the straight line, so as to avoid the lance of his antagonist, and rattled his bladder with such effect, that Crowe's horse pricking up his ears, took to his heels, and fled across some ploughed land with such precipitation, that the rider was obliged to quit his spear, and lay fast hold on the mane, that he might not be thrown out of the saddle. Dawdle, who was much better mounted, seeing his condition, rode up to the unfortunate novice, and belaboured his shoulders without fear of retaliation.

Mr Clarke, seeing his kinsman so roughly handled, forgot his fears, and flew to his assistance; but, before he came up, the aggressor had retired; and now perceiving that fortune had declared against his friend and patron, very honourably abandoned him in his distress, and went off at full speed for London.

Nor was Timothy Crabshaw without his share in the noble achievements of this propitious day. He had by this time imbibed such a tincture of errantry, that he firmly believed himself and his master equally invincible; and this belief operating upon a perverse disposition, rendered him as quarrelsome in his sphere as his master was mild and forbearing. As he sat on horseback, in the place assigned to him and Sycamore's lacquey, he managed Gilbert in such a manner, as to invade with his heels the posteriors of the other's horse; and this insult produced some altercation, which ended in mutual assault. The footman handled the butt-end of his horsewhip with great dexterity about the head of Crabshaw, who declared afterwards that it sung and shimmered like a kettle of cod-fish: but the squire, who understood the nature of long lashes, as having been a carter from his infancy, found means to twine his thong about the neck of his antagonist, and pull him off his horse half

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strangled, at the very instant his master was thrown by Sir Launcelot Greaves.

Having thus obtained the victory, he did not much regard the punctilios of chivalry, but, taking it for granted he had a right to make the most of his advantage, resolved to carry off the *spolia opima*. Alighting with great agility, —'Brother,' cried he, 'I think as haw yawrs bean't a butcher's horse, a doan't carry calves well—I'se make yaw knaw your churning days, I wool—what, yaw look as if yaw was crow-trodden, you do—now, you shall pay the score you have been running on my pate, you shall, brother.'

So saying, he rifled his pockets, stripped him of his hat and coat, and took possession of his master's portmanteau. But he did not long enjoy his plunder; for the lacquey complaining to Sir Launcelot of his having been despoiled, the knight commanded his squire to refund, not without menaces of subjecting him to the severest chastisement for his injustice and rapacity. Timothy represented, with great vehemence, that he had won the spoils in fair battle, at the expense of his head and shoulders, which he immediately uncovered to prove his allegation: but his remonstrance having no effect upon his master,—'Wounds!' cried he, 'an I mun gee thee back the pig, I'se gee thee back the poke also; I'm a drubbing still in thy debt.'

With these words, he made a most furious attack upon the plaintiff with his horsewhip, and, before the knight could interpose, repaid the lacquey with interest. As an appurtenance to Sycamore and Dawdle, he ran the risk of another assault from the novice Crowe, who was so transported with rage at the disagreeable trick which had been played upon him by his fugitive antagonist, that he could not for some time pronounce an articulate sound, but a few broken interjections, the meaning of which could not be ascertained. Snatching up his pole, he ran towards the place where Mr Sycamore sat on the grass, supported by the trumpeter, and would have finished what our adventurer had left undone, if the knight of the Crescent, with admirable dexterity, had not warded off the blow which he aimed at

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the knight of the Griffin, and signified his displeasure in a resolute tone: then he collared the lacquey, who was just disengaged from the chastising hand of Crabshaw, and, swinging his lance with his other hand, encountered the squire's ribs by accident.

Timothy was not slow in returning the salutation with the weapon which he still wielded. Mr Clarke, running up to the assistance of his uncle, was opposed by the lacquey, who seemed extremely desirous of seeing the enemy revenge his quarrel, by falling foul of one another. Clarke, thus impeded, commenced hostilities against the footman, while Crowe grappled with Crabshaw; a battle-royal ensued, and was maintained with great vigour and some bloodshed on all sides, until the authority of Sir Launcelot, reinforced by some weighty remonstrances applied to the squire, put an end to the conflict. Crabshaw immediately desisted, and ran roaring to communicate his grievances to Gilbert, who seemed to sympathize very little with his distress. The lacquey took to his heels; Mr Clarke wiped his bloody nose, declaring he had a good mind to put the aggressor in the crown-office; and captain Crowe continued to ejaculate unconnected oaths, which, however, seemed to imply that he was almost sick of his new profession. 'D—n my eyes, if you call this—start my timbers, brother—look ye, d'ye see—a lousy, lubberly, cowardly son of a—among the breakers, d'ye see—lost my steerage way—split my binnacle; hawle away—O! damn all arrantry—give me a tight vessel, d'ye see, brother,—mayhap you mayn't—snatch my—sea room and a spanking gale—odds heart, I'll hold a whole year's—smite my limbs; it don't signify talking.'

Our hero consoled our novice for his disaster, by observing, that, if he had got some blows, he had lost no honour. At the same time, he observed, that it was very difficult, if not impossible, for a man to succeed in the paths of chivalry who had passed the better part of his days in other occupations; and hinted, that, as the cause which had engaged him in this way of life no longer existed, he was determined to relinquish a profession which in a peculiar manner exposed

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him to the most disagreeable incidents. Crowe chewed the cud upon this insinuation, while the other personages of the drama were employed in catching the horses, which had given their riders the slip. As for Mr Sycamore, he was so bruised by his fall, that it was necessary to procure a litter for conveying him to the next town; and the servant was dispatched for this convenience, Sir Launcelot staying with him until it arrived.

When he was safely deposited in the carriage, our hero took leave of him in these terms.—'I shall not insist upon your submitting to the terms you yourself proposed before this rencounter. I give you free leave to use all your advantages, in an honourable way, for promoting your suit with the young lady of whom you profess yourself enamoured. Should you have recourse to sinister practices, you will find Sir Launcelot Greaves ready to demand an account of your conduct, not in the character of a lunatic knight-errant, but as a plain English gentleman, jealous of his honour, and resolute in his purpose.'

To this address Mr Sycamore made no reply, but with a sullen aspect ordered the carriage to proceed; and it moved accordingly to the right, our hero's road to London lying in the other direction.

Sir Launcelot had already exchanged his armour for a riding-coat, hat, and boots; and Crowe, parting with his skull-cap and leathern jerkin, regained, in some respects, the appearance of a human creature. Thus metamorphosed, they pursued their way in an easy pace, Mr Clarke endeavouring to amuse them with a learned dissertation on the law, tending to demonstrate that Mr Sycamore was, by his behaviour on that day, liable to three different actions, besides a commission of lunacy; and that Dawdle might be prosecuted for having practised subtle craft to the annoyance of his uncle, over and above an action for assault and battery; because; for why? The said Crowe having run away, as might be easily proved, before any blows were given, the said Dawdle, by pursuing him even out of the high road, putting him in fear, and committing battery on

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his body, became, to all intents and purposes, the aggressor; and an indictment would lie *in banco regis*.

The captain's pride was so shocked at these observations, that he exclaimed with equal rage and impatience,—'You lie, you dog, *in billum regis*—you lie, I say, you lubber, I did not run away; nor was I in fear, d'ye see. It was my son of a b—h of a horse that would not obey the helm, d'ye see, whereby I cou'dn't use my metal, d'ye see. As for the matter of fear, you and fear may kiss my—So don't go and heave your stink-pots at my character, d'ye see, or—agad I'll trim thee fore and aft with a—I wool.' Tom protested he meant nothing but a little speculation, and Crowe was appeased.

In the evening they reached the town of Bugden without any further adventure, and passed the night in great tranquillity.

Next morning, even after the horses were ordered to be saddled, Mr Clarke, without ceremony, entered the apartment of Sir Launcelot, leading in a female, who proved to be the identical Mrs Dolly Cowslip. This young woman, advancing to the knight, cried,—'O Sir Launcelot! my dear leady, my dear leady!'—but was hindered from proceeding by a flood of tears, which the tender-hearted lawyer mingled with a plentiful shower of sympathy.

Our adventurer starting at this exclamation,—'O Heavens!' cried he, 'where is my Aurelia? speak, where did you leave that jewel of my soul? answer me in a moment—I am all terror and impatience!'

Dolly having recollected herself, told him that Mr Darnel had lodged his niece in the new buildings by May Fair; that, on the second night after their arrival, a very warm expostulation had passed between Aurelia and her uncle, who next morning dismissed Dolly, without permitting her to take leave of her mistress, and that same day moved to another part of the town, as she afterwards learned of the landlady, though she could not inform her whether they were gone: that, when she was turned away, John Clump, one of the footmen, who pretended to have a kindness for

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her, had faithfully promised to call upon her, and let her know what passed in the family; but as he did not keep his word, and she was an utter stranger in London, without friends or settlement, she had resolved to return to her mother, and travelled so far on foot since yesterday morning.

Our knight, who had expected the most dismal tidings from her lamentable preamble, was pleased to find his presaging fears disappointed; though he was far from being satisfied with the dismission of Dolly, from whose attachment to his interest, joined to her influence over Mr Clump, he had hoped to reap such intelligence as would guide him to the haven of his desires. After a minute's reflection, he saw it would be expedient to carry back Mrs Cowslip, and lodge her at the place where Mr Clump had promised to visit her with intelligence; for, in all probability, it was not from want of inclination that he had not kept his promise.

Dolly did not express any aversion to the scheme of returning to London, where she hoped once more to rejoin her dear lady, to whom by this time she was attached by the strongest ties of affection; and her inclination in this respect was assisted by the consideration of having the company of the young lawyer, who, it plainly appeared, had made strange havoc in her heart, though it must be owned, for the honour of this blooming damsel, that her thoughts had never once deviated from the paths of innocence and virtue. The more Sir Launcelot surveyed this agreeable maiden, the more he felt himself disposed to take care of her fortune; and from this day he began to ruminate on a scheme which was afterwards consummated in her favour. In the meantime he laid injunctions on Mr Clarke to conduct his addresses to Mrs Cowslip according to the rules of honour and decorum, as he valued his countenance and friendship. His next step was to procure a saddle-horse for Dolly, who preferred this to any other sort of carriage, and thereby gratified the wish of her admirer, who longed to see her on horseback in her green joseph.

The armour, including the accoutrements of the novice

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and the squire, were left in the care of the innkeeper, and Timothy Crabshaw was so metamorphosed by a plain livery-frock, that even Gilbert with difficulty recognized his person. As for the novice Crowe, his head had almost resumed its natural dimensions, but then his whole face was so covered with a livid suffusion, his nose appeared so flat, and his lips so tumefied, that he might very well have passed for a Caffre or Ethiopian. Every circumstance being now adjusted, they departed from Bugden in a regular cavalcade, dined at Hatfield, and in the evening arrived at the Bull-and-Gate inn in Holborn, where they established their quarters for the night.

CHAPTER XX.

In which our hero descends into the mansions of the damned.

The first step which Sir Launcelot took in the morning that succeeded his arrival in London, was to settle Mrs Dolly Cowslip in lodgings at the house where John Clump had promised to visit her; as he did not doubt, that, though the visit was delayed, it would some time or other be performed, and in that case he might obtain some intelligence of Aurelia. Mr Thomas Clarke was permitted to take up his habitation in the same house, on his earnestly desiring he might be intrusted with the office of conveying information and instruction between Dolly and our adventurer. The knight himself resolved to live retired, until he should receive some tidings relating to Miss Darnel that would influence his conduct; but he proposed to frequent places of public resort incognito, that he might have some chance of meeting by accident with the mistress of his heart.

Taking it for granted, that the oddities of Crowe would help to amuse him in his hours of solitude and disappointment, he invited that original to be his guest at a small house, which he determined to hire ready furnished, in the neighbourhood of Golden-square. The captain thanked

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him for his courtesy, and frankly embraced his offer, though he did not much approve of the knight's choice in point of situation. He said he would recommend him to a special good upper deck hard by St Catherine's in Wapping, where he would be delighted with the prospect of the street forwards, well frequented by passengers, carts, drays, and other carriages; and having backwards an agreeable view of Alderman Parson's great brewhouse, with two hundred hogs feeding almost under the window. As a further inducement, he mentioned the vicinity of the Tower guns, which would regale his hearing on days of salutation; nor did he forget the sweet sound of mooring and unmooring ships in the river, and the pleasing objects on the other side of the Thames, displayed in the oozy docks and cabbage-gardens of Rotherhithe. Sir Launcelot was not insensible to the beauties of this landscape, but, his pursuit lying another way, he contented himself with a less enchanting situation, and Crowe accompanied him out of pure friendship.

At night, Mr Clarke arrived at our hero's house with tidings that were by no means agreeable. He told him, that Clump had left a letter for Dolly, informing her, that his master, Squire Darnel, was to set out early in the morning for Yorkshire; but he could give no account of her lady, who had the day before been conveyed, he knew not whither, in a hackney-coach, attended by her uncle and an ill-looking fellow, who had much the appearance of a bailiff or turnkey, so that he feared she was in trouble.

Sir Launcelot was deeply affected by this intimation. His apprehension was even roused by a suspicion that a man of Darnel's violent temper and unprincipled heart might have practised upon the life of his lovely niece; but, upon recollection, he could not suppose that he had recourse to such infamous expedients, knowing as he did, that an account of her would be demanded at his hands, and that it would be easily proved he had conveyed her from the lodging in which she resided.

His first fears now gave way to another suggestion, that Anthony, in order to intimidate her into a compliance with

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his proposals, had trumped up a spurious claim against her, and, by virtue of a writ, confined her in some prison or spunging-house. Possessed with this idea, he desired Mr Clarke to search the sheriff's office in the morning, that he might know whether any such writ had been granted; and he himself resolved to make a tour of the great prisons belonging to the metropolis, to inquire, if perchance she might not be confined under a borrowed name. Finally, he determined, if possible, to apprise her of his place of abode, by a paragraph in all the daily papers, signifying, that Sir Launcelot Greaves had arrived at his house near Golden square.

All these resolutions were punctually executed. No such writ had been taken out in the sheriff's office; and therefore our hero set out on his jail expedition, accompanied by Mr Clarke, who had contracted some acquaintance with the commanding officers in these garrisons, in the course of his clerkship and practice as an attorney. The first day they spent in prosecuting their inquiry through the Gate-house, Fleet, and Marshalsea; the next day they allotted to the King's Bench, where they understood there was a great variety of prisoners. There they proposed to make a minute scrutiny, by the help of Mr Norton, the deputy-marshal, who was Mr Clarke's intimate friend, and had nothing at all of the jailor, either in his appearance or in his disposition, which was remarkably humane and benevolent towards all his fellow-creatures.

The knight having bespoke dinner at a tavern in the borough, was, together with Captain Crowe, conducted to the prison of the King's Bench, which is situated in St George's fields, about a mile from the end of Westminster bridge, and appears like a neat little regular town, consisting of one street, surrounded by a very high wall, including an open piece of ground, which may be termed a garden, where the prisoners take the air, and amuse themselves with a variety of diversions. Except the entrance, where the turnkeys keep watch and ward, there is nothing in the place that looks like a jail, or bears the least colour of re-

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straint. The street is crowded with passengers. Tradesmen of all kinds here exercise their different professions. Hawkers of all sorts are admitted to call and vend their wares as in any open street of London. Here are butchers' stands, chandlers' shops, a surgery, a tap-house well frequented, and a public kitchen, in which provisions are dressed for all the prisoners gratis, at the expense of the publican. Here the voice of misery never complains; and, indeed, little else is to be heard but the sounds of mirth and jollity. At the further end of the street, on the right hand, is a little paved court leading to a separate building, consisting of twelve large apartments, called state rooms, well furnished and fitted up for the reception of the better sort of crown prisoners; and on the other side of the street, facing a separate division of ground called the common side, is a range of rooms occupied by prisoners of the lowest order, who share the profits of a begging box, and are maintained by this practice, and some established funds of charity. We ought also to observe, that the jail is provided with a neat chapel, in which a clergyman, in consideration of a certain salary, performs divine service every Sunday.

Our adventurer, having searched the books, and perused the description of all the female prisoners who had been for some weeks admitted into the jail, obtained not the least intelligence of his concealed charmer, but resolved to alleviate his disappointment by the gratification of his curiosity.

Under the auspices of Mr Norton, he made a tour of the prison, and in particular visited the kitchen, where he saw a number of spits loaded with a variety of provision, consisting of butcher's meat, poultry, and game: he could not help expressing his astonishment with uplifted hands, and congratulating himself in secret, upon his being a member of that community which had provided such a comfortable asylum for the unfortunate. His ejaculation was interrupted by a tumultuous noise in the street; and Mr Norton declaring he was sent for to the lodge, consigned our hero to the care of one Mr Felton, a prisoner of a very decent appear-

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ance, who paid his compliments with a good grace, and invited the company to repose themselves in his apartment, which was large, commodious, and well furnished. When Sir Launcelot asked the cause of that uproar, he told him that it was the prelude to a boxing-match between two of the prisoners, to be decided in the ground or garden of the place.

Captain Crowe, expressing an eager curiosity to see the battle, Mr Felton assured him there would be no sport, as the combatants were both reckoned dunghils:—'but in half an hour,' said he, 'there will be a battle of some consequence between two of the demagogues of the place, Dr Crabclaw and Mr Tapely, the first a physician, and the other a brewer. You must know, gentlemen, that this microcosm, or republic in miniature, is, like the great world, split into factions. Crabclaw is the leader of one party, and the other is headed by Tapely; both are men of warm and impetuous tempers, and their intrigues have embroiled the whole place, insomuch that it was dangerous to walk the street on account of the continual skirmishes of their partizans. At length some of the more sedate inhabitants having met and deliberated upon some remedy for these growing disorders, proposed that the dispute should be at once decided by single combat between the two chiefs, who readily agreed to the proposal. The match was accordingly made for five guineas, and this very day and hour appointed for the trial, on which considerable sums of money are depending. As for Mr Norton, it is not proper that he should be present, or seem to countenance such violent proceedings, which, however, it is necessary to connive at, as convenient vents for the evaporation of those humours, which, being confined, might accumulate and break out with greater fury in conspiracy and rebellion.'

The knight owned he could not conceive by what means such a number of licentious people, amounting, with their dependants, to above five hundred, were restrained within the bounds of any tolerable discipline, or prevented from making their escape, which they might at any time ac-

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complish, either by stealth or open violence, as it could not be supposed that one or two turnkeys, continually employed in opening and shutting the door, could resist the efforts of a whole multitude.

'Your wonder, good Sir,' said Mr Felton, will vanish, when you consider it is hardly possible that the multitude should co-operate in the execution of such a scheme; and that the keeper perfectly well understands the maxim *divide et impera*. Many prisoners are restrained by the dictates of gratitude towards the deputy-marshal, whose friendship and good offices they have experienced; some no doubt are actuated by motives of discretion. One party is an effectual check upon the other; and I am firmly persuaded that there are not ten prisoners within the place that would make their escape, if the doors were laid open. This is a step which no man would take, unless his fortune was altogether desperate; because it would oblige him to leave his country for life, and expose him to the most imminent risk of being retaken and treated with the utmost severity. The majority of the prisoners live in the most lively hope of being released by the assistance of their friends, the compassion of their creditors, or the favour of the legislature. Some who are cut off from all these proposals, are become naturalised to the place, knowing they cannot subsist in any other situation. I myself am one of these. After having resigned all my effects for the benefit of my creditors, I have been detained these nine years in prison, because one person refuses to sign my certificate. I have long outlived all my friends from whom I could expect the least countenance or favour; I am grown old in confinement, and lay my account with ending my days in jail, as the mercy of the legislature in favour of insolvent debtors is never extended to uncertified bankrupts taken in execution. By dint of industry and the most rigid economy, I make shift to live independent in this retreat. To this scene my faculty of subsisting, as well as my body, is peculiarly confined. Had I an opportunity to escape, where should I go? All my views of fortune have been long blasted. I have no friends nor connections in the world. I

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must, therefore, starve in some sequestered corner, or be recaptivated and confined for ever to close prison, deprived of the indulgences which I now enjoy.'

Here the conversation was broke off by another uproar, which was the signal to battle between the doctor and his antagonist. The company immediately adjourned to the field, where the combatants were already undressed, and the stakes deposited. The doctor seemed of the middle age and middle stature, active and alert, with an atrabilarious aspect, and a mixture of rage and disdain expressed in his countenance. The brewer was large, rawboned, and round as a butt of beer, but very fat, unwieldy, short-winded, and phlegmatic. Our adventurer was not a little surprised when he beheld, in the character of seconds, a male and a female stripped naked from the waist upwards, the latter ranging on the side of the physician; but the commencement of the battle prevented his demanding of his guide an explanation of this phenomenon. The doctor retiring some paces backwards, threw himself into the attitude of a battering ram, and rushed upon his antagonist with great impetuosity, foreseeing, that, should he have the good fortune to overturn him in the first assault, it would not be an easy task to raise him up again, and put him in a capacity of offence. But the momentum of Crabclaw's head, and the concomitant efforts of his knuckles, had no effect upon the ribs of Tapely, who stood firm as the Acroceraunian promontory; and stepping forward with his projected fist, something smaller and softer than a sledge-hammer, struck the physician to the ground. In a trice, however, by the assistance of his female second, he was on his legs again, and grappling with his antagonist, endeavoured to tip him a fall; but instead of accomplishing his purpose, he received a cross-buttock, and the brewer throwing himself upon him as he fell, had well nigh smothered him on the spot. The amazon flew to his assistance, and Tapely shewing no inclination to get up, she smote him on the temple till he roared. The male second hastening to the relief of his principal, made application to the eyes of the female, which were immediately surrounded

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with black circles; and she returned the salute with a blow, which brought a double stream of blood from his nostrils, greeting him at the same time with the opprobrious appellation of a lousy son of a b—h. A combat more furious than the first would now have ensued, had not Felton interposed with an air of authority, and insisted on the man's leaving the field, an injunction which he forthwith obeyed, saying —'Well, damme, Felton, you're my friend and commander; I'll obey your order—but the b—h will be foul of me before we sleep.' Then Felton advancing to his opponent,—'Madam,' said he, 'I'm very sorry to see a lady of your rank and qualifications expose yourself in this manner—for God's sake, behave with a little more decorum; if not for the sake of your own family, at least for the credit of your sex in general.' 'Hark ye, Felton,' said she, 'decorum is founded upon a delicacy of sentiment and deportment, which cannot consist with the disgraces of a jail, and the miseries of indigence. But I see the dispute is now terminated, and the money is to be drank; if you'll dine with us, you shall be welcome; if not, you may die in your sobriety, and be damned.'

By this time the doctor had given out, and allowed the brewer to be the better man; yet he would not honour the festival with his presence, but retired to his chamber, exceedingly mortified at his defeat. Our hero was reconducted to Mr Felton's apartment, where he sat some time without opening his mouth, so astonished he was at what he had seen and heard.

'I perceive, Sir,' said the prisoner, 'you are surprised at the manner in which I accosted that unhappy woman; and perhaps you will be more surprised when you hear that within these eighteen months she was actually a person of fashion, and her opponent, who by the by is her husband, universally respected as a man of honour and a brave officer.' 'I am indeed,' cried our hero, 'overwhelmed with amazement and concern, as well as stimulated by an eager curiosity to know the fatal causes which have produced such a deplorable reverse of character and fortune. But I will rein my curiosity till

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the afternoon, if you will favour me with your company at a tavern in the neighbourhood, where I have bespoke dinner, a favour which I hope Mr Norton will have no objection to your granting as he himself is to be of the party. The prisoner thanked him for his kind invitation, and they adjourned immediately to the place, taking up the deputy-marshal in their passage through the lodge or entrance of the prison.

CHAPTER XXI.

Containing further anecdotes relating to the children of wretchedness.

Dinner being cheerfully discussed, and our adventurer expressing an eager desire to know the history of the male and female who had acted as squires or seconds to the champions of the King's Bench, Felton gratified his curiosity to this effect.—

'All that I know of Captain Clewline, previous to his commitment, is, that he was commander of a sloop of war, and bore the reputation of a gallant officer; that he married the daughter of a rich merchant in the city of London, against the inclination, and without the knowledge, of her father, who renounced her for this act of disobedience: that the captain consoled himself for the rigour of the parent, with the possession of the lady, who was not only remarkably beautiful in person, but highly accomplished in her mind, and amiable in her disposition. Such, a few months ago, were those two persons whom you saw acting in such a vulgar capacity. When they first entered the prison, they were undoubtedly the handsomest couple mine eyes ever beheld, and their appearance won universal respect even from the most brutal inhabitants of the jail.

'The captain, having unwarily involved himself as a security for a man to whom he had lain under obligations, became liable for a considerable sum; and his own father-in-law, being the sole creditor of the bankrupt, took this opportunity of wreaking vengeance upon him for having

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espoused his daughter. He watched an opportunity until the captain had actually stepped into a post-chaise with his lady for Portsmouth, where his ship lay, and caused him to be arrested in the most public and shameful manner. Mrs Clewline had like to have sunk under the first transports of her grief and mortification; but these subsiding, she had recourse to personal solicitation. She went with her only child in her arms, a lovely boy, to her father's door, and being denied admittance, kneeled down in the street, imploring his compassion in the most pathetic strain; but this hard-hearted citizen, instead of recognizing his child, and taking the poor mourner to his bosom, insulted her from the window with the most bitter reproach, saying, among other shocking expressions,—"Strumpet, take yourself away with your brat, otherwise I shall send for the beadle, and have you to Bridewell."

'The unfortunate lady was cut to the heart by this usage, and fainted in the street, from whence she was conveyed to a public house by the charity of some passengers. She afterwards attempted to soften the barbarity of her father by repeated letters, and by interesting some of his friends to intercede with him in her behalf; but all her endeavours proving ineffectual, she accompanied her husband to the prison of the King's Bench, where she must have felt, in the severest manner, the fatal reverse of circumstances to which she was exposed.

'The captain being disabled from going to sea, was superseded, and he saw all his hopes blasted in the midst of an active war, at a time when he had the fairest prospects of fame and fortune. He saw himself reduced to extreme poverty, cooped up with the tender partner of his heart in a wretched hovel, amidst the refuse of mankind, and on the brink of wanting the common necessaries of life. The mind of man is ever ingenious in finding resources. He comforted his lady with vain hopes of having friends who would effect his deliverance, and repeated assurances of this kind so long, that he at length began to think they were not altogether void of foundation.

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'Mrs Clewline, from a principle of duty, recollected all her fortitude, that she might not only bear her fate with patience, but even contribute to alleviate the woes of her husband, whom her affection had ruined. She affected to believe the suggestions of his pretended hope; she interchanged with him assurances of better fortune; her appearance exhibited a calm, while her heart was torn with anguish. She assisted him in writing letters to former friends, the last consolation of the wretched prisoner; she delivered these letters with her own hand, and underwent a thousand mortifying repulses, the most shocking circumstances of which she concealed from her husband. She performed all the menial offices in her own little family, which was maintained by pawning her apparel; and both the husband and wife, in some measure, sweetened their cares, by prattling and toying with their charming little boy, on whom they doated with an enthusiasm of fondness. Yet even this pleasure was mingled with the most tender and melancholy regret. I have seen the mother hang over him, with the most affecting expression of this kind in her aspect, the tears contending with the smiles upon her countenance, while she exclaimed,—"Alas! my poor prisoner, little did your mother once think she should be obliged to nurse you in a jail." The captain's paternal love was dashed with impatience. He would snatch up the boy in a transport of grief, press him to his breast, devour him as it were with kisses, throw up his eyes to heaven in the most emphatic silence; then convey the child hastily to his mother's arms, pull his hat over his eyes, stalk out into the common walk, and, finding himself alone, break out into tears and lamentation.

'Ah! little did this unhappy couple know what further griefs awaited them! The small-pox broke out in the prison, and poor Tommy Clewline was infected. As the eruption appeared unfavourable, you may conceive the consternation with which they were overwhelmed. Their distress was rendered inconceivable by indigence; for by this time they were so destitute, that they could neither pay for common

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attendance, nor procure proper advice. I did on that occasion what I thought my duty towards my fellow-creatures. I wrote to a physician of my acquaintance, who was humane enough to visit the poor little patient: I engaged a careful woman prisoner as a nurse, and Mr Norton supplied them with money and necessaries. These helps were barely sufficient to preserve them from the horrors of despair, when they saw their little darling panting under the rage of a loathsome pestilential malady, during the excessive heat of the dog-days, and struggling for breath in the noxious atmosphere of a confined cabin, where they scarce had room to turn, on the most necessary occasions. The eager curiosity with which the mother eyed the doctor's looks, as often as he visited the boy; the terror and trepidation of the father, while he desired to know his opinion; in a word, the whole tenor of their distress, baffled all description.

'At length the physician, for the sake of his own character, was obliged to be explicit; and returning with the captain to the common walk, told him, in my hearing, that the child could not possibly recover. This sentence seemed to have petrified the unfortunate parent, who stood motionless, and seemingly bereft of sense. I led him to my apartment, where he sat a full hour in that state of stupefaction; then he began to groan hideously; a shower of tears burst from his eyes; he threw himself on the floor, and uttered the most piteous lamentation that ever was heard. Meanwhile, Mrs Norton being made acquainted with the doctor's prognostic, visited Mrs Clewline, and invited her to the lodge. Her prophetic fears immediately took the alarm. "What!" cried she, starting up with a frantic wildness in her looks, "then our case is desperate—I shall lose my dear Tommy!—The poor prisoner will be released by the hand of Heaven!—Death will convey him to the cold grave!" The dying innocent hearing this exclamation, pronounced these words:—"Tommy won't leave you, my dear mamma—if Death comes to take Tommy, papa shall drive him away with his sword." This address deprived the wretched mother of all resignation to the will of Providence. She tore

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her hair, dashed herself on the pavement, shrieked aloud, and was carried off in a deplorable state of distraction.

'That same evening the lovely babe expired, and the father grew frantic. He made an attempt on his own life; and being with difficulty restrained, his agitation sunk into a kind of sullen insensibility, which seemed to absorb all sentiment, and gradually vulgarized his faculty of thinking. In order to dissipate the violence of his sorrow, he continually shifted the scene from one company to another, contracted abundance of low connections, and drowned his cares in repeated intoxication. The unhappy lady underwent a long series of hysterical fits and other complaints, which seemed to have a fatal effect on her brain as well as constitution. Cordials were administered to keep up her spirits; and she found it necessary to protract the use of them, to blunt the edge of grief, by overwhelming reflection, and remove the sense of uneasiness arising from a disorder in her stomach. In a word, she became an habitual dram-drinker; and this practice exposed her to such communication as debauched her reason, and perverted her sense of decorum and propriety. She and her husband gave a loose to vulgar excess, in which they were enabled to indulge by the charity and interest of some friends, who obtained half-pay for the captain.

'They are now metamorphosed into the shocking creatures you have seen; he into a riotous plebeian, and she into a ragged trull. They are both drunk every day, quarrel and fight one with another, and often insult their fellow-prisoners. Yet they are not wholly abandoned by virtue and humanity. The captain is scrupulously honest in all his dealings, and pays off his debts punctually every quarter, as soon as he receives his half-pay. Every prisoner in distress is welcome to share his money while it lasts; and his wife never fails, while it is in her power, to relieve the wretched; so that their generosity, even in this miserable disguise, is universally respected by their neighbours. Sometimes the recollection of their former rank comes over them like a qualm, which they dispel with brandy, and then humour-

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ously rally one another on their mutual degeneracy. She often stops me in the walk, and, pointing to the captain, says, "My husband, though he is become a blackguard jail-bird, must be allowed to be a handsome fellow still." On the other hand, he will frequently desire me to take notice of his rib, as she chances to pass. "Mind that draggle-tail'd drunken drab," he will say, "what an antidote it is—yet, for all that, Felton, she was a fine woman when I married her—Poor Bess, I have been the ruin of her, that is certain, and deserve to be damned for bringing her to this pass."

'Thus they accommodate themselves to each other's infirmities, and pass their time not without some taste of plebeian enjoyment—but, name their child, they never fail to burst into tears, and still feel a return of the most poignant sorrow.'

Sir Launcelot Greaves did not hear this story unmoved. Tom Clarke's cheeks were bedewed with the drops of sympathy, while, with much sobbing, he declared his opinion, that an action would lie against the lady's father.

Captain Crowe having listened to the story with uncommon attention, expressed his concern that an honest seaman should be so taken in stays; but he imputed all his calamities to the wife: 'For why?' said he, 'a seafaring man may have a sweetheart in every port; but he should steer clear of a wife, as he would avoid a quicksand. You see, brother, how this here Clewline lags astern in the wake of a snivelling b——, otherwise he would never make a weft in his ensign for the loss of a child—odds heart! he could have done no more if he had sprung a top-mast, or started a timber.'

The knight declaring he would take another view of the prison in the afternoon, Mr Felton insisted upon his doing him the honour to drink a dish of tea in his apartment, and Sir Launcelot accepted his invitation. Thither they accordingly repaired, after having made another circuit of the jail, and the tea things were produced by Mrs. Felton, when she was summoned to the door, and in a few minutes returning,

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communicated something in a whisper to her husband. He changed colour, and repaired to the stair-case, where he was heard to talk aloud in an angry tone.

When he came back, he told the company he had been teased by a very importunate beggar. Addressing himself to our adventurer,—'You took notice,' said he, 'of a fine lady flaunting about our walks in all the frippery of the fashion. She was lately a gay young widow that made a great figure at the court-end of the town; she distinguished herself by her splendid equipage, her rich liveries, her brilliant assemblies, her numerous routs, and her elegant taste in dress and furniture. She is nearly related to some of the best families in England, and, it must be owned, mistress of many fine accomplishments. But being deficient in true delicacy, she endeavoured to hide that defect by affectation. She pretended to a thousand antipathies which did not belong to her nature. A breast of veal threw her into mortal agonies; if she saw a spider, she screamed; and at sight of a mouse she fainted away: she could not, without horror, behold an entire joint of meat; and nothing but fricassees and other made dishes were seen upon her table. She caused all her floors to be lined with green baize, that she might trip along them with more ease and pleasure. Her footmen wore clogs, which were deposited in the hall; and both they and her chairmen were laid under the strongest injunctions to avoid porter and tobacco. Her jointure amounted to eight hundred pounds per annum, and she made shift to spend four times that sum: at length it was mortgaged for nearly the entire value; but, far from retrenching, she seemed to increase in extravagance, until her effects were taken in execution, and her person here deposited in safe custody.

'When one considers the abrupt transition she underwent from her spacious apartments to an hovel scarce eight feet square; from sumptuous furniture to bare benches; from magnificence to meanness; from affluence to extreme poverty: one would imagine she must have been totally overwhelmed by such a sudden gush of misery. But this was not the case: she has, in fact, no delicate feelings. She

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forthwith accommodated herself to the exigency of her fortune; yet she still affects to keep state amidst the miseries of a jail; and this affectation is truly ridiculous. She lies a-bed till two o'clock in the afternoon: she maintains a female attendant for the sole purpose of dressing her person. Her cabin is the least cleanly in the whole prison; she has learned to eat bread and cheese and drink porter; but she always appears once a-day dressed in the pink of the fashion. She has found means to run in debt at the chandler's shop, the baker's, and the tap-house, though there is nothing got in this place but with ready money: she has even borrowed small sums from divers prisoners, who were themselves on the brink of starving. She takes pleasure in being surrounded with duns, observing, that by such people a person of fashion is to be distinguished. She writes circular letters to her former friends and acquaintance, and by this method has raised pretty considerable contributions; for she writes in a most elegant and irresistible style. About a fortnight ago she received a supply of twenty guineas; when, instead of paying her little jail debts, or withdrawing any part of her apparel from pawn, she laid out the whole sum in a fashionable suit of laces; and next day borrowed of me a shilling to purchase a neck of mutton for her dinner—She seems to think her rank in life entitles her to this kind of assistance. She talks very pompously of her family and connections, by whom however she has been long renounced. She has no sympathy nor compassion for the distresses of her fellow-creatures; but she is perfectly well bred; she bears a repulse the best of any woman I ever knew; and her temper has never been once ruffled since her arrival at the King's Bench—She now entreated me to lend her half a guinea, for which she said she had the most pressing occasion, and promised upon her honour it should be repaid to-morrow; but I lent a deaf ear to her request, and told her in plain terms that her honour was already bankrupt.'

Sir Launcelot, thrusting his hand mechanically into his pocket, pulled out a couple of guineas, and desired Felton to accommodate her with that trifle in his own name; but

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he declined the proposal, and refused to touch the money. 'God forbid,' said he, 'that I should attempt to thwart your charitable intention: but this, my good Sir, is no object—she has many resources. Neither should we number the clamorous beggar among those who really feel distress. He is generally gorged with bounty misapplied. The liberal hand of charity should be extended to modest want that pines in silence, encountering cold, nakedness, and hunger, and every species of distress. Here you may find the wretch of keen sensations blasted by accident in the blossom of his fortune, shivering in the solitary recess of indigence, disdaining to beg, and even ashamed to let his misery be known. Here you may see the parent who has known happier times, surrounded by his tender offspring, naked and forlorn, demanding food, which his circumstances cannot afford.

'That man of decent appearance and melancholy aspect, who lifted his hat as you passed him in the yard, is a person of unblemished character. He was a reputable tradesman in the city, and failed through inevitable losses. A commission of bankruptcy was taken out against him by his sole creditor, a quaker, who refused to sign his certificate. He has lived these three years in prison, with a wife and five small children. In a little time after his commitment, he had friends who offered to pay ten shillings in the pound of what he owed, and to give security for paying the remainder in three years, by instalments. The honest quaker did not charge the bankrupt with any dishonest practices; but he rejected the proposal with the most mortifying indifference, declaring that he did not want his money. The mother repaired to his house, and kneeling before him with her five lovely children, implored mercy with tears and exclamations. He stood this scene unmoved, and even seemed to enjoy the prospect, wearing the looks of complacency, while his heart was steeled with rancour. 'Woman,' said he, 'these be hopeful babes, if they were duly nurtured. Go thy ways in peace; I have taken my resolution.' Her friends maintained the family for some time; but it is not in human charity to persevere; some of them died; some of

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them grew unfortunate; some of them fell off; and now the poor man is reduced to the extremity of indigence, from whence he has no prospect of being retrieved. The fourth part of what you would have bestowed upon the lady would make this man and his family sing with joy.'

He had scarce pronounced these words, when our hero desired the man might be called, and in a few minutes he entered the apartment with a low obeisance. 'Mr Coleby,' said the knight, 'I have heard how cruelly you have been used by your creditor, and beg you will accept this trifling present, if it can be of any service to you in your distress.' So saying, he put five guineas into his hand. The poor man was so confounded at such an unlooked for acquisition, that he stood motionless and silent, unable to thank the donor; and Mr Felton conveyed him to the door, observing that his heart was too full for utterance. But, in a little time, his wife bursting into the room with her five children, looked around, and going up to Sir Launcelot, without any direction, exclaimed,—'This is the angel sent by Providence to succour me and my poor innocents.' Then falling at his feet, she pressed his hand and bathed it with her tears. He raised her up with that complacency which was natural to his disposition. He kissed all her children, who were remarkably handsome and neatly kept, though in homely apparel; and, giving her his direction, assured her she might always apply to him in her distress.

After her departure, he produced a bank-note of twenty pounds, and would have deposited it in the hands of Mr Felton, to be distributed in charities among the objects of the place; but he desired it might be left with Mr Norton, who was the proper person for managing his benevolence; and he promised to assist the deputy with his advice in laying it out.

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CHAPTER XXII.

In which Captain Crowe is sublimed into the regions of astrology.

THREE whole days had our adventurer prosecuted his inquiry about the amiable Aurelia, whom he sought in every place of public and of private entertainment or resort, without obtaining the least satisfactory intelligence, when he received one evening, from the hands of a porter, who instantly vanished, the following billet:—

'If you would learn the particulars of Miss Darnel's fate, fail not to be in the fields by the Foundling hospital, precisely at seven o'clock this evening, when you shall be met by a person who will give you the satisfaction you desire, together with his reason for addressing you in this mysterious manner.'

Had this intimation concerned any other subject, perhaps the knight would have deliberated with himself in what manner he should take a hint so darkly communicated: but his eagerness to retrieve the jewel he had lost, divested him of all his caution; the time of assignation was already at hand, and neither the captain nor his nephew could be found to accompany him, had he been disposed to make use of their attendance. He therefore, after a moment's hesitation, repaired to the place appointed, in the utmost agitation and anxiety, lest the hour should be elapsed before his arrival.

Crowe was one of those defective spirits who cannot subsist for any length of time on their own bottoms. He wanted a familiar prop, upon which he could disburden his cares, his doubts, and his humours; an humble friend who would endure his caprices, and with whom he could communicate, free of all reserve and restraint. Though he loved his nephew's person, and admired his parts, he considered him often as a little petulant jackanapes, who presumed upon his superior understanding; and as for Sir Launcelot, there was something in his character that overawed the seaman, and kept him at a disagreeable distance. He

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had, in this dilemma, cast his eyes upon Timothy Crabshaw, and admitted him to a considerable share of familiarity and fellowship. These companions had been employed in smoking a social pipe at an alehouse in the neighbourhood, when the knight made his excursion; and returning to the house about supper-time, found Mr Clarke in waiting.

The young lawyer was alarmed when he heard the hour of ten, without seeing our adventurer, who had been used to be extremely regular in his economy; and the captain and he supped in profound silence. Finding, upon inquiry among the servants, that the knight went out abruptly, in consequence of having received a billet, Tom began to be visited with the apprehension of a duel, and sat the best part of the night by his uncle, sweating with the expectation of seeing our hero brought home a breathless corpse: but no tidings of him arriving, he about two in the morning repaired to his own lodging, resolved to publish a description of Sir Launcelot in the newspapers, if he should not appear next day.

Crowe did not pass the time without uneasiness. He was extremely concerned at the thought of some mischief having befallen his friend and patron: and he was terrified with the apprehensions, that in case Sir Launcelot was murdered, his spirit might come and give him notice of his fate. Now he had an insuperable aversion to all correspondence with the dead; and taking it for granted, that the spirit of his departed friend could not appear to him except when he should be alone and a-bed in the dark, he determined to pass the remainder of the night without going to bed. For this purpose, his first care was to visit the garret, in which Timothy Crabshaw lay fast asleep, snoring with his mouth wide open. Him the captain with difficulty roused, by dint of promising to regale him with a bowl of rum punch in the kitchen, where the fire, which had been extinguished, was soon rekindled. The ingredients were fetched from a public house in the neighbourhood: for the captain was too proud to use his interest in the knight's family, especially at these hours, when all the rest of the servants had retired

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to their repose; and he and Timothy drank together until day-break, the conversation turning upon hobgoblins, and God's revenge against murder.

The cookmaid lay in a little apartment contiguous to the kitchen; and whether disturbed by these horrible tales of apparitions, or titillated by the savoury steams that issued from the punch-bowl, she made a virtue of necessity or appetite, and dressing herself in the dark, suddenly appeared before them, to the no small perturbation of both. Timothy, in particular, was so startled, that, in his endeavours to make an hasty retreat towards the chimney corner, he overturned the table; the liquor was spilt, but the bowl was saved by falling on a heap of ashes. Mrs Cook having reprimanded him for his foolish fear, declared, she had got up betimes, in order to scour her sauce-pans; and the captain proposed to have the bowl replenished, if materials could be procured. This difficulty was overcome by Crabshaw; and they sat down with their new associate to discuss the second edition.

The knight's sudden disappearing being brought upon the carpet, their female companion gave it as her opinion, that nothing would be so likely to bring this affair to light, as going to a cunning man, whom she had lately consulted about a silver spoon that was mislaid, and who told her all the things that she ever did, and ever would happen to her, through the whole course of her life.

Her two companions pricked up their ears at this intelligence; and Crowe asked if the spoon had been found? She answered in the affirmative, and said, the cunning man described to a hair the person that should be her true lover, and her wedded husband: that he was a seafaring man; that he was pretty well stricken in years; a little passionate or so; and that he went with his fingers clinched like, as it were. The captain began to sweat at this description, and mechanically thrust his hands into his pockets; while Crabshaw pointing to him, told her he believed she had got the right sow by the ear. Crowe grumbled, that mayhap for all that he should not be brought up by such a grappling

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neither. Then he asked if this cunning man dealt with the devil, declaring, in that case, he would keep clear of him; for why? because he must have sold himself to old scratch; and being a servant of the devil, how could he be a good subject to his majesty? Mrs Cook assured him, the conjurer was a good christian; and that he gained all his knowledge by conversing with the stars and planets. Thus satisfied, the two friends resolved to consult him as soon as it should be light; and being directed to the place of his habitation, set out for it by seven in the morning.

They found the house forsaken, and had already reached the end of the lane in their return, when they were accosted by an old woman, who gave them to understand, that, if they had occasion for the advice of a fortune-teller, as she did suppose they had, from their stopping at the house where Dr Grubble lived, she would conduct them to a person of much more eminence in that profession: at the same time, she informed them that the said Grubble had been lately sent to Bridewell; a circumstance which, with all his art, he had not been able to foresee. The captain, without any scruple, put himself and his companion under convoy of this beldame, who, through many windings and turnings, brought them to the door of a ruinous house, standing in a blind alley; which door having opened with a key drawn from her pocket, she introduced them into a parlour, where they saw no other furniture than a naked bench, and some frightful figures on the bare walls, drawn, or rather scrawled, with charcoal.

Here she left them locked in, until she should give the doctor notice of their arrival; and they amused themselves with decyphering these characters and hieroglyphics. The first figure that engaged their attention was that of a man hanging upon a gibbet, which both considered as an unfavourable omen, and each endeavoured to avert from his own person. Crabshaw observed, that the figure so suspended was clothed in a sailor's jacket and trowsers; a truth which the captain could not deny; but, on the other hand, he affirmed, that the said figure exhibited the very nose and chin

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of Timothy, together with the hump on one shoulder. A warm dispute ensued, and, being maintained with much acrimonious altercation, might have dissolved the new-cemented friendship of those two originals, had it not been interrupted by the old sybil, who, coming into the parlour, intimated that the doctor waited for them above; she likewise told them, that he never admitted more than one at a time. This hint occasioned a fresh contest; the captain insisted upon Crabshaw's making sail a-head, in order to look out afore; but Timothy persisted in refusing this honour, declaring he did not pretend to lead, but he would follow, as in duty bound. The old gentlewoman abridged the ceremony, by leading out Crabshaw with one hand, and locking up Crowe with the other.

The former was dragged up stairs like a bear to the stake, not without reluctance and terror, which did not at all abate at sight of the conjuror, with whom he was immediately shut up by his conductress, after she had told him, in a whisper, that he must deposit a shilling in a little black coffin, supported by a human skull and thigh-bones crossed, on a stool covered with black baize, that stood in one corner of the apartment. The squire having made this offering with fear and trembling, ventured to survey the objects around him, which were very well calculated to augment his confusion. He saw divers skeletons hung by the head, the stuffed skin of a young alligator, a calf with two heads, and several snakes suspended from the ceiling, with the jaws of a shark, and a starved weasel. On another funeral table he beheld two spheres, between which lay a book open, exhibiting outlandish characters and mathematical diagrams. On one side stood an ink-standish with paper; and behind this desk appeared the conjuror himself, in sable vestments, his head so overshadowed with hair, that, far from contemplating his features, Timothy could distinguish nothing but a long white beard, which, for aught he knew, might have belonged to a four-legged goat, as well as to a two-legged astrologer.

This apparition, which the squire did not eye without manifest discomposure, extending a white wand, made cer-

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tain evolutions over the head of Timothy, and having muttered an ejaculation, commanded him, in a hollow tone, to come forward and declare his name. Crabshaw, thus adjured, advanced to the altar, and, whether from design, or (which is more probable) from confusion, answered,—'Samuel Crowe.' The conjuror, taking up the pen, and making a few scratches on the paper, exclaimed, in a terrific accent, —'how, miscreant! attempt to impose upon the stars?—you look more like a *crab* than a *crow*, and was born under the sign of Cancer.' The squire, almost annihilated by this exclamation, fell upon his knees, crying,—'I pray yaw, my lord conjuror's worship, pardon my ignorance, and down't go to baind me over to the Red Sea like—I'se a poor Yorkshire tyke, and would no more cheat the stars than I'd cheat my own vather, as the saying is—a must be a good hand at *trapping*, that catches the stars a *napping*—but, as your honour's worship observed, my name is Tim Crabshaw, of the East Raiding, groom and squair to Sir Launcelot Greaves, baron knaight, and arrant knaight, who ran mad for a wench, as your worship's conjuration well knoweth. The person below is Captain Crowe; and we coom, by Margery Cook's recommendation, to seek after my master, who is gone away, or made away, the Lord he knows how and where.'

Here he was interrupted by the conjuror, who exhorted him to sit down and compose himself till he should cast a figure; then he scrawled the paper, and, waving his wand, repeated abundance of gibberish concerning the number, the names, the houses, and revolutions of the planets, with their conjunctions, oppositions, signs, circles, cycles, trines, and trigons. When he perceived that this artifice had its proper effect in disturbing the brain of Crabshaw, he proceeded to tell him from the stars that his name was Crabshaw, or Crabsclaw; that he was born in the East Riding of Yorkshire, of poor, yet honest parents, and had some skill in horses; and that he served a gentleman whose name began with the letter G—, which gentleman had run mad for love, and left his family; but whether he would return alive or dead, the stars had not yet determined.

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Poor Timothy was thunderstruck to find the conjuror acquainted with all these circumstances, and begged to know if he mought be so bauld as to ax a question or two about his own fortune. The astrologer pointing to the little coffin, our squire understood the hint, and deposited another shilling. The sage had recourse to his book, erected another scheme, performed once more his airy evolutions with the wand, and, having recited another mystical preamble, expounded the book of fate in these words.—'You shall neither die by war nor water, by hunger or by thirst, nor be brought to the grave by old age or distemper; but, let me see—ay, the stars will have it so—you shall be—exalted—hah!—ay, that is—hanged for horse-stealing.' 'O! good my lord conjuror!' roared the squire, 'I'd as lief give forty shillings as be hanged.' 'Peace, sirrah!' cried the other, 'would you contradict or reverse the immutable decrees of fate. Hanging is your destiny, and hanged you shall be—and comfort yourself with the reflection, that as you are not the first, so neither will you be the last, to swing on Tyburn tree.' This comfortable assurance composed the mind of Timothy, and in a great measure reconciled him to the prediction. He now proceeded, in a whinning tone, to ask whether he should suffer for the first fact? whether it would be for a horse or a mare? and of what colour? that he might know when his hour was come. The conjuror gravely answered, that he would steal a dappled gelding on a Wednesday, be cast at the Old Bailey on Thursday, and suffer on a Friday; and he strenuously recommended it to him to appear in the cart with a nosegay in one hand, and the Whole Duty of Man in the other. 'But if in case it should be in the winter,' said the squire, 'when a nosegay can't be had?' 'Why, then,' replied the conjuror, 'an orange will do as well.'

These material points being adjusted to the entire satisfaction of Timothy, he declared he would bestow another shilling to know the fortune of an old companion, who truly did not deserve so much at his hands, but he could not help loving him better than e'er a friend he had in the world. So

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saying, he dropped a third offering in the coffin, and desired to know the fate of his horse Gilbert. The astrologer having again consulted his art, pronounced that Gilbert would die of the staggers, and his carcass be given to the hounds; a sentence which made a much deeper impression upon Crabshaw's mind, than did the prediction of his own untimely and disgraceful fate. He shed a plenteous shower of tears, and his grief broke forth in some passionate expressions of tenderness: at length he told the astrologer he would go and send up the captain, who wanted to consult him about Margery Cook, because as how she had informed him that Dr Grubble had described just such another man as the captain for her true love; and he had no great stomach to the match, if so be as the stars were not bent upon their coming together.

Accordingly, the squire, being dismissed by the conjuror, descended to the parlour with a rueful length of face, which being perceived by the captain, he demanded,—'what cheer, ho?' with some signs of apprehension. Crabshaw making no return to this salute, he asked if the conjuror had taken an observation, and told him any thing. Then the other replied, he had told him more than he desired to know. 'Why, an that be the case,' said the seaman, 'I have no occasion to go aloft this trip, brother.'

This evasion would not serve his turn: old Tisiphone was at hand, and led him up growling into the hall of audience, which he did not examine without trepidation. Having been directed to the coffin, where he presented half-a-crown, in hope of rendering the fates more propitious, the usual ceremony was performed, and the doctor addressed him in these words:—'Approach, raven.' The captain advancing, —'You an't much mistaken, brother,' said he, 'heave your eye into the binnacle, and box your compass, you'll find I'm a Crowe, not a raven, tho'f indeed they be both fowls of a feather, as the saying is.' 'I know it,' cried the conjuror, 'thou art a northern crow,—a sea crow; not a crow of prey, but a crow to be preyed upon;—a crow to be plucked,—to be flayed,—to be basted,—to be broiled by Margery upon

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the gridiron of matrimony—' The novice changing colour at this denunciation,—' I do understand your signals, brother,' said he, ' and if it be set down in the log-book of fate that we must grapple, why then 'ware timbers. But as I know how the land lies, d'ye see, and the current of my inclination sets me off, I shall haul up close to the wind, and mayhap we shall clear Cape Margery. But, howsomever, we shall leave that reef in the fore top-sail—I was bound upon another voyage, d'ye see—to look and to see, and to know if so be as how I could pick up any intelligence along shore concerning my friend Sir Launcelot, who slipped his cable last night, and has lost company, d'ye see.' ' What!' exclaimed the cunning man, ' art thou a crow, and can'st not smell carrion? If thou would'st grieve for Greaves, behold his naked carcass lies unburied, to feed the kites, the crows, the gulls, the rooks, and ravens.' ' What! broach'd to?' ' Dead as a boil'd lobster.' ' Odds heart, friend, these are the heaviest tidings I have heard these seven long years —there must have been deadly odds when he lowered his topsails—Smite my eyes! I had rather the Mufti had foundered at sea, with myself and all my generation on board—Well fare thy soul, flower of the world! Had honest Sam Crowe been within hail—but what signifies palavering.' Here the tears of unaffected sorrow flowed plentifully down the furrows of the seaman's cheeks: then his grief giving way to his indignation,—' Hark ye, brother conjuror,' said he, ' you can spy foul weather before it comes, damn your eyes! why did not you give us warning of this here squall? Blast my limbs! I'll make you give an account of this here damned, horrid, confounded murder, d'ye see—mayhap you yourself was concerned, d'ye see. For my own part, brother, I put my trust in God, and steer by the compass, and I value not your paw-wawing and your conjuration of a rope's end, d'ye see.'

The conjuror was by no means pleased either with the matter or the manner of this address. He therefore began to soothe the captain's choler, by representing that he did not pretend to omniscience, which was the attribute of God

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alone; that human art was fallible and imperfect; and all that it could perform, was to discover certain partial circumstances of any particular object to which its inquiries were directed. That being questioned by the other man concerning the cause of his master's disappearing, he had exercised his skill upon the subject, and found reason to believe that Sir Launcelot was assassinated; that he should think himself happy in being the instrument of bringing the murderers to justice, though he foresaw they would of themselves save him that trouble; for they would quarrel about dividing the spoil, and one would give information against the other.

The prospect of this satisfaction appeased the resentment, and in some measure mitigated the grief, of Captain Crowe, who took his leave without much ceremony; and, being joined by Crabshaw, proceeded with a heavy heart to the house of Sir Launcelot, where they found the domestics at breakfast, without exhibiting the least symptom of concern for their absent master. Crowe had been wise enough to conceal from Crabshaw what he had learned of the knight's fate. This fatal intelligence he reserved for the ear of his nephew Mr Clarke, who did not fail to attend him in the forenoon.

As for the squire, he did nothing but ruminate in rueful silence upon the dappled gelding, the nosegay, and the predicted fate of Gilbert. Him he forthwith visited in the stable, and saluted with the kiss of peace: then he bemoaned his fortune with tears, and, by the sound of his own lamentation, was lulled asleep among the litter.

CHAPTER XXIII.

In which the clouds that cover the catastrophe begin to disperse.

We must now leave Captain Crowe and his nephew Mr Clarke, arguing with great vehemence about the fatal intelligence obtained from the conjuror, and penetrate at once the veil that concealed our hero. Know then, reader, that Sir

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Launcelot Greaves, repairing to the place described in the billet which he had received, was accosted by a person muffled in a cloak, who began to amuse him with a feigned story of Aurelia, to which while he listened with great attention, he found himself suddenly surrounded by armed men, who seized and pinioned down his arms, took away his sword, and conveyed him by force into a hackney-coach provided for the purpose. In vain he expostulated on this violence with three persons who accompanied him in the vehicle. He could not extort one word by way of reply; and, from their gloomy aspects, he began to be apprehensive of assassination. Had the carriage passed through any frequented place, he would have endeavoured to alarm the inhabitants; but it was already clear of the town, and his conductors took care to avoid all villages and inhabited houses.

After having travelled about two miles, the coach stopped at a large iron gate, which being opened, our adventurer was led in silence through a spacious house into a tolerably decent apartment, which he understood was intended for his bed-chamber. In a few minutes after his arrival, he was visited by a man of no very prepossessing appearance, who endeavoured to smooth his countenance, which was naturally stern, welcomed our adventurer to his house, exhorted him to be of good cheer, assuring him he should want for nothing, and desired to know what he would choose for supper.

Sir Launcelot, in answer to this civil address, begged he would explain the nature of his confinement, and the reasons for which his arms were tied like those of the worst malefactor. The other postponed till to-morrow the explanation he demanded, but in the meantime unbound his fetters, and, as he declined eating, left him alone to his repose. He took care, however, in retiring, to double lock the door of the room, whose windows were grated on the outside with iron.

The knight, being thus abandoned to his own meditations, began to ruminate on the present adventure with equal surprise and concern; but the more he revolved circumstances,

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the more was he perplexed in his conjectures. According to the state of the mind, a very subtle philosopher is often puzzled by a very plain proposition; and this was the case of our adventurer. What made the strongest impression upon his mind, was a notion that he was apprehended on suspicion of treasonable practices, by a warrant from the secretary of state, in consequence of some false malicious information; and that his prison was no other than the house of a messenger, set apart for the accommodation of suspected persons. In this opinion he comforted himself by recollecting his own conscious innocence, and reflecting that he should be entitled to the privilege of *habeas corpus*, as the act including that inestimable jewel was happily not suspended at this time.

Consoled by this self-assurance, he quietly resigned himself to slumber; but before he fell asleep, he was very disagreeably undeceived in his conjecture. His ears were all at once saluted with a noise from the next room, conveyed in distinct bounces against the wainscot; then an hoarse voice exclaimed, 'Bring up the artillery—let Brutandorf's brigade advance—detach my black hussars to ravage the country—let them be new booted—take particular care of the spur-leathers—make a desert of Lusatio—bombard the suburbs of Pera—go, tell my brother Henry to pass the Elbe at Meissen with forty battalions and fifty squadrons—so ho, you Major-general Donder, why don't you finish your second parallel?—send hither the engineer Shittenback—I'll lay all the shoes in my shop, the breach will be practicable in four-and-twenty hours—don't tell me of your works—you and your works may be damn'd.'

'Assuredly,' cried another voice from a different quarter, 'he that thinks to be saved by works is in a state of utter reprobation—I myself was a profane weaver, and trusted to the rottenness of works—I kept my journeymen and 'prentices at constant work, and my heart was set upon the riches of this world, which was a wicked work—but now I have got a glimpse of the new light—I feel the operations of grace—I am of the new birth—I abhor good works—I detest all

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working but the working of the spirit—Avaunt, Satan—O! how I thirst for communication with our sister Jolly.'

'The communication is already open with the Marche,' said the first, 'but as for thee, thou caitiff, who hast presumed to disparage my works, I'll have thee rammed into a mortar with a double charge of powder, and thrown into the enemy's quarters.'

This dialogue operated like a train upon many other inhabitants of the place; one swore he was within three vibrations of finding the longitude, when this noise confounded his calculations: a second, in broken English, complained he was distorted in the moment of de proshection: a third, in the character of his holiness, denounced interdiction, excommunication, and anathemas; and swore by St Peter's keys, they should howl ten thousand years in purgatory, without the benefit of a single mass: a fourth began to halloo in all the vociferation of a fox-hunter in the chase: and in an instant the whole house was in an uproar.

The clamour, however, was of a short duration. The different chambers being opened successively, every individual was effectually silenced by the sound of one cabalistical word, which was no other than *waistcoat:* a charm which at once cowed the king of P——, dispossessed the fanatic, dumb-founded the mathematician, dismayed the alchemist, deposed the pope, and deprived the squire of all utterance.

Our adventurer was no longer in doubt concerning the place to which he had been conveyed; and the more he reflected on his situation, the more he was overwhelmed with the most perplexing chagrin. He could not conceive by whose means he had been immured in a mad-house; but he heartily repented of his knight-errantry, as a frolic which might have very serious consequences with respect to his future life and fortune. After mature deliberation, he resolved to demean himself with the utmost circumspection, well knowing that every violent transport would be interpreted into an undeniable symptom of insanity. He was not without hope of being able to move his jailor by a due administration of that which is generally more efficacious than

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all the flowers of elocution; but when he rose in the morning, he found his pockets had been carefully examined, and emptied of all his papers and cash.

The keeper entering, he inquired about these particulars, and was given to understand, that they were all safely deposited for his use, to be forthcoming at a proper season; but, at present, as he should want for nothing, he had no occasion for money. The knight acquiesced in this declaration, and eat his breakfast in quiet.

About eleven, he received a visit from the physician, who contemplated his looks with great solemnity; and having examined his pulse, shook his head, saying, 'Well, Sir, how d'ye do?—come, don't be dejected—every thing is for the best—you are in very good hands, Sir, I assure you; and I dare say will refuse nothing that may be thought conducive to the recovery of your health.'

'Doctor,' said our hero, 'if it is not an improper question to ask, I should be glad to know your opinion of my disorder.' 'O! Sir, as to that,' replied the physician, 'your disorder is a—kind of a—Sir, 'tis very common in this country—a sort of a—' 'Do you think my distemper is madness, doctor?' 'O Lord, Sir, not absolute madness—no—not madness—you have heard, no doubt, of what is called a weakness of the nerves, Sir,—though that is a very inaccurate expression; for this phrase, denoting a morbid excess of sensation, seems to imply that sensation itself is owing to the loose cohesion of those material particles which constitute the nervous substance, inasmuch as the quantity of every effect must be proportionable to its cause; now you'll please to take notice, Sir, if the case were really what these words seem to import, all bodies whose particles do not cohere with too great a degree of proximity, would be nervous; that is, endowed with sensation—Sir, I shall order some cooling things to keep you in due temperature; and you'll do very well—Sir, your humble servant.'

So saying, he retired, and our adventurer could not but think it was very hard that one man should not dare to ask the most ordinary question without being reputed mad, while

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another should talk nonsense by the hour, and yet be esteemed as an oracle.

The master of the house finding Sir Launcelot so tame and tractable, indulged him after dinner with a walk in a little private garden, under the eye of a servant who followed him at a distance. Here he was saluted by a brother prisoner, a man seemingly turned of thirty, tall and thin, with staring eyes, a hook-nose, and a face covered with pimples.

The usual compliments having passed, the stranger, without further ceremony, asked if he would oblige him with a chew of tobacco, or could spare him a mouthful of any sort of cordial, declaring he had not tasted brandy since he came to the house. The knight assured him it was not in his power to comply with his request; and began to ask some questions relating to the character of their landlord, which the stranger represented in very unfavourable colours. He described him as a ruffian, capable of undertaking the darkest schemes of villany. He said his house was a repository of the most flagrant iniquities: that it contained fathers kidnapped by their children, wives confined by their husbands, gentlemen of fortune sequestered by their relations, and innocent persons immured by the malice of their adversaries. He affirmed this was his own case; and asked if our hero had never heard of Dick Distich, the poet and satirist. 'Ben Bullock and I,' said he, 'were confident against the world in arms—did you never see his ode to me beginning with, 'Fair blooming youth.' We were sworn brothers, admired and praised, and quoted each other, Sir: we denounced war against all the world, actors, authors, and critics; and having drawn the sword, threw away the scabbard—we pushed through thick and thin, hacked and hewed, helter skelter, and became as formidable to the writers of the age as the Bœotian band of Thebes. My friend Bullock, indeed, was once rolled in the kennel; but soon

> He vig'rous rose, and from th' effluvia strong
> Imbib'd new life, and scour'd and stunk along.

Here is a satire which I wrote in an ale-house when I was

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drunk—I can prove it by the evidence of the landlord and his wife; I fancy you'll own I have some right to say with my friend Horace,

'Qui me commorit, melius non tangere clamo;
'Flebit et insignis tota cantabitur urbe—'

The knight, having perused the papers, declared his opinion that the verses were tolerably good; but at the same time observed that the author had reviled as ignorant dunces several persons who had writ with reputation, and were generally allowed to have genius: a circumstance that would detract more from his candour than could be allowed to his capacity.

'Damn their genius!' cried the satirist, 'a pack of impertinent rascals! I will tell you, Sir, Ben Bullock and I had determined to crush all that were not of our own party—Besides, I said before, this piece was written in drink.' 'Was you drunk too when it was printed and published?' 'Yes, the printer shall make affidavit that I was never otherwise than drunk or maudlin, till my enemies, on pretence that my brain was turned, conveyed me to this infernal mansion.'

'They seem to have been your best friends,' said the knight, 'and have put the most tender interpretation on your conduct; for, waving the plea of insanity, your character must stand as that of a man who hath some small share of genius, without an atom of integrity.—Of all those whom Pope lashed in his Dunciad, there was not one who did not richly deserve the imputation of dulness, and every one of them had provoked the satirist by a personal attack. In this respect the English poet was much more honest than his French patron Boileau, who stigmatized several men of acknowledged genius; such as Quinault, Perrault, and the celebrated Lully; for which reason every man of a liberal turn must, in spite of all his poetical merit, despise him as a rancorous knave. If this disingenuous conduct cannot be forgiven in a writer of his superior genius, who will pardon it in you whose name is not half-emerged from obscurity?'

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'Hark ye, friend,' replied the bard, 'keep your pardon and your counsel for those who ask it; or, if you will force them upon people, take one piece of advice in return: if you don't like your present situation, apply for a committee without delay: they'll find you too much of a fool to have the least tincture of madness; and you'll be released without further scruple; in that case I shall rejoice in your deliverance; you will be freed from confinement, and I shall be happily deprived of your conversation.'

So saying, he flew off at a tangent, and our knight could not help smiling at the peculiar virulence of his disposition. Sir Launcelot then endeavoured to enter into conversation with his attendant, by asking how long Mr Distich had resided in the house; but he might as well have addressed himself to a Turkish mute: the fellow either pretended ignorance, or refused an answer to every question that was proposed. He would not even disclose the name of his landlord, nor inform him whereabouts the house was situated.

Finding himself agitated with impatience and indignation, he returned to his apartment, and the door being locked upon him, began to review, not without horror, the particulars of his fate. 'How little reason,' said he to himself, 'have we to boast of the blessings enjoyed by the British subject if he holds them on such a precarious tenure: if a man of rank and property may be thus kidnapped even in the midst of the capital; if he may be seized by ruffians, insulted, robbed, and conveyed to such a prison as this, from which there seems to be no possibility of escape; should I be indulged with pen, ink, and paper, and appeal to my relations, or to the magistrates of my country, my letters would be intercepted by those who superintend my confinement. Should I try to alarm the neighbourhood, my cries would be neglected as those of some unhappy lunatic under necessary correction. Should I employ the force which Heaven has lent me, I might imbrue my hands in blood, and after all find it impossible to escape through a number of successive doors, locks, bolts, and sentinels. Should I endeavour to tamper with the servant, he might discover my de-

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sign, and then I should be abridged of the little comfort I enjoy. People may inveigh against the Bastile in France, and the Inquisition in Portugal; but I would ask, if either of these be in reality so dangerous or dreadful as a private mad-house in England, under the direction of a ruffian? The Bastile is a state prison, the Inquisition is a spiritual tribunal; but both are under the direction of government. It seldom, if ever, happens that a man entirely innocent is confined in either; or, if he should, he lays his account with a legal trial before established judges. But, in England, the most innocent person upon earth is liable to be immured for life under the pretext of lunacy, sequestered from his wife, children, and friends, robbed of his fortune, deprived even of necessaries, and subjected to the most brutal treatment from a low-bred barbarian, who raises an ample fortune on the misery of his fellow-creatures, and may, during his whole life, practise this horrid oppression, without question or controul.'

This uncomfortable reverie was interrupted by a very unexpected sound that seemed to issue from the other side of a thick party-wall. It was a strain of vocal music, more plaintive than the widowed turtle's moan, more sweet and ravishing than Philomel's love-warbled song. Through his ear it instantly pierced into his heart; for at once he recognized it to be the voice of his adored Aurelia. Heavens! what was the agitation of his soul, when he made this discovery! how did every nerve quiver! how did his heart throb with the most violent emotion; he ran round the room in distraction, foaming like a lion in the toil—then he placed his ear close to the partition, and listened as if his whole soul was exerted in his sense of hearing. When the sound ceased to vibrate on his ear, he threw himself on the bed; he groaned with anguish, he exclaimed in broken accents; and in all probability his heart would have burst, had not the violence of his sorrow found vent in a flood of tears.

These first transports were succeeded by a fit of impatience, which had well nigh deprived him of his senses in good earnest. His surprise at finding his lost Aurelia in such a place,

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the seeming impossibility of relieving her, and his unspeakable eagerness to contrive some scheme for profiting by the interesting discovery he had made; concurred in brewing up a second ecstacy, during which he acted a thousand extravagances, which it was well for him the attendants did not observe. Perhaps it was well for the servant that he did not enter while the paroxysm prevailed; had this been the case, he might have met with the fate of Lychas, whom Hercules in his frenzy destroyed.

Before the cloth was laid for supper, he was calm enough to conceal the disorder of his mind; but he complained of the headach, and desired he might be next day visited by the physician, to whom he resolved to explain himself in such a manner, as should make an impression upon him, provided he was not altogether destitute of conscience and humanity.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The knot that puzzles human wisdom, the hand of Fortune sometimes will untie familiar as her garter.

When the doctor made his next appearance in Sir Launcelot's apartment, the knight addressed him in these words. —'Sir, the practice of medicine is one of the most honourable professions exercised among the sons of men; a profession which hath been revered at all periods, and in all nations, and even held sacred in the most polished ages of antiquity. The scope of it is to preserve the being, and confirm the health of our fellow-creatures; of consequence, to sustain the blessings of society, and crown life with fruition. The character of a physician, therefore, not only supposes natural sagacity, and acquired erudition, but it also implies every delicacy of sentiment, every tenderness of nature, and every virtue of humanity. That these qualities are centered in you, doctor, I would willingly believe; but it will be sufficient for my purpose, that you are possessed

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of common integrity. To whose concern I am indebted for your visit you best know; but if you understand the art of medicine, you must be sensible by this time, that, with respect to me, your prescriptions are altogether unnecessary —come, Sir, you cannot—you don't believe that my intellects are disordered. Yet, granting me to be really under the influence of that deplorable malady, no person has a right to treat me as a lunatic, or to sue out a commission, but my nearest kindred. That you may not plead ignorance of my name and family, you shall understand that I am Sir Launcelot Greaves, of the county of York, baronet: and that my nearest relation is Sir Reginald Meadows, of Cheshire, the eldest son of my mother's sister—that gentleman, I am sure, had no concern in seducing me by false pretences under the clouds of night into the fields, where I was surprised, overpowered, and kidnapped by armed ruffians. Had he really believed me insane, he would have proceeded according to the dictates of honour, humanity, and the laws of his country. Situated as I am, I have a right, by making application to the lord chancellor, to be tried by a jury of honest men. But of that right I cannot avail myself, while I remain at the mercy of a brutal miscreant, in whose house I am inclosed, unless you contribute your assistance. Your assistance, therefore, I demand, as you are a gentleman, a christian, and a fellow-subject, who, though every other motive should be overlooked, ought to interest himself in my case as a common concern, and concur with all your power towards the punishment of those who dare commit such outrages against the liberty of your country.'

The doctor seemed to be a little disconcerted; but, after some recollection, resumed his air of sufficiency and importance, and assured our adventurer he would do him all the service in his power; but, in the meantime, advised him to take the potion he had prescribed.

The knight's eyes lightning with indignation,—'I am now convinced,' cried he, 'that you are an accomplice in the villany which has been practised upon me; that you are a sordid wretch, without principle or feeling, a disgrace

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to the faculty, and a reproach to human nature—yes, sirrah, you are the most perfidious of all assassins—you are the hireling minister of the worst of all villains; who, from motives even baser than malice, envy, and revenge, rob the innocent of all the comforts of life, brand them with the imputation of madness, the most cruel species of slander, and wantonly protract their misery, by leaving them in the most shocking confinement, a prey to reflections infinitely more bitter than death—but I will be calm—do me justice at your peril. I demand the protection of the legislature—if I am refused—remember a day of reckoning will come—you and the rest of the miscreants who have combined against me, must, in order to cloak your treachery, have recourse to murder; an expedient which I believe you very capable of embracing, or a man of my rank and character cannot be much longer concealed. Tremble, caitiff, at the thoughts of my release—in the meantime, begone, lest my just resentment impel me to dash your brains out upon that marble —away——'

The honest doctor was not so firmly persuaded of his patient's lunacy as to reject his advice, which he made what haste he could to follow, when an unexpected accident intervened.

That this may be properly introduced, we must return to the knight's brace of trusty friends, Captain Crowe and Lawyer Clarke, whom we left in sorrowful deliberation upon the fate of their patron. Clarke's genius being rather more fruitful in resources than that of the seamen, he suggested an advertisement, which was accordingly inserted in the daily papers; importing, that—' Whereas a gentleman of considerable rank and fortune had suddenly disappeared, on such a night, from his house near Golden-square, in consequence of a letter delivered to him by a porter; and there is great reason to believe some violence hath been offered to his life; any person capable of giving such information as may tend to clear up this dark transaction, shall, by applying to Mr Thomas Clarke, attorney, at his lodgings in Upper Brook-street, receive proper security for the reward

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of one hundred guineas, to be paid to him upon his making the discovery required.'

The porter who delivered the letter, appeared accordingly, but could give no other information, except that it was put into his hand, with a shilling, by a man muffled up in a great coat, who stopped him for the purpose, in his passing through Queen-street. It was necessary that the advertisement should produce an effect upon another person, who was no other than the hackney-coachman who drove our hero to the place of his imprisonment. This fellow had been enjoined secrecy, and indeed bribed to hold his tongue, by a considerable gratification, which, it was supposed, would have been effectual, as the man was a master coachman in good circumstances, and well known to the keeper of the mad-house, by whom he had been employed on former occasions of the same nature. Perhaps his fidelity to his employer, reinforced by the hope of many future jobs of that kind, might have been proof against the offer of fifty pounds; but double that sum was a temptation he could not resist. He no sooner read the intimation in the Daily Advertiser, over his morning's pot at an alehouse, than he entered into consultation with his own thoughts; and having no reason to doubt that this was the very fare he had conveyed, he resolved to earn the reward, and abstain from all such adventures in time coming. He had the precaution, however, to take an attorney along with him to Mr Clarke, who entered into a conditional bond, and, with the assistance of his uncle, deposited the money, to be forthcoming when the conditions should be fulfilled. These previous measures being taken, the coachman declared what he knew, and discovered the house in which Sir Launcelot had been immured. He moreover accompanied our two adherents to a judge's chamber, where he made oath to the truth of his information; and a warrant was immediately granted, to search the house of Bernard Shackle, and set at liberty Sir Launcelot Greaves, if there found.

Fortified with this authority, they engaged a constable, with a formidable posse, and embarking them in coaches,

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repaired, with all possible expedition, to the house of Mr Shackle, who did not think proper to dispute their claim, but admitted them, though not without betraying evident symptoms of consternation. One of the servants directing them, by his master's order, to Sir Launcelot's apartment, they hurried up stairs in a body, occasioning such a noise, as did not fail to alarm the physician, who had just opened the door to retire, when he perceived their irruption. Captain Crowe, conjecturing he was guilty, from the confusion that appeared in his countenance, made no scruple of seizing him by the collar, as he endeavoured to retreat; while the tender-hearted Tom Clarke, running up to the knight, with his eyes brimful of joy and affection, forgot all the forms of distant respect, and, throwing his arms around his neck, blubbered in his bosom.

Our hero did not receive this proof of his attachment unmoved. He strained him in his embrace, honoured him with the title of his deliverer, and asked him by what miracle he had discovered the place of his confinement. The lawyer began to unfold the various steps he had taken with equal minuteness and self-complacency, when Crowe, dragging the doctor still by the collar, shook his old friend by the hand, protesting he was never so overjoyed since he got clear of a Sallee rover on the coast of Barbary; and that two glasses ago he would have started all the money he had in the world in the hold of any man who would have shown Sir Launcelot safe at his moorings. The knight, having made a proper return to this sincere manifestation of good will, desired him to dismiss that worthless fellow, meaning the doctor, who, finding himself released, withdrew with some precipitation.

Then our adventurer, attended by his friends, walked with a deliberate pace to the outward gate, which he found open, and getting into one of the coaches, was entertained by the way to his own house, with a detail of every measure which had been pursued for his release.

In his own parlour he found Mrs Dolly Cowslip, who had been waiting with great fear and impatience for the issue of Mr Clarke's adventure. She now fell upon her knees, and

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bathed the knight's hands with tears of joy: while the face of this young woman, recalling the idea of her mistress, roused his heart to strong emotions, and stimulated his mind to the immediate achievement he had already planned. As for Mr Crabshaw, he was not the last to signify his satisfaction at his master's return. After having kissed the hem of his garment, he retired to the stable, where he communicated these tidings to his friend Gilbert, whom he saddled and bridled; the same office he performed for Bronzomarte; then putting on his squire-like attire and accoutrements, he mounted one, and led the other to the knight's door, before which he paraded, uttering, from time to time, repeated shouts, to the no small entertainment of the populace, until he received orders to house his companions. Thus commanded, he led them back to their stalls, resumed his livery, and rejoined his fellow-servants, who were resolved to celebrate the day with banquets and rejoicings.

Their master's heart was not sufficiently at ease to share in their festivity. He held a consultation with his friends in the parlour, whom he acquainted with the reasons he had to believe Miss Darnel was confined in the same house which had been his prison; a circumstance which filled them with equal pleasure and astonishment. Dolly in particular, weeping plentifully, conjured him to deliver her dear lady without delay. Nothing now remained, but to concert the plan for her deliverance. As Aurelia had informed Dolly of her connection with Mrs Kawdle, at whose house she proposed to lodge, before she was overtaken on the road by her uncle, this particular was now imparted to the council, and struck a light which seemed to point out the direct way to Miss Darnel's enlargement.

Our hero, accompanied by Mrs Cowslip and Tom Clarke, set out immediately for the house of Dr Kawdle, who happened to be abroad, but his wife received them with great courtesy. She was a well-bred, sensible, genteel woman, and strongly attached to Aurelia, by the ties of affection as well as of consanguinity. She no sooner learned the situation of her cousin, than she expressed the most impatient concern for her being set at liberty, and assured Sir Launce-

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let, she would concur in any scheme he should propose for that purpose. There was no room for hesitation or choice; he attended her immediately to the judge, who, upon proper application, issued another search-warrant for Aurelia Darnel. The constable and his posse were again retained, and Sir Launcelot Greaves once more crossed the threshold of Mr Bernard Shackle. Nor was the search-warrant the only implement of justice with which he had furnished himself for this visit. In going thither, they agreed upon the method in which they should introduce themselves gradually to Miss Darnel, that her tender nature might not be too much shocked by their sudden appearance.

When they arrived at the house, therefore, and produced their credentials, in consequence of which a female attendant was directed to show the lady's apartment, Mrs Dolly first entered the chamber of the accomplished Aurelia, who, lifting up her eyes, screamed aloud, and flew into the arms of her faithful Cowslip. Some minutes elapsed before Dolly could make shift to exclaim,—'am coom to live and daai with my beloved leady!' 'Dear Dolly!' cried her mistress, 'I cannot express the pleasure I have in seeing you again—good Heaven! what solitary hours of keen affliction have I passed since we parted!—but, tell me, how did you discover the place of my retreat?—has my uncle relented?—do I owe your coming to his indulgence.'

Dolly answered in the negative; and by degrees gave her to understand, that her cousin Mrs Kawdle was in the next room: that lady immediately appeared, and a very tender scene of recognition passed between the two relations. It was she who, in the course of conversation, perceiving that Aurelia was perfectly composed, declared the happy tidings of her approaching deliverance. When the other eagerly insisted upon knowing to whose humanity and address she was indebted for this happy turn of fortune, her cousin declared the obligation was due to a young gentleman of Yorkshire, called Sir Launcelot Greaves. At mention of that name, her face was overspread with a crimson glow, and her eyes beamed redoubled splendour.—'Cousin,' said

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she, with a sigh, 'I know not what to say—that gentleman —Sir Launcelot Greaves was surely born—Lord bless me! I tell you cousin, he has been my guardian angel.'

Mrs Kawdle, who had maintained a correspondence with her by letters, was no stranger to the former part of the connection subsisting between those two lovers, and had always favoured the pretensions of our hero, without being acquainted with his person. She now observed, with a smile, that as Aurelia esteemed the knight her guardian angel, and he adored her as a demi-deity, nature seemed to have intended them for each other; for such sublime ideas exalted them both above the sphere of ordinary mortals. She then ventured to intimate that he was in the house, impatient to pay his respects in person. At this declaration the colour vanished from her cheeks, which however soon underwent a total suffusion. Her heart panted, her bosom heaved, and her gentle frame was agitated by transports rather violent than unpleasing. She soon, however, recollected herself, and her native serenity returned; when, rising from her seat, she declared she would see him in the next apartment, where he stood in the most tumultuous suspense, waiting for permission to approach her person. Here she broke in upon him, arrayed in an elegant white undress, the emblem of her purity, beaming forth the emanations of amazing beauty, warmed and improved with a glow of gratitude and affection. His heart was too big for utterance; he ran towards her with rapture, and throwing himself at her feet, imprinted a most respectful kiss on her lily hand. 'This, divine Aurelia,' cried he, 'is a foretaste of that ineffable bliss which you was born to bestow!—Do I then live to see you smile again? to see you restored to liberty, your mind at ease, and your health unimpaired?' 'You have lived,' said she, 'to see my obligations to Sir Launcelot Greaves accumulated in such a manner, that a whole life spent in acknowledgment will scarce suffice to demonstrate a due sense of his goodness.' 'You greatly overrate my services, which have been rather the duties of common humanity, than the efforts of a generous passion, too noble to be thus evinced;

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—but let not my unseasonable transports detain you a moment longer on this detested scene—give me leave to hand you into the coach, and commit you to the care of this good lady, attended by this honest young gentleman, who is my particular friend.' So saying he presented Mr Thomas Clarke, who had the honour to salute the fair hand of the ever amiable Aurelia.

The ladies being safely coached under the escort of the lawyer, Sir Launcelot assured them he should wait on them in the evening at the house of Dr Kawdle, whither they immediately directed their course. Our hero, who remained with the constable and his gang, inquired for Mr Bernard Shackle, upon whose person he intended to serve a writ of conspiracy, over and above a prosecution for robbery, in consequence of his having disencumbered the knight of his money and other effects, on the first night of his confinement. Mr Shackle had discretion enough to avoid this encounter, and even to anticipate the indictment for felony, by directing one of his servants to restore the cash and papers, which our adventurer accordingly received before he quitted the house.

In the prosecution of his search after Shackle, he chanced to enter the chamber of the bard, whom he found in dishabille, writing at a table, with a bandage over one eye, and his head covered with a night-cap of baize. The knight, having made an apology for this intrusion, desired to know if he could be of any service to Mr Distich, as he was now at liberty to use the little influence he had for the relief of his fellow-sufferers. The poet having eyed him for some time askance, 'I told you,' said he, 'your stay in this place would be of short duration. I have sustained a small disaster on my left eye, from the hands of a rascally cordwainer, who pretends to believe himself the king of Prussia, and I am now in the very act of galling his majesty with keen iambics. If you can help me to a roll of tobacco and a bottle of geneva, so;—if you are not so inclined, your humble servant, I shall share in the joy of your deliverance.'

The knight declined gratifying him in these particulars, which he apprehended might be prejudicial to his health.

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but offered his assistance in redressing his grievances, provided he laboured under any cruel treatment or inconvenience. 'I comprehend the full extent of your generosity,' replied the satirist; 'you are willing to assist me in every thing, except the only circumstance in which assistance is required—God b'w'ye—If you see Ben Bullock, tell him I wish he would not dedicate any more of his works to me. Damn the fellow, he has changed his note, and begins to snivel. For my part, I stick to my former maxim, defy all the world, and will die hard, even if death should be preceded by damnation.'

The knight, finding him incorrigible, left him to the slender chance of being one day comforted by the dram-bottle; but resolved, if possible, to set on foot an accurate inquiry into the economy and transactions of this private inquisition, that ample justice might be done in favour of every injured individual confined within its walls.

In the afternoon he did not fail to visit his Aurelia; and all the protestations of their mutual passion were once more interchanged. He now produced the letter which had caused such fatal disquiet in his bosom; and Miss Darnel no sooner eyed the paper, than she recollected it was a formal dismission, which she had intended and directed for Mr Sycamore. This the uncle had intercepted, and cunningly inclosed in another cover, addressed to Sir Launcelot Greaves, who was now astonished beyond measure to see the mystery so easily unfolded. The joy that now diffused itself in the hearts of our lovers is more easily conceived than described; but, in order to give a stability to this mutual satisfaction, it was necessary that Aurelia should be secured from the tyranny of her uncle, whose power of guardianship would not otherwise expire for some months.

Dr Kawdle and his lady having entered into their deliberations on this subject, it was agreed that Miss Darnel should have recourse to the protection of the lord chancellor; but such application was rendered unnecessary by the unexpected arrival of John Clump with the following letter to Mrs Kawdle from the steward of Anthony Darnel, dated at Aurelia's house in the country.

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'MADAM,—It hath pleased God to afflict Mr Darnel with a severe stroke of the dead palsy. He was taken ill yesterday, and now lies insensible, seemingly at the point of death. Among the papers in his pocket I found the inclosed, by which it appears that my honoured young lady, Miss Darnel, is confined in a private mad-house. I am afraid Mr Darnel's fate is a just judgment of God upon him for his cruelty to that excellent person. I need not exhort you, madam, to take, immediately upon the receipt of this, such measures as will be necessary for the enlargement of my poor young lady. In the meantime, I shall do the needful for the preservation of her property in this place, and send you an account of any further alteration that may happen; being very respectfully, madam, your most obedient humble servant,

'RALPH MATTOCKS.'

Clump had posted up to London with this intimation on the wings of love, and being covered with clay from the heels to the eyes upwards, he appeared in such an unfavourable light at Dr Kawdle's door, that the footman refused him admittance. Nevertheless, he pushed him aside, and fought his way up stairs into the dining-room, where the company was not a little astonished at such an apparition. The fellow himself was no less amazed at seeing Aurelia and his own sweetheart Mrs Dolly Cowslip. He forthwith fell upon his knees, and in silence held out the letter, which was taken by the doctor, and presented to his wife, according to the direction. She did not fail to communicate the contents, which were far from being unwelcome to the individuals who composed this little society. Mr Clump was honoured with the approbation of his young lady, who commended him for his zeal and expedition; bestowed upon him a handsome gratuity in the meantime, and desired to see him again when he should be properly refreshed after the fatigue he had undergone.

Mr Thomas Clarke being consulted on this occasion, gave it as his opinion, that Miss Darnel should, without delay, choose another guardian for the few months that remained of her minority. The opinion was confirmed by the advice of some eminent lawyers, to whom immediate recourse was had; and Dr Kawdle being the person pitched

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upon for this office, the necessary forms were executed with all possible dispatch.

The first use the doctor made of his guardianship, was to sign a power, constituting Mr Ralph Mattocks his attorney *pro tempore*, for managing the estate of Miss Aurelia Darnel; and this was forwarded to the steward by the hands of Clump, who set out with it for the seat of Darnel-hill, though not without a heavy heart, occasioned by some intimation he had received concerning the connection between his dear Dolly and Mr Clarke the lawyer.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

Which, it is hoped, will be, on more accounts than one, agreeable to the reader.

Sir Launcelot, having vindicated the liberty, confirmed the safety, and secured the heart, of his charming Aurelia, now found leisure to unravel the conspiracy which had been executed against his person; and with that view commenced a law-suit against the owner of the house where he and his mistress had been separately confined. Mr Shackle was, notwithstanding all the submissions and atonement which he offered to make, either in private or in public, indicted on the statute of kidnapping, tried, convicted, punished by a severe fine, and standing in the pillory. A judicial writ *ad inquirendum* being executed, the prisons of his inquisition were laid open, and several innocent captives enlarged.

In the course of Shackle's trial, it appeared that the knight's confinement was a scheme executed by his rival Mr Sycamore, according to the device of his counsellor Dawdle, who, by this contrivance, had reconciled himself to his patron, after having deserted him in the day of battle. Our hero was so incensed at this discovery of Sycamore's treachery and ingratitude, that he went in quest of him immediately, to take vengeance on his person, accompanied by Captain Crowe, who wanted to balance accounts with Mr Dawdle

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But those gentlemen had wisely avoided the impending storm, by retiring to the continent, on pretence of travelling for improvement.

Sir Launcelot was not now so much of a knight-errant as to leave Aurelia to the care of Providence, and pursue the traitors to the farthest extremities of the earth. He practised a much more easy, certain, and effectual method of revenge, by instituting a process against them, which, after writs of *capias*, *alias*, *et pluries*, had been repeated, subjected them both to outlawry. Mr Sycamore and his friend being thus deprived of the benefit of the law, by their own neglect, would likewise have forfeited their goods and chattels to the king, had not they made such submissions as appeased the wrath of Sir Launcelot and Captain Crowe; then they ventured to return, and by dint of interest obtained a reversal of the outlawry. But this grace they did not enjoy till long after our adventurer was happily established in life.

While the knight waited impatiently for the expiration of Aurelia's minority, and in the meantime consoled himself with the imperfect happiness arising from her conversation, and those indulgences which the most unblemished virtue could bestow, Captain Crowe projected another plan of vengeance against the conjuror, whose lying oracles had cost him such a world of vexation. The truth is, the captain began to be tired of idleness, and undertook this adventure to keep his hand in use. He imparted his design to Crabshaw, who had likewise suffered in spirit from the predictions of the said offender, and was extremely well disposed to assist in punishing the false prophet. He now took it for granted that he should not be hanged for stealing a horse; and thought it very hard to pay so much money for a deceitful prophecy, which, in all likelihood, would never be fulfilled.

Actuated by these motives, they set out together for the house of consultation; but they found it shut up and abandoned; and, upon inquiry in the neighbourhood, learned that the conjuror had moved his quarters that very day on which the captain had recourse to his art. This was actu-

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ally the case: he knew the fate of Sir Launcelot would soon come to light, and he did not choose to wait the consequence. He had other motives for decamping: he had run a score at the public house, which he had no mind to discharge, and wanted to disengage himself from his female associate, who knew too much of his affairs to be kept at a proper distance. All these purposes he had answered by retreating softly, without beat of drum, while his sybil was abroad running down prey for his devouring. He had not, however, taken his measures so cunningly, but that this old hag discovered his new lodgings, and, in revenge, gave information to the publican. This creditor took out a writ accordingly, and the bailiff had just secured his person as Captain Crowe and Timothy Crabshaw chanced to pass by the door in their way homewards, through an obscure street near the Seven Dials.

The conjuror having no subterfuge left, but a great many particular reasons for avoiding an explanation with the justice, like the man between the devil and the deep sea, of two evils chose the least; and beckoning to the captain, called him by his name. Crowe, thus addressed, replied with a 'hilloah!' and looking towards the place from whence he was hailed, at once recognized the necromancer. Without further hesitation he sprang across the street, and collaring Albumazar, exclaimed, 'Aha! old boy, is the wind in that corner?—I thought we should grapple one day—now will I bring you up by the head, though all the devils in hell were blowing abaft the beam.'

The bailiff seeing his prisoner so roughly handled before, and at the same time assaulted behind by Crabshaw, who cried, 'Show me a liar, and I'll show you a thief—who is to be hanged now?' I say, the bailiff, fearing he would lose the benefit of his job, began to put on his contentious face, and, declaring the doctor was his prisoner, swore he could not surrender him without a warrant from the lord-chief-justice. The whole group adjourning into the parlour, the conjuror desired to know of Crowe whether Sir Launcelot was found. Being answered, 'Ey, ey, safe enough to see

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you made fast in the bilboes, brother;' he told the captain he had something of consequence to communicate for his advantage; and proposed that Crowe and Crabshaw should bail the action, which lay only for a debt of three pounds.

Crowe stormed and Crabshaw grinned at this modest proposal; but when they understood that they could only be bound for his appearance, and reflected that they need not part with him until his body should be surrendered unto justice, they consented to give bail; and the bond being executed, conveyed him directly to the house of our adventurer.

The boisterous Crowe introduced him to Sir Launcelot with such an abrupt unconnected detail of his offence, as the knight could not understand without Timothy's annotations. These were followed by some questions put to the conjuror, who, laying aside his black gown, and plucking off his white beard, exhibited, to the astonished spectators, the very individual countenance of the empirical politician Ferret, who had played our hero such a slippery trick after the electioneering adventure.

'I perceive,' said he, 'you are preparing to expostulate, and upbraid me with having given a false information against you to the country justice. I look upon mankind to be in a state of nature, a truth which Hobbes hath stumbled upon by accident. I think every man hath a right to avail himself of his talents, even at the expense of his fellow-creatures; just as we see the fish, and other animals of the creation, devouring one another.—I found the justice but one degree removed from idiotism, and knowing that he would commit some blunder in the execution of his office, which would lay him at your mercy, I contrived to make his folly the instrument of my escape—I was dismissed without being obliged to sign the information I had given; and you took ample vengeance for his tyranny and impertinence. I came to London, where my circumstances obliged me to live in disguise. In the character of a conjuror I was consulted by your follower Crowe, and your squire Crabshaw. I did little or nothing but echo back the intelligence they brought me,

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except prognosticating that Crabshaw would be hanged; a prediction to which I found myself so irresistibly impelled, that I am persuaded it was the real effect of inspiration.—I am now arrested for a paltry sum of money, and, moreover, liable to be sent to Bridewell as an impostor—let those answer for my conduct whose cruelty and insolence have driven me to the necessity of using such subterfuges—I have been oppressed and persecuted by the government for speaking truth—your omnipotent laws have reconciled contradictions—That which is acknowledged to be truth in fact, is construed falsehood in law; and great reason we have to boast of a constitution founded on the basis of absurdity.—But, waving these remarks, I own I am unwilling to be either imprisoned for debt, or punished for imposture—I know how far to depend upon generosity, and what is called benevolence; words to amuse the weak-minded—I build upon a surer bottom—I will bargain for your assistance—it is in my power to put twelve thousand pounds in the pocket of Samuel Crowe, that there sea-ruffian, who by his good will would hang me to the yard's arm—'

There he was interrupted by the seaman. 'Damn your rat's eyes! none of your—hang thee! fish my topmasts! if the rope was fairly reeved, and the tackle sound, d'ye see—' Mr Clarke, who was present, began to stare, while the knight assured Ferret, that, if he was really able and willing to serve Captain Crowe in any thing essential, he should be amply rewarded. In the meantime he discharged the debt, and assigned him an apartment in his own house. That same day Crowe, by the advice of Sir Launcelot and his nephew, entered into conditional articles with the cynic, to allow him the interest of fifteen hundred pounds for life, provided by his means the captain should obtain possession of the estate of Hobby-hole in Yorkshire, which had belonged to his grandfather, and of which he was heir of blood.

This bond being executed, Mr Ferret discovered that he himself was the lawful husband of Bridget Maple, aunt to Samuel Crowe, by a clandestine marriage; which, however, he convinced them he could prove by undeniable evidence.

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This being the case, she, the said Bridget Maple, *alias* Ferret, was a *covert femme*, consequently could not transact any deed of alienation without his concurrence; *ergo*, the docking of the entail of the estate of Hobby-hole was illegal and of none effect. This was a very agreeable declaration to the whole company, who did not fail to congratulate Captain Crowe on the prospect of his being restored to his inheritance. Tom Clarke in particular protested, with tears in his eyes, that it gave him unspeakable joy; and his tears trickled the faster, when Crowe, with an arch look, signified that now he was pretty well victualled for life, he had some thoughts of embarking on the voyage of matrimony.

But that point of happiness to which, as the north pole, the course of these adventures hath been invariably directed, was still unattained; we mean, the indissoluble union of the accomplished Sir Launcelot Greaves and the enchanting Miss Darnel. Our hero now discovered in his mistress a thousand charms, which hitherto he had no opportunity to contemplate. He found her beauty excelled by her good sense, and her virtue superior to both. He found her untainted by that giddiness, vanity, and affectation, which distinguish the fashionable females of the present age: he found her uninfected by the rage for diversion and dissipation; for noise, tumult, gewgaws, glitter, and extravagance: he found her not only raised by understanding and taste far above the amusement of little vulgar minds, but even exalted by uncommon genius and refined reflection, so as to relish the more sublime enjoyments of rational pleasure: he found her possessed of that vigour of mind which constitutes true fortitude, and vindicates the empire of reason: he found her heart incapable of disguise or dissimulation; frank, generous, and open; susceptible of the most tender impressions; glowing with a keen sense of honour, and melting with humanity. A youth of his sensibility could not fail of being deeply affected by such attractions. The nearer he approached the centre of happiness, the more did the velocity of his passion increase. Her uncle still remained insensible as it were in the arms of death. Time seemed to linger in

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its lapse, till the knight was inflamed to the most eager degree of impatience. He communicated his distress to Aurelia; he pressed her with the most pathetic remonstrances to abridge the torture of his suspense. He interested Mrs Kawdle in his behalf, and at length his importunity succeeded. The banns of marriage were regularly published, and the ceremony was performed in the parish church, in the presence of Dr Kawdle and his lady, Captain Crowe, Lawyer Clarke, and Mrs Dolly Cowslip.

The bride, instead of being disguised in tawdry stuffs of gold or silver, and sweating under a harness of diamonds, according to the elegant taste of the times, appeared in a negligee of plain blue satin, without any other jewels than her eyes, which far outshone all that ever was produced by the mines of Golconda. Her hair had no other extraneous ornament than a small sprig of artificial roses; but the dignity of her air, the elegance of her shape, the sweetness and sensibility of her countenance, added to such warmth of colouring, and such exquisite symmetry of features, as could not be excelled by human nature, attracted the eyes and excited the admiration of all the beholders. The effect they produced in the heart of Sir Launcelot, was such a rapture as we cannot pretend to describe. He made his appearance on this occasion in a white coat and blue satin vest, both embroidered with silver; and all who saw him could not but own that he alone seemed worthy to possess the lady whom Heaven had destined for his consort. Captain Crowe had taken off a blue suit of clothes strongly guarded with bars of broad gold lace, in order to honour the nuptials of his friend: he wore upon his head a bag-wig *à la pigeon*, made by an old acquaintance in Wapping; and to his side he had girded a huge plate-hilted sword, which he had bought of a recruiting serjeant. Mr Clarke was dressed in pompadour, with gold buttons; and his lovely Dolly in a smart checked lustring, a present from her mistress.

The whole company dined, by invitation, at the house of Dr Kawdle; and here it was that the most deserving lovers on the face of the earth attained to the consummation of all

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earthly felicity. The captain and his nephew had a hint to retire in due time. Mrs Kawdle conducted the amiable Aurelia, trembling, to the marriage bed; our hero, glowing with a bridegroom's ardour, claimed the husband's privilege. Hymen lighted up his brightest torch at Virtue's lamp, and every star shed its happiest influence on their heaven-directed union.

Instructions had been already dispatched to prepare Greavesbury-hall for the reception of its new mistress; and for that place the new-married couple set out next morning, according to the plan which had been previously concerted. Sir Launcelot and Lady Greaves, accompanied by Mrs Kawdle, and attended by Dolly, travelled in their own coach, drawn by six dappled horses. Dr Kawdle, with Captain Crowe, occupied the doctor's post-chariot, provided with four bays; Mr Clarke had the honour to bestride the loins of Bronzomarte; Mr Ferret was mounted upon an old hunter; Crabshaw stuck close to his friend Gilbert; and two other horsemen completed the retinue. There was not an aching heart in the whole cavalcade, except that of the young lawyer, which was by turns invaded with hot desires and chilling scruples. Though he was fond of Dolly to distraction, his regard to worldly reputation, and his attention to worldly interest, were continually raising up bars to a legal gratification of his love. His pride was startled at the thought of marrying the daughter of a poor country publican; and he moreover dreaded the resentment of his uncle Crowe, should he take any step of this nature without his concurrence. Many a wishful look did he cast at Dolly, the tears standing in his eyes, and many a woful sigh did he utter.

Lady Greaves immediately perceived the situation of his heart, and, by questioning Mrs Cowslip, discovered a mutual passion between these lovers. She consulted her dear knight on the subject, and he catechised the lawyer, who pleaded guilty. The captain being sounded as to his opinion, declared he would be steered in that, as well as every other course of life, by Sir Launcelot and his lady, whom he

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verily revered as beings of an order superior to the ordinary race of mankind. This favourable response being obtained from the sailor, our hero took an opportunity on the road, one day after dinner, in presence of the whole company, to accost the lawyer in these words.—'My good friend Clarke, I have your happiness very much at heart—your father was an honest man, to whom my family had manifold obligations. I have had these many years a personal regard for yourself, derived from your own integrity of heart and goodness of disposition—I see you are affected, and shall be brief —Besides this regard, I am indebted to your friendship for the liberty—what shall I say?—for the inestimable happiness I now enjoy, in possessing the most excellent—But I understand that significant glance of my Aurelia—I will not offend her delicacy—The truth is, my obligation is very great, and it is time I should evince my gratitude—If the stewardship of my estate is worth your acceptance, you shall have it immediately, together with the house and farm of Cockerton in my neighbourhood. I know you have a passion for Mrs Dolly, and believe she looks upon you with the eyes of tender prepossession—don't blush Dolly—besides your agreeable person, which all the world must approve, you can boast of virtue, fidelity, and friendship. Your attachment to Lady Greaves neither she nor I shall ever forget —If you are willing to unite your fate with Mr Clarke, your mistress gives me leave to assure you she will stock the farm at her own expense, and we will celebrate the wedding at Greavesbury-hall.'

By this time the hearts of these grateful lovers had overflowed. Dolly was sitting on her knees, bathing her lady's hand with her tears; and Mr Clarke appeared in the same attitude by Sir Launcelot. The uncle, almost as much affected as the nephew by the generosity of our adventurer, cried aloud, —'I pray God that you and your glorious consort may have smooth seas and gentle gales whithersoever you are bound— as for my kinsman Tom, I'll give him a thousand pounds to set him fairly afloat; and if he prove not a faithful tender to you his benefactor, I hope he will founder in this world, and

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be damned in that which is to come.' Nothing now was wanting to the completion of their happiness but the consent of Dolly's mother at the Black Lion, who they did not suppose could have any objection to such an advantageous match for her daughter; but in this particular they were mistaken.

In the meantime they arrived at the village where the knight had exercised the duties of chivalry, and there he received the gratulation of Mr Fillet, and the attorney who had offered to bail him before Justice Gobble. Mutual civilities having passed, they gave him to understand that Gobble and his wife were turned methodists. All the rest of the prisoners whom he had delivered came to testify their gratitude, and were hospitably entertained. Next day they halted at the Black Lion, where the good woman was overjoyed to see Dolly so happily preferred; but when Sir Launcelot unfolded the proposed marrriage, she interrupted him with a scream—'Christ Jesus forbid—marry and amen! —match with her own brother!'

At this exclamation Dolly fainted; her lover stood with his ears erect, and his mouth wide open; Crowe stared, while the knight and his lady expressed equal surprise and concern. When Sir Launcelot entreated Mrs Cowslip to explain this mystery, she told him, that about sixteen years ago, Mr Clarke senior had brought Dolly, then an infant, to her house, when she and her late husband lived in another part of the country; and as she had then been lately delivered of a child which did not live, he hired her as a nurse to the little foundling. He owned she was a love-begotten babe, and from time to time paid handsomely for the board of Dolly, who he desired might pass for her own daughter. In his last illness, he assured her he had taken care to provide for the child; but since his death she had received no account of any such provision. She moreover informed his honour, that Mr Clarke had deposited in her hands a diamond ring, and a sealed paper, never to be opened without his order, until Dolly should be demanded in marriage by the man she should like, and not then, except

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in the presence of the clergyman of the parish. 'Send for the clergyman this instant,' cried our hero, reddening, and fixing his eyes on Dolly, 'I hope all will yet be well.'

The vicar arriving, and being made acquainted with the nature of the case, the landlady produced the paper; which being opened, appeared to be an authentic certificate, that the person commonly known by the name of Dorothy Cowslip, was in fact Dorothea Greaves, daughter of Jonathan Greaves, Esq. by a young gentlewoman who had been some years deceased.

'The remaining part of the mystery I myself can unfold,' exclaimed the knight, while he ran and embraced the astonished Dolly as his kinswoman. 'Jonathan Greaves was my uncle, and died before he came of age, so that he could make no settlement on his child, the fruit of a private amour, founded on a promise of marriage, of which this ring was a token. Mr Clarke, being his confidant, disposed of the child, and at length finding his constitution decay, revealed the secret to my father, who in his will bequeathed one hundred pounds a-year to this agreeable foundling; but as they both died while I was abroad, and some of the memorandums touching this transaction probably were mislaid, I never till now could discover where or how my pretty cousin was situated. I shall recompense the good woman for her care and fidelity, and take pleasure in bringing this affair to a happy issue.

The lovers were now overwhelmed with transports of joy and gratitude, and every countenance was lighted up with satisfaction. From this place to the habitation of Sir Launcelot the bells were rung in every parish, and the corporation in their formalities congratulated him in every town through which he passed. About five miles from Greavesbury-hall he was met by above five thousand persons of both sexes and every age, dressed out in their gayest apparel, headed by Mr Ralph Mattocks from Darnel-hill, and the rector from the knight's own parish. They were preceded by music of different kinds, ranged under a great variety of flags and ensigns; and the women, as well as the men, bedizened with

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fancy-knots and marriage favours. At the end of the avenue, a select bevy of comely virgins arrayed in white, and a separate band of choice youths, distinguished by garlands of laurel and holly interweaved, fell into the procession, and sung in chorus a rustic epithalamium composed by the curate. At the gate they were received by the venerable housekeeper Mrs Oakley, whose features were so brightened by the occasion, that with the first glance she made a conquest of the heart of Captain Crowe; and this connection was improved afterwards into a legal conjunction.

Meanwhile the houses of Greavesbury-hall and Darnel-hill were set open for the entertainment of all comers, and both echoed with the sounds of festivity. After the ceremony of giving and receiving visits had been performed by Sir Launcelot Greaves and his lady, Mr Clarke was honoured with the hand of the agreeable Miss Dolly Greaves; and the captain was put in possession of his paternal estate. The perfect and uninterrupted felicity of the knight and his endearing consort diffused itself through the whole adjacent country as far as their example and influence could extend. They were admired, esteemed, and applauded, by every person of taste, sentiment, and benevolence; at the same time beloved, revered, and almost adored, by the common people, among whom they suffered not the merciless hand of indigence or misery to seize one single sacrifice.

Ferret at first seemed to enjoy his easy circumstances, but the novelty of this situation soon wore off, and all his misanthropy returned. He could not bear to see his fellow-creatures happy around him; and signified his disgust to Sir Launcelot, declaring his intention of returning to the metropolis, where he knew there would be always food sufficient for the ravenous appetite of his spleen. Before he departed, the knight made him partake of his bounty, though he could not make him taste of his happiness, which soon received a considerable addition in the birth of a son, destined to be the heir and representative of two worthy families, whose mutual animosity the union of his parents had so happily extinguished.

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TRAVELS

THROUGH

FRANCE AND ITALY.

CONTAINING

OBSERVATIONS ON CHARACTER, CUSTOMS, RELIGION, GOVERNMENT, POLICE, COMMERCE, ARTS, AND ANTIQUITIES:

WITH A PARTICULAR DESCRIPTION OF THE TOWN, TERRITORY, AND CLIMATE OF NICE.

To which is added, a Register of the Weather, kept during a Residence of Eighteen Months in that City.

Ut homo qui erranti comiter monstrat viam,
Quasi lumen de suo lumine accendat, facit:
Nihil ominis ipsi luceat, cum illi accenderit.

ENNIUS.

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TRAVELS

THROUGH

FRANCE AND ITALY.

LETTER I.

DEAR SIR, *Boulogne sur mer, June* 23, 1763.

You laid your commands upon me at parting, to communicate from time to time the observations I should make in the course of my travels, and it was an injunction I received with pleasure. In gratifying your curiosity, I shall find some amusement to beguile the tedious hours, which, without some such employment, would be rendered insupportable by distemper and disquiet.

You knew and pitied my situation, traduced by malice, persecuted by faction, abandoned by false patrons, and overwhelmed by the sense of a domestic calamity, which it was not in the power of fortune to repair.

You know with what eagerness I fled from my country, as a scene of illiberal dispute, and incredible infatuation, where a few worthless incendiaries had, by dint of perfidious calumnies and atrocious abuse, kindled up a flame which threatened all the horrors of civil dissension.

I packed up my little family in a hired coach, and attended by my trusty servant, who had lived with me a dozen of years, and now refused to leave me, took the road to Dover, in my way to the south of France, where I hoped the mildness of the climate would prove favourable to the weak state of my lungs.

You advised me to have recourse again to the Bath waters, from the use of which I had received great benefit the

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preceding winter; but I had many inducements to leave England. My wife earnestly begged I would convey her from a country where every object served to nourish her grief; I was in hopes that a succession of new scenes would engage her attention, and gradually call off her mind from a series of painful reflections; and I imagined the change of air, and a journey of near a thousand miles, would have a happy effect upon my own constitution. But as the summer was already advanced, and the heat too excessive for travelling in warm climates, I proposed staying at Boulogne till the beginning of autumn, and in the meantime to bathe in the sea, with a view to strengthen and prepare my body for the fatigues of such a long journey.

A man who travels with a family of five persons, must lay his account with a number of mortifications; and some of these I have already happily overcome. Though I was well acquainted with the road to Dover, and made allowances accordingly, I could not help being chagrined at the bad accommodation and impudent imposition to which I was exposed. These I found the more disagreeable, as we were detained a day extraordinary on the road, in consequence of my wife's being indisposed.

I need not tell you this is the worst road in England, with respect to the conveniencies of travelling, and must certainly impress foreigners with an unfavourable opinion of the nation in general. The chambers are in general cold and comfortless, the beds paltry, the cookery execrable, the wine poison, the attendance bad, the publicans insolent, and the bills extortion; there is not a drop of tolerable malt liquor to be had from London to Dover.

Every landlord and every waiter harangued upon the knavery of a publican in Canterbury, who had charged the French ambassador forty pounds for a supper that was not worth forty shillings. They talked much of honesty and conscience; but when they produced their own bills, they appeared to be all of the same family and complexion. If it was a reproach upon the English nation, that an innkeeper should pillage strangers at that rate, it is a greater

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scandal, that the same fellow should be able to keep his house still open. I own, I think it would be for the honour of the kingdom to reform the abuses of this road; and in particular, to improve the avenue to London by the way of Kent street, which is a most disgraceful entrance to such an opulent city. A foreigner, in passing through this beggarly and ruinous suburb, conceives such an idea of misery and meanness, as all the wealth and magnificence of London and Westminster are afterwards unable to destroy. A friend of mine, who brought a Parisian from Dover in his own postchaise, contrived to enter Southwark after it was dark, that his friend might not perceive the nakedness of this quarter. This stranger was much pleased with the great number of shops full of merchandize, lighted up to the best advantage. He was astonished at the display of riches in Lombard street and Cheapside. The badness of the pavement made him find the streets twice as long as they were. They alighted in Upper Brook-street by Grosvenor-square; and when his conductor told him they were then about the middle of London, the Frenchman declared, with marks of infinite surprise, that London was very near as long as Paris.

On my arrival at Dover, I paid off my coachman, who went away with a heavy heart. He wanted much to cross the sea, and endeavoured to persuade me to carry the coach and horses to the other side. If I had been resolved to set out immediately for the south, perhaps I should have taken his advice. If I had retained him at the rate of twenty guineas per month, which was the price he demanded, and begun my journey without hesitation, I should travel more agreeably than I can expect to do in the carriages of this country; and the difference of the expense would be a mere trifle. I would advise every man who travels through France to bring his own vehicle along with him, or at least to purchase one at Calais or Boulogne, where second-hand berlins and chaises may be generally had at reasonable rates. I have been offered a very good berlin for thirty guineas: but before I make the purchase, I must be better informed touching the different methods of travelling in this country.

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Dover is commonly termed a den of thieves; and I am afraid it is not altogether without reason it has acquired this appellation. The people are said to live by piracy in time of war, and by smuggling and fleecing strangers in time of peace; but I will do them the justice to say, they make no distinction between foreigners and natives. Without all doubt, a man cannot be much worse lodged and worse treated in any part of Europe; nor will he in any other place meet with more flagrant instances of fraud, imposition, and brutality. One would imagine they had formed a general conspiracy against all those who either go or return from the continent. About five years ago, in my passage from Flushing to Dover, the master of the packet-boat brought to all of a sudden off the South Foreland, although the wind was as favourable as it could blow. He was immediately boarded by a customhouse boat, the officer of which appeared to be his friend. He then gave the passengers to understand, that as it was low water, the ship could not go into the harbour; but that the boat would carry them ashore with their baggage.

The customhouse officer demanded a guinea for this service, and the bargan was made. Before we quitted the ship, we were obliged to gratify the cabin-boy for his attendance, and to give drink-money to the sailors. The boat was run aground on the open beach; but we could not get ashore without the assistance of three or four fellows, who insisted upon being paid for their trouble. Every parcel and bundle, as it was landed, was snatched up by a separate porter; one ran away with a hat-box, another with a wig-box, a third with a couple of shirts tied up in a handkerchief, and two were employed in carrying a small portmanteau that did not weigh forty pounds. All our things were hurried to the customhouse to be searched, and the searcher was paid for disordering our clothes; from thence they were removed to the inn, where the porters demanded half a crown each for their labour. It was in vain to expostulate; they surrounded the house like a pack of hungry hounds, and raised such a clamour, that we were fain to

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comply. After we had undergone all this imposition, we were visited by the master of the packet, who, having taken our fares, and wished us joy of our happy arrival in England, expressed his hope that we would remember the poor master, whose wages were very small, and who chiefly depended upon the generosity of the passengers. I own I was shocked at his meanness, and could not help telling him so. I told him, I could not conceive what title he had to any such gratification; he had sixteen passengers, who paid a guinea each, on the supposition that every person on board should have a bed; but there were no more than eight beds in the cabin, and each of these was occupied before I came on board; so that if we had been detained at sea a whole week by contrary winds and bad weater, one half of the passengers must have slept upon the boards, howsoever their health might have suffered from this want of accommodation. Notwithstanding this check, he was so very abject and importunate, that we gave him a crown a-piece, and he retired.

The first thing I did when I arrived at Dover this last time, was to send for the master of a packet-boat, and agree with him to carry us to Boulogne at once, by which means I saved the expense of travelling by land from Calais to this last place, a journey of four-and-twenty miles. The hire of a vessel from Dover to Boulogne is precisely the same as from Dover to Calais, five guineas; but this skipper demanded eight, and, as I did not know the fare, I agreed to give him six. We embarked between six and seven in the evening, and found ourselves in a most wretched hovel, on board what is called a Folkstone cutter. The cabin was so small, that a dog could hardly turn in it, and the beds put me in mind of the holes described in some catacombs, in which the bodies of the dead were deposited, being thrust in with the feet foremost; there was no getting into them but endways, and indeed they seemed so dirty, that nothing but extreme necessity could have obliged me to use them. We sat up all night in a most uncomfortable situation, tossed about by the sea, cold, and cramped, and weary,

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and languishing for want of sleep. At three in the morning the master came down, and told us we were just off the harbour of Boulogne; but the wind blowing off shore, he could not possibly enter, and therefore advised us to go ashore in the boat. I went upon deck to view the coast, when he pointed to the place where he said Boulogne stood, declaring at the same time, we were within a short mile of the harbour's mouth. The morning was cold and raw, and I knew myself extremely subject to catch cold; nevertheless, we were all so impatient to get ashore, that I resolved to take his advice. The boat was already hoisted out, and we went on board of it, after I had paid the captain, and gratified his crew. We had scarce parted from the ship, when we perceived a boat coming towards us from the shore; and the master gave us to understand, it was coming to carry us into the harbour. When I objected to the trouble of shifting from one boat to another in the open sea, which (by the by) was a little rough, he said it was a privilege which the watermen of Boulogne had to carry all passengers ashore, and that this privilege he durst not venture to infringe. This was no time nor place to remonstrate. The French boat came alongside, half filled with water, and we were handed from the one to the other. We were then obliged to lie upon our oars, till the captain's boat went on board, and returned from the ship with a packet of letters. We were afterwards rowed a long league in a rough sea, against wind and tide, before we reached the harbour, where we landed, benumbed with cold, and the women excessively sick: from our landing-place we were obliged to walk very near a mile to the inn where we purposed to lodge, attended by six or seven men and women, bare-legged, carrying our baggage. This boat cost me a guinea, besides paying exorbitantly the people who carried our things; so that the inhabitants of Dover and Boulogne seem to be of the same kidney, and indeed they understand one another perfectly well. It was our honest captain who made the signal for the shore-boat before I went upon deck; by which means he not only gratified his friends, the watermen of Boulogne,

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but also saved about fifteen shillings portage, which he must have paid had he gone into the harbour: and thus he found himself at liberty to return to Dover, which he reached in four hours. I mention these circumstances as a warning to other passengers. When a man hires a packet-boat from Dover to Calais or Boulogne, let him remember that the stated price is five guineas; and let him insist upon being carried into the harbour in the ship, without paying the least regard to the representations of the master, who is generally a little dirty knave. When he tells you it is low water, or the wind is in your teeth, you may say you will stay on board till it is high water, or till the wind comes favourable. If he sees you are resolute, he will find means to bring his ship into the harbour, or at least to convince you, without a possibility of your being deceived, that it is not in his power. After all, the fellow himself was a loser by his finesse: if he had gone into the harbour, he would have had another fare immediately back to Dover, for there was a Scotch gentleman at the inn waiting for such an opportunity.

Knowing my own weak constitution, I took it for granted this morning's adventure would cost me a fit of illness; and what added to my chagrin, when we arrived at the inn, all the beds were occupied; so that we were obliged to sit in a cold kitchen above two hours, until some of the lodgers should get up. This was such a bad specimen of French accommodation, that my wife could not help regretting even the inns of Rochester, Sittingbourn, and Canterbury: bad as they are, they certainly have the advantage, when compared with the execrable auberges of this country, where one finds nothing but dirt and imposition. One would imagine the French were still at war with the English, for they pillage them without mercy.

Among the strangers at this inn where we lodged, there was a gentleman of the faculty, just returned from Italy. Understanding that I intended to winter in the south of France, on account of a pulmonic disorder, he strongly recommended the climate of Nice, in Provence, which in-

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deed I had often heard extolled; and I am almost resolved to go thither, not only for the sake of the air, but also for its situation on the Mediterranean, where I can have the benefit of bathing; and from whence there is a short cut by sea to Italy, should I find it necessary to try the air of Naples.

After having been ill accommodated three days at our inn, we have at last found commodious lodgings, by means of Mrs B——, a very agreeable French lady, to whom we were recommended by her husband, who is my countryman, and at present resident in London. For three guineas a-month we have the greatest part of a house, tolerably furnished; four bed-chambers on the first floor, a large parlour below, a kitchen, and the use of a cellar.

These, I own, are frivolous incidents, scarce worth committing to paper; but they may serve to introduce observations of more consequence; and in the meantime I know nothing will be indifferent to you, that concerns—your humble servant.

LETTER II.

DEAR SIR, *Boulogne sur mer, July* 15, 1763.

The customhouse officers at Boulogne, though as alert, are rather more civil than those on your side of the water. I brought no plate along with me, but a dozen and a half of spoons, and a dozen tea-spoons: the first being found in one of our portmanteaus, when they were examined at the bureau, cost me seventeen livres *entrée;* the others being luckily in my servant's pocket, escaped duty free. All wrought silver imported into France pays at the rate of so much per mark: therefore those who have any quantity of plate will do well to leave it behind them, unless they can confide in the dexterity of the shipmasters, some of whom will undertake to land it without the ceremony of examination. The ordonnances of France are so unfavourable to strangers, that they oblige them to pay at the rate of five per cent. for all the bed and table linen which they bring into the kingdom, even though it has been used. When

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my trunks arrived in a ship from the river Thames, I underwent this ordeal: but what gives me more vexation, my books have been stopped at the bureau, and will be sent to Amiens at my expense, to be examined by the *chambre syndicale*, lest they should contain something prejudicial to the state, or to the religion of the country. This is a species of oppression which one would not expect to meet with in France, which piques itself on its politeness and hospitality; but the truth is, I know no country in which strangers are worse treated, with respect to their essential concerns. If a foreigner dies in France, the king seizes all his effects, even though his heir should be upon the spot; and this tyranny is called the *droit d'aubaine*, founded at first upon the supposition that all the estate of foreigners residing in France was acquired in that kingdom, and that therefore it would be unjust to convey it to another country. If an English protestant goes to France for the benefit of his health, attended by his wife, or his son, or both, and dies with effects in the house to the amount of a thousand guineas, the king seizes the whole, the family is left destitute, and the body of the deceased is denied christian burial. The Swiss, by capitulation, are exempted from this despotism, and so are the Scots, in consequence of an ancient alliance between the two nations. The same *droit d'aubaine* is exacted by some of the princes in Germany; but it is a great discouragement to commerce, and prejudices every country where it is exercised, to ten times the value of what it brings into the coffers of the sovereign.

I am exceedingly mortified at the detention of my books, which not only deprives me of an amusement which I can very ill dispense with, but in all probability will expose me to sundry other inconveniencies. I must be at the expense of sending them sixty miles to be examined, and run the risk of their being condemned; and, in the meantime, I may lose the opportunity of sending them with my heavy baggage by sea to Bourdeaux, to be sent up the Garonne to Thoulouse, and from thence transmitted through the canal

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of Languedoc to Cete, which is a sea-port on the Mediterranean, about three or four leagues from Montpelier.

For the recovery of my books, I had recourse to the advice of my landlord, Monsieur B—. He is a handsome young fellow, about twenty-five years of age, and keeps house with two maiden sisters, who are professed devotees. The brother is a little libertine, good-natured, and obliging, but a true Frenchman in vanity, which is undoubtedly the ruling passion of this volatile people. He has an inconsiderable place under the government, in consequence of which he is permitted to wear a sword, a privilege which he does not fail to use. He is likewise receiver of the tithes of the clergy in this district, an office that gives him a command of money, and he moreover deals in the wine trade. When I came to his house, he made a parade of all these advantages; he displayed his bags of money, and some old gold which his father had left him. He described his chateau in the country, dropped hints of the fortunes that were settled upon mademoiselles his sisters, boasted of his connections at court, and assured me it was not for my money that he let his lodgings, but altogether with a view to enjoy the pleasure of my company. The truth, when stripped of all embellishments, is this: the Sieur B— is the son of an honest bourgeois lately dead, who left him the house, with some stock in trade, a little money, and a paltry farm; his sisters have about three thousand livres (not quite L.140) a-piece; the brother's places are worth about fifty pounds a-year; and his connections at court are confined to a *commis*, or clerk in the secretary's office, with whom he corresponds, by virtue of his employment. My landlord piques himself upon his gallantry and success with the fair sex: he keeps a *fille de joie*, and makes no secret of his amours. He told Miss C— the other day, in broken English, that, in the course of last year, he had made six bastards. He owned, at the same time, he had sent them all to the hospital; but, now his father is dead, he would himself take care of his future productions. This, however, was no better than a gasconade. Yesterday the house was in a hot alarm, on account of a new windfall

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of this kind; the sisters were in tears; the brother was visited by the *curé* of the parish; the lady in the straw (a sempstress) sent him the bantling in a basket, and he transmitted it by the carriers to the *Enfans trouvés* at Paris.

But to return from this digression: Mr B— advised me to send a *requête*, or petition, to the chancellor of France, that I might obtain an order to have my books examined on the spot, by the president of Boulogne, or the *procureur du roy*, or the sub-delegate of the intendance. He recommended an *avocat* of his acquaintance to draw up the *memoire*, and introduced him accordingly; telling me at the same time, in private, that if he was not a drunkard, he would be at the head of his profession. He had, indeed, all the outwards signs of a sot; a sleepy eye, a rubicund face, and carbuncled nose. He seemed to be out at elbows, had marvellous foul linen, and his breeches were not very sound; but he assumed an air of importance, was very courteous, and very solemn. I asked him, if he did not sometimes divert himself with the muse: he smiled, and promised, in a whisper, to shew me some *chansonettes de sa façon*. Meanwhile he composed the *requête* in my name, which was very pompous, very tedious, and very abject. Such a style might, perhaps, be necessary in a native of France; but I did not think it was at all suitable to a subject of Great Britain. I thanked him for the trouble he had taken, as he would receive no other gratification; but when my landlord proposed to send the *memoire* to his correspondent at Paris, to be delivered to the chancellor, I told him I had changed my mind, and would apply to the English ambassador. I have accordingly taken the liberty to address myself to the earl of H——; and, at the same time, I have presumed to write to the duchess of D——, who is now at Paris, to entreat her grace's advice and interposition. What effect these applications may have, I know not; but the Sieur B— shakes his head, and has told my servant, in confidence, that I am mistaken, if I think the English ambassador is as great a man at Paris as the chancellor of France.

I ought to make an apology for troubling you with such

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an unentertaining detail, and consider that the detention of my books must be a matter of very little consequence to any body, but to your affectionate humble servant.

LETTER III.

SIR, *Boulogne, August* 15, 1763.

I AM much obliged to you for your kind inquiries after my health, which has been lately in a very declining condition. In consequence of a cold, caught a few days after my arrival in France, I was seized with a violent cough, attended with a fever, and stitches in my breast, which tormented me all night long without ceasing. At the same time I had a great discharge by expectoration, and such a dejection of spirits as I never felt before. In this situation, I took a step which may appear to have been desperate. I knew there was no imposthume in my lungs, and I supposed the stitches were spasmodical. I was sensible that all my complaints were originally derived from relaxation. I therefore hired a chaise, and going to the beach, about a league from the town, plunged into the sea without hesitation. By this desperate remedy, I got a fresh cold in my head; but my stitches and fever vanished the very first day; and by a daily repetition of the bath, I have diminished my cough, strengthened my body, and recovered my spirits. I believe I should have tried the same experiment, even if there had been an abscess in my lungs, though such practice would have been contrary to all the rules of medicine; but I am not one of those who implicitly believe in all the dogmata of physic. I saw one of the guides at Bath, the stoutest fellow amongst them, who recovered from the last stage of a consumption, by going into the king's bath, contrary to the express injunction of his doctor. He said, if he must die, the sooner the better, as he had nothing left for his subsistence. Instead of immediate death, he found instant ease, and continued mending every day, till his health was entirely re-established. I myself drank the waters at Bath, and bathed, in diametrical opposition to the opinion of some physicians there settled, and found myself better every day, notwithstanding their

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unfavourable prognostic. If I had been of the rigid fibre, full of blood, subject to inflammation, I should have followed a different course. Our acquaintance Dr C——, while he actually spit up matter, and rode out every day for his life, led his horse to water, at the pond in Hyde Park, one cold frosty morning; and the beast, which happened to be of a hot constitution, plunged himself and his master over head and ears in the water. The poor doctor hastened home, half dead with fear, and was put to bed in the apprehension of a new imposthume; instead of which, he found himself exceedingly recruited in his spirits, and his appetite much mended. I advised him to take the hint, and go into the cold bath every morning; but he did not choose to run any risk. How cold water comes to be such a bugbear I know not. If I am not mistaken, Hippocrates recommmends immersion in cold water for the gout; and Celsus expressly says, *in omni tussi utilis est natatio.*

I have conversed with a physician of this place, a sensible man, who assured me he was reduced to mere skin and bone by a cough and hectic fever, when he ordered a bath to be made in his own house, and dipped himself in cold water every morning. He at the same time left off drinking and swallowing any liquid that was warm. He is now strong and lusty, and even in winter has no other cover than a single sheet. His notions about the warm drink were a little whimsical: he imagined it relaxed the tone of the stomach; and this would undoubtedly be the case, if it was drunk in large quantities warmer than the natural temperature of the blood. He alleged the example of the inhabitants of the Ladrone islands, who never taste any thing that is not cold, and are remarkably healthy. But to balance this argument, I mentioned the Chinese, who scarce drank any thing but warm tea; and the Laplanders, who drink nothing but warm water; yet the people of both these nations are remarkably strong, healthy, and long-lived.

You desire to know the fate of my books. My Lord H—d is not yet come to France; but my letter was transmitted to him from Paris; and his lordship, with that generous human-

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ity which is peculiar to his character, has done me the honour to assure me, under his own hand, that he has directed Mr N—lle, our resident at Paris, to apply for an order that my books may be restored.

I have met with another piece of good fortune, in being introduced to General Paterson and his lady, in their way to England from Nice, where the general has been many years commandant for the king of Sardinia. You must have heard of this gentleman, who has not only eminently distinuished himself by his courage and conduct as an officer, but also by his probity and humanity in the exercise of his office, and by his remarkable hospitality to all strangers, especially the subjects of Great Britain, whose occasions called them to the place where he commanded. Being pretty far advanced in years, he begged leave to resign, that he might spend the evening of his days in his own country; and his Sardinian majesty granted his request with regret, after having honoured him with very particular marks of approbation and esteem. The general talks so favourably of the climate of Nice, with respect to disorders of the breast, that I am now determined to go thither. It would have been happy for me, had he continued in his government. I think myself still very fortunate, in having obtained of him a letter of recommendation to the English consul at Nice, together with directions how to travel through the south of France. I propose to begin my journey some time next month, when the weather will be temperate to the southward; and in the wine countries I shall have the pleasure of seeing the vintage, which is always a season of festivity among all ranks of people.

You have been very much misinformed by the person who compared Boulogne to Wapping: he did a manifest injustice to this place, which is a large agreeable town, with broad open streets, excellently paved; and the houses are of stone, well built and commodious. The number of inhabitants may amount to sixteen thousand. You know this was generally supposed to be the *Portus Itius* and *Gessoriacum* of the ancients; though it is now believed that the

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Portus Itius, from whence Cæsar sailed to Britain, is a place called *Whitsand*, about half way between this place and Calais. Boulogne is the capital of the Boulonnois, a district extending about twelve leagues, ruled by a governor independent of the governor of Picardy; of which province, however, this country forms a part. The present governor is the Duc d'Aumont. The town of Boulogne is the see of a bishop, suffragan of Rheims, whose revenue amounts to about four-and-twenty thousand livres, or one thousand pounds sterling. It is also the seat of a seneschal's court, from whence an appeal lies to the parliament of Paris; and thither all condemned criminals are sent, to have their sentence confirmed or reversed. Here is likewise a bailiwick, and a court of admiralty. The military jurisdiction of the city belongs to a commandant appointed by the king, a sort of sinecure bestowed upon some old officer. His appointments are very inconsiderable: he resides in the Upper Town, and his garrison at present consists of a few hundreds of invalids.

Boulogne is divided into the Upper and Lower Towns. The former is a kind of citadel, about a short mile in circumference, situated on a rising ground, surrounded by a high wall and rampart, planted with rows of trees, which form a delightful walk. It commands a fine view of the country and Lower Town; and in clear weather, the coast of England, from Dover to Folkstone, appears so plain, that one would imagine it was within four or five leagues of the French shore. The Upper Town was formerly fortified with outworks, which are now in ruins. Here is a square, a town-house, the cathedral, and two or three convents of nuns; in one of which there are several English girls, sent hither for their education. The smallness of the expense encourages parents to send their children abroad to these seminaries, where they learn scarce any thing that is useful, but the French language; but they never fail to imbibe prejudices against the protestant religion, and generally return enthusiastic converts to the religion of Rome. This conversion always generates a contempt for, and often an

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aversion to, their own country. Indeed it cannot reasonably be expected, that people of weak minds, addicted to superstition, should either love or esteem those whom they are taught to consider as reprobate heretics. Ten pounds a-year is the usual pension in these convents; but I have been informed by a French lady, who had her education in one of them, that nothing can be more wretched than their entertainment.

The civil magistracy of Boulogne consists of a mayor and echevins; and this is the case in almost all the towns of France.

The Lower Town is continued from the gate of the Upper Town, down the slope of a hill, as far as the harbour, stretching on both sides to a large extent, and is much more considerable than the Upper, with respect to the beauty of the streets, the convenience of the houses, and the number and wealth of the inhabitants. These, however, are all merchants, or bourgeois; for the noblesse or gentry live altogether in the Upper Town, and never mix with the others. The harbour of Boulogne is at the mouth of the river, or rather rivulet, Liane, which is so shallow, that the children wade through it at low water. As the tide makes, the sea flows in, and forms a pretty extensive harbour, which, however, admits nothing but small vessels. It is contracted at the mouth by two stone *jettes* or piers, which seem to have been constructed by some engineer, very little acquainted with this branch of his profession; for they are carried out in such a manner, as to collect a bank of sand just at the entrance of the harbour. The road is very open and unsafe, and the surf very high when the wind blows from the sea. There is no fortification near the harbour, except a paltry fort mounting about twenty guns, built in the last war by the Prince de Cruy, upon a rock about a league to the eastward of Boulogne. It appears to be situated in such a manner, that it can neither offend nor be offended. If the depth of water would admit a forty or fifty gun ship to lie within cannon-shot of it, I apprehend it might be silenced in half an hour; but, in all probability,

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there will be no vestiges of it at the next rupture between the two crowns. It is surrounded every day by the sea, at high water; and when it blows a fresh gale towards the shore, the waves break over the top of it, to the terror and astonishment of the garrison, who have been often heard crying piteously for assistance. I am persuaded, that it will one day disappear in the twinkling of an eye. The neighbourhood of this fort, which is a smooth sandy beach, I have chosen for my bathing place. The road to it is agreeable and romantic, lying through pleasant corn-fields, skirted by open downs, where there is a rabbit warren, and great plenty of the birds so much admired at Tunbridge under the name of *wheat-ears*. By the by, this is a pleasant corruption of *white-a—e*, the translation of their French name *cul-blanc*, taken from their colour, for they are actually white towards the tail.

Upon the top of a high rock, which overlooks the harbour, are the remains of an old fortification, which is indiscriminately called *Tour d'ordre*, and *Julius Cæsar's fort*. The original tower was a light-house, built by Claudius Cæsar, denominated *Turris ardens*, from the fire burned in it; and this the French have corrupted into *Tour d'ordre:* but no vestiges of this Roman work remain; what we now see are the ruins of a castle built by Charlemagne. I know of no other antiquity at Boulogne, except an old vault in the Upper Town, now used as a magazine, which is said to be part of an ancient temple dedicated to Isis.

On the other side of the harbour, opposite to the Lower Town, there is a house built, at a considerable expense, by a general officer, who lost his life in the late war. Never was a situation more inconvenient, unpleasant, and unhealthy. It stands on the edge of an ugly morass, formed by the stagnant water left by the tide in its retreat: the very walks of the garden are so moist, that in the driest weather, no person can make a tour of it, without danger of the rheumatism. Besides, the house is altogether inaccessible, except at low water; and even then the carriage must cross the harbour, the wheels up to the axle-tree in mud: nay, the tide rushes in so fast, that, unless you seize the time to a

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minute, you will be in danger of perishing. The apartments of his house are elegantly fitted up, but very small; and the garden, notwithstanding its unfavourable situation, affords a great quantity of good fruit. The ooze, impregnated with sea salt, produces, on this side of the harbour, an incredible quantity of the finest *samphire* I ever saw. The French call it *passe-pierre*; and I suspect its English name is a corruption of *sang-pierre*. It is generally found on the faces of bare rocks that overhang the sea, by the spray of which it is nourished. As it grew upon a naked rock, without any appearance of soil, it might be naturally enough called *sang du pierre*, or *sang-pierre*, blood of the rock; and hence the name *samphire*. On the same side of the harbour, there is another new house, neatly built, belonging to a gentleman who has obtained a grant from the king of some ground which was always overflowed at high water. He has raised dikes at a considerable expense, to exclude the tide; and if he can bring his project to bear, he will not only gain a good estate for himself, but also improve the harbour, by increasing the depth at high water.

In the Lower Town of Boulogne there are several religious houses, particularly a seminary, a convent of cordeliers, and another of capuchins. This last having fallen to decay, was some years ago repaired, chiefly by the charity of British travellers, collected by Father Græme, a native of North Britain, who had been an officer in the army of King James II. and is said to have turned monk of this mendicant order, by way of voluntary penance, for having killed his friend in a duel. Be that as it may, he was a well-bred, sensible man, of a very exemplary life and conversation; and his memory is much revered in this place. Being superior of the convent, he caused the British arms to be put up in the church, as a mark of gratitude for the benefactions received from our nation. I often walk in the garden of the convent, the walls of which are washed by the sea at high water. At the bottom of the garden is a little private grove, separated from it by a high wall, with a door of communication; and hither the capuchins retire, when they are disposed for contemplation.

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About two years ago, this place was said to be converted to a very different use. There was among the monks one *pere Charles*, a lusty friar, of whom the people tell strange stories. Some young women of the town were seen mounting over the wall, by a ladder of ropes, in the dusk of the evening; and there was an unusual crop of bastards that season. In short, *pere Charles* and his companions gave such scandal, that the whole fraternity was changed; and now the nest is occupied by another flight of these birds of passage. If one of our privateers had kidnapped a capuchin during the war, and exhibited him in his habit, as a show in London, he would have proved a good prize to the captors; for I know not a more uncouth and grotesque animal, than an old capuchin in the habit of his order. A friend of mine (a Swiss officer) told me, that a peasant in his country used to weep bitterly, whenever a certain capuchin mounted the pulpit to hold forth to the people. The good father took notice of this man, and believed he was touched by the finger of the Lord. He exhorted him to encourage these accesions of grace, and at the same time to be of good comfort, as having received such marks of the divine favour. The man still continued to weep, as before, every time the monk preached; and at last the capuchin insisted upon knowing what it was, in his discourse or appearance, that made such an impression upon his heart. 'Ah, father!' cried the peasant, 'I never see you but I think of a venerable goat which I lost at Easter. We were bred up together in the same family. He was the very picture of your reverence—one would swear you were brothers. Poor *Baudouin!* he died of a fall—rest his soul! I would willingly pay for a couple of masses to pray him out of purgatory.'

Among other public edifices at Boulogne, there is an hospital, or workhouse, which seems to be established upon a very good foundation. It maintains several hundreds of poor people, who are kept constantly at work, according to their age and abilities, in making thread, all sorts of lace, a kind of catgut, and in knitting stockings. It is under the direction of the bishop; and the see is at present filled

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by a prelate of great piety and benevolence, though a little inclined to bigotry and fanaticism. The churches in this town are but indifferently built, and poorly ornamented. There is not one picture in the place worth looking at; nor indeed does there seem to be the least taste for the liberal arts.

In my next, I shall endeavour to satisfy you in the other articles you desire to know. Meanwhile I am ever yours.

LETTER IV.

SIR, *Boulogne, September* 1, 1763.

I AM infinitely obliged to D. H— for the favourable manner in which he has mentioned me to the earl of H——. I have at last recovered my books, by virtue of a particular order to the director of the douane, procured by the application of the English resident to the French ministry. I am now preparing for my long journey; but before I leave this place, I shall send you the packet I mentioned, by Meriton. Meanwhile I must fulfil my promise in communicating the observations I have had occasion to make upon this town and country.

The air of Boulogne is cold and moist, and, I believe, of consequence unhealthy. Last winter the frost, which continued six weeks in London, lasted here eight weeks, without intermission; and the cold was so intense, that, in the garden of the capuchins, it split the bark of several elms from top to bottom. On our arrival here we found all kinds of fruit more backward than in England. The frost, in its progress to Britain, is much weakened in crossing the sea. The atmosphere, impregnated with saline particles, resists the operation of freezing. Hence, in severe winters, all places near the sea side are less cold than more inland districts. This is the reason why the winter is often more mild at Edinburgh than at London. A very great degree of cold is required to freeze salt water. Indeed it will not freeze at all, until it has deposited all its salt. It is now generally allowed among philosophers, that water is no more than ice thawed by heat, either solar, or subterranean, or both;

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and that this heat being expelled, it would return to its natural consistence. This being the case, nothing else is required for the freezing of water, than a certain degree of cold, which may be generated by the help of salt, or spirit of nitre, even under the line. I would propose, therefore, that an apparatus of this sort should be provided in every ship that goes to sea; and in case there should be a deficiency of fresh water on board, the sea water may be rendered potable, by being first converted into ice.

The air of Boulogne is not only loaded with a great evaporation from the sea, increased by strong gales of wind from the west and south-west, which blow almost continually during the greatest part of the year; but it is also subject to putrid vapours, arising from the low marshy ground in the neighbourhood of the harbour, which is every tide overflowed with sea-water. This may be one cause of the scrofula and rickets, which are two prevailing disorders among the children in Boulogne. But I believe the former is more owing to the water used in the Lower Town, which is very hard and unwholesome. It curdles with soap, gives a red colour to the meat that is boiled in it, and, when drank by strangers, never fails to occasion pains in the stomach and bowels: nay, sometimes produces dysenteries. In all appearance it is impregnated with nitre, if not with something more mischievous: we know that mundic, or pyrites, very often contains a proportion of arsenic, mixed with sulphur, vitriol, and mercury. Perhaps it partakes of the acid of some coal-mine; for there are coalworks in this district. There is a well of purging water within a quarter of a mile of the Upper Town, to which the inhabitans resort in the morning, as the people of London go to the Dog and Duck, in St George's fields. There is likewise a fountain of excellent water, hard by the cathedral, in the Upper Town, from whence I am daily supplied at a small expense. Some modern chemists affirm, that no saline chalybeate waters can exist, except in the neighbourhood of coal damps; and that nothing can be more mild, and gentle, and friendly to the constitution, than the said damps:

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but I know that the place where I was bred stands upon a zonic of coal; that the water which the inhabitants generally use is hard and brackish; and that the people are remarkably subject to the king's evil and consumption. These I would impute to the bad water, impregnated with the vitriol and brine of coal, as there is nothing in the constitution of the air that should render such distempers endemial. That the air of Boulogne encourages putrefaction, appears from the effect it has upon butchers' meat, which, though the season is remarkably cold, we can hardly keep four-and-twenty hours in the coldest part of the house.

Living here is pretty reasonable; and the markets are tolerably supplied. The beef is neither fat nor firm; but very good for soup, which is the only use the French make of it. The veal is not so white, nor so well fed, as the English veal; but it is more juicy and better tasted. The mutton and pork are very good. We buy our poultry alive, and fatten them at home. Here are excellent turkeys, and no want of game: the hares, in particular, are very large, juicy, and high-flavoured. The best part of the fish caught on this coast is sent post to Paris, in chasse-marines, by a company of contractors, like those of Hastings in Sussex. Nevertheless, we have excellent soles, skate, flounders, and whitings, and sometimes mackarel. The oysters are very large, coarse, and rank. There is very little fish caught on the French coast, because the shallows run a great way from the shore, and the fish live chiefly in deep water; for this reason the fishermen go a great way out to sea, sometimes even as far as the coast of England. Notwithstanding all the haste the contractors can make, their fish in the summer is very often spoiled before it arrives at Paris; and this is not to be wondered at, considering the length of the way, which is near one hundred and fifty miles. At best, it must be in such a mortified condition, that no other people, except the negroes on the coast of Guinea, would feed upon it.

The wine commonly drank at Boulogne comes from Auxerre, is very small and meagre, and may be had from five

to eight sols a bottle; that is, from two pence halfpenny to four pence. The French inhabitants drink no good wine; nor is there any to be had, unless you have recourse to the British wine-merchants here established, who deal in Bourdeaux wines, brought hither by sea for the London market. I have very good claret from a friend, at the rate of fifteen pence sterling a bottle; and excellent small beer as reasonable as in England. I don't believe there is a drop of generous Burgundy in the place; and the Aubergistes impose upon us shamefully, when they charge it at two livres a bottle. There is a small white wine called *preniac*, which is very agreeable, and very cheap. All the brandy which I have seen in Boulogne is new, fiery, and still-burnt. This is the trash which the smugglers import into England; they have it for about ten pence a gallon. Butchers' meat is sold for five sols, or two pence halfpenny a pound, and the pound here consists of eighteen ounces. I have a young turkey for thirty sols; a hare for four-and-twenty; a couple of chickens for twenty sols, and a couple of good soles for the same price. Before we left England, we were told that there was no fruit in Boulogne; but we have found ourselves agreeably disappointed in this particular. The place is well supplied with strawberries, cherries, gooseberries, corinths, peaches, apricots, and excellent pears. I have eaten more fruit this season than I have done for several years. There are many well-cultivated gardens in the skirts of the town; particularly one belonging to our friend Mrs B——, where we often drink tea in a charming summer-house built on a rising ground, which commands a delightful prospect of the sea. We have many obligations to this good lady, who is a kind neighbour and obliging friend, and a most agreeable companion; she speaks English prettily, and is greatly attached to the people and the customs of our nation. They use wood for their common fuel, though, if I were to live in Boulogne, I would mix it with coal, which this country affords; both the wood and the coal are reasonable enough. I am certain that a man may keep house in Boulogne for about one half of what it will cost

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him in London; and this is said to be one of the dearest places in France.

The adjacent country is very agreeably diversified with hill and dale, corn fields, woods, and meadows. There is a forest of a considerable extent, that begins about a short league from the Upper Town; it belongs to the king, and the wood is farmed to different individuals.

In point of agriculture, the people in this neighbourhood seem to have profited by the example of the English. Since I was last in France, fifteen years ago, a good number of inclosures and plantations have been made in the English fashion. There is a good many tolerable country houses within a few miles of Boulogne, but mostly empty. I was offered a complete house, with a garden of four acres, well laid out, and two fields for grass or hay, about a mile from the town, for four hundred livres, about seventeen pounds a-year. It is partly furnished, stands in an agreeable situation, with a fine prospect of the sea, and was lately occupied by a Scotch nobleman, who is in the service of France.

To judge from appearance, the people of Boulogne are descended from the Flemings, who formerly possessed this country; for a great many of the present inhabitants have fine skins, fair hair, and florid complexions; very different from the natives of France in general, who are distinguished by black hair, brown skins, and swarthy faces. The people of the Boulonnois enjoy some extraordinary privileges, and, in particular, are exempted from the gabelle or duties upon salt. How they deserve this mark of favour, I do not know; but they seem to have a state of independence among them, are very ferocious, and much addicted to revenge. Many barbarous murders are committed both in the town and country; and the peasants, from motives of envy and resentment, frequently set their neighbours houses on fire. Several instances of this kind have happened in the course of the last year. The interruption which is given, in arbitrary governments, to the administration of justice, by the interposition of the great, has always a bad effect upon the morals of the common people. The peasants too are

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often rendered desperate and savage, by the misery they suffer from the oppression and tyranny of their landlords. In this neighbourhood the labouring people are ill lodged and wretchedly fed; and they have no idea of cleanliness. There is a substantial burgher in the High Town, who was some years ago convicted of a most barbarous murder. He received sentence to be broke alive upon the wheel; but was pardoned by the interposition of the governor of the country, and carries on his business as usual in the face of the whole community. A furious *abbé*, being refused orders by the bishop on account of his irregular life, took an opportunity to stab the prelate with a knife one Sunday, as he walked out of the cathedral. The good bishop desired he might be permitted to escape; but it was thought proper to punish, with the utmost severity, such an atrocious attempt. He was accordingly apprehended, and, though the wound was not mortal, condemned to be broke. When this dreadful sentence was executed, he cried out, that it was hard he should undergo such torments, for having wounded a worthless priest, by whom he had been injured, while such-a-one (naming the burgher mentioned above) lived in ease and security, after having brutally murdered a poor man, and a helpless woman big with child, who had not given him the least provocation.

The inhabitants of Boulogne may be divided into three classes; the noblesse or gentry, the burghers, and the canaille. I don't mention the clergy, and the people belonging to the law, because I shall occasionally trouble you with my thoughts upon the religion and ecclesiastics of this country; and as for the lawyers, exclusive of their profession, they may be considered as belonging to one or other of these divisions. The noblesse are vain, proud, poor, and slothful. Very few of them have above six thousand livres a-year, which may amount to about two hundred and fifty pounds sterling; and many of them not half this revenue. I think there is one heiress, said to be worth one hundred thousand livres, about four thousand two hundred pounds; but then her jewels, her clothes, and even her

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linen, are reckoned part of this fortune. The noblesse have not the common sense to reside at their houses in the country, where, by farming their own grounds, they might live at a small expense, and improve their estates at the same time. They allow their country-houses to go to decay, and their gardens and fields to waste; and reside in dark holes in the Upper Town of Boulogne, without light, air, or convenience. There they starve within doors, that they may have wherewithal to purchase fine clothes, and appear dressed once a-day in the church, or on the rampart. They have no education, no taste for reading, no housewifery, nor indeed any earthly occupation, but that of dressing their hair, and adorning their bodies. They hate walking, and would never go abroad, if they were not stimulated by the vanity of being seen. I ought to except indeed those who turn devotees, and spend the greatest part of their time with the priest, either at church, or in their own houses. Other amusements they have none in this place, except private parties of card-playing, which are far from being expensive. Nothing can be more parsimonious than the economy of these people; they live upon soup and bouille, fish and sallad; they never think of giving dinners, or entertaining their friends; they even save the expense of coffee and tea, though both are very cheap at Boulogne. They presume that every person drinks coffee at home, immediately after dinner, which is always over by one o'clock; and, in lieu of tea in the afternoon, they treat with a glass of sherbet, or capillaire. In a word, I know not a more insignificant set of mortals than the noblesse of Boulogne; helpless in themselves, and useless to the community; without dignity, sense, or sentiment; contemptible from pride, and ridiculous from vanity. They pretend to be jealous of their rank, and will entertain no correspondence with the merchants, whom they term plebeians. They likewise keep at a great distance from strangers, on pretence of a delicacy in the article of punctilio; but, as I am informed, this stateliness is in a great measure affected, in order to conceal their poverty, which would appear to greater disadvantage, if they

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admitted of a more familiar communication. Considering the vivacity of the French people, one would imagine they could not possibly lead such an insipid life, altogether unanimated by society or diversion. True it is, the only profane diversions of this place are a puppet-show and a mountebank; but then their religion affords a perpetual comedy. Their high masses, their feasts, their processions, their pilgrimages, confessions, images, tapers, robes, incense, benedictions, spectacles, representations, and innumerable ceremonies, which revolve almost incessantly, furnish a variety of entertainment from one end of the year to the other. If superstition implies *fear*, never was a word more misapplied than it is to the mummery of the religion of Rome. The people are so far from being impressed with awe and religious terror by this sort of machinery, that it amuses their imaginations in the most agreeable manner, and keeps them always in good humour. A Roman catholic longs as impatiently for the festival of St Suaire, or St Croix, or St Veronique, as a school-boy in England for the representation of Punch and the Devil; and there is generally as much laughing at one farce as at the other. Even when the descent from the cross is acted, in the holy week, with all the circumstances that ought naturally to inspire the gravest sentiments, if you cast your eyes among the multitude that crowd the place, you will not discover one melancholy face: all is prattling, tittering, or laughing; and ten to one but you perceive a number of them employed in hissing the female who personates the Virgin Mary. And here it may not be amiss to observe, that the Roman catholics, not content with the infinite number of saints who really existed, have not only personated *the cross*, but made two female saints out of a piece of linen. *Veronique* or *Veronica* is no other than a corruption of *vere icon*, or *vera effigies*, said to be the exact representation of our Saviour's face impressed upon a piece of linen, with which he wiped the sweat from his forehead in his way to the place of crucifixion. The same is worshipped under the name of *St Suaire*, from the Latin word *sudarium*. This same handkerchief is said

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to have had three folds, on every one of which was the impression: one of these remains at Jerusalem, a second was brought to Rome, and a third was conveyed to Spain. Baronius says, there is a very ancient history of the *sancta facies* in the Vatican. Tillemont, however, looks upon the whole as a fable. Some suppose *Veronica* to be the same with St Hæmorrhoissa, the patroness of those who are afflicted with the piles, who make their joint invocations to her and St Fiacre, the son of a Scotch king, who lived and died a hermit in France. The troops of Henry V. of England are said to have pillaged the chapel of this Highland saint; who, in revenge, assisted his countrymen in the French service to defeat the English at Bauge, and afterwards afflicted Henry with the piles, of which he died. This prince complained, that he was not only plagued by the living Scots, but even persecuted by those who were dead.

I know not whether I may be allowed to compare the Romish religion to comedy, and calvinism to tragedy. The first amuses the senses, and excites ideas of mirth and good-humour; the other, like tragedy, deals in the passions of terror and pity. Step into a conventicle of dissenters, you will, ten to one, hear the minister holding forth upon the sufferings of Christ, or the torments of hell, and see many marks of religious horror in the faces of the hearers. This is perhaps one reason why the reformation did not succeed in France, among a volatile, giddy, unthinking people, shocked at the mortified appearances of the calvinists; and accounts for its rapid progress among nations of a more melancholy turn of character and complexion: for, in the conversion of the multitude, reason is generally out of the question. Even the penance imposed upon the catholics is little more than mock mortification: a murderer is often quit with his confessor for saying three prayers extraordinary; and these easy terms on which absolution is obtained, certainly encourage the repetition of the most enormous crimes. The pomp and ceremonies of this religion, together with the great number of holidays they observe, howsoever

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they may keep up the spirits of the commonalty, and help to diminish the sense of their own misery, must certainly, at the same time, produce a frivolous taste for frippery and show, and encourage a habit of idleness, to which I, in a great measure, ascribe the extreme poverty of the lower people. Very near half of their time, which might be profitably employed in the exercise of industry, is lost to themselves and the community, in attendance upon the different exhibitions of religious mummery.

But as this letter has already run to an unconscionable length, I shall defer, till another occasion, what I have further to say on the people of this place, and in the meantime assure you, that I am always yours affectionately.

LETTER V.

DEAR SIR, *Boulogne, Sept.* 12, 1763.

My stay in this place now draws towards a period. Till within these few days I have continued bathing, with some advantage to my health, though the season has been cold and wet and disagreeable. There was a fine prospect of a plentiful harvest in this neighbourhood. I used to have great pleasure in driving between the fields of wheat, oats, and barley; but the crop has been entirely ruined by the rain, and nothing is now to be seen on the ground but the tarnished straw, and the rotten spoils of the husbandman's labour. The ground scarce affords subsistence to a few flocks of meagre sheep, that crop the stubble, and the intervening grass; each flock under the protection of its shepherd, with his crook and dogs, who lies every night in the midst of the fold, in a little thatched travelling lodge, mounted on a wheel carriage. Here he passes the night, in order to defend his flock from the wolves, which are sometimes, especially in winter, very bold and desperate.

Two days ago we made an excursion with Mrs B—— and Capt. L—— to the village of Samers, on the Paris road, about three leagues from Boulogne. Here is a venerable abbey of benedictines, well endowed, with large agreeable gardens prettily laid out. The monks are well lodged, and well en-

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tertained. Though restricted from flesh meals by the rules of their order, they are allowed to eat wild duck and teal, as a species of fish; and when they long for a good *bouillon*, or a partridge, or pullet, they have nothing to do but to say they are out of order. In that case the appetite of the patient is indulged in his own apartment. Their church is elegantly contrived, but kept in a very dirty condition. The greatest curiosity I saw in this place, was an English boy, about eight or nine years old, from Dover, whom his father had sent hither to learn the French language. In less than eight weeks he was become captain of the boys of the place, spoke French perfectly well, and had almost forgot his mother tongue. But to return to the people of Boulogne.

The burghers here, as in other places, consist of merchants, shopkeepers, and artisans. Some of the merchants have got fortunes, by fitting out privateers during the war. A great many single ships were taken from the English, notwithstanding the good look-out of our cruisers, who were so alert, that the privateers from this coast were often taken in four hours after they sailed from the French harbour; and there is hardly a captain of an *armateur* in Boulogne, who has not been prisoner in England five or six times in the course of the war. They were fitted out at a very small expense, and used to run over in the night to the coast of England, where they hovered as English fishing smacks, until they kidnapped some coaster, with which they made the best of their way across the channel. If they fell in with a British cruiser, they surrendered without resistance: the captain was soon exchanged, and the loss of the proprietor was not great: if they brought their prize safe into harbour, the advantage was considerable. In time of peace the merchants of Boulogne deal in wine, brandies, and oil, imported from the south, and export fish, with the manufactures of France, to Portugal and other countries; but the trade is not great. Here are two or three considerable houses of wine merchants from Britain, who deal in Bourdeaux wine, with which they supply London, and other parts of England, Scotland, and Ireland. The fishery of mackarel

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and herring is so considerable on this coast, that it is said to yield annually eight or nine hundred thousand livres, about thirty-five thousand pounds Sterling.

The shopkeepers here drive a considerable traffic with the English smugglers, whose cutters are almost the only vessels one sees in the harbour of Boulogne, if we except about a dozen of those flat-bottomed boats which raised such alarms in England in the course of the war. Indeed they seem to be good for nothing else, and perhaps they were built for this purpose only. The smugglers from the coast of Kent and Sussex pay English gold for great quantities of French brandy, tea, coffee, and small wine, which they run from this country. They likewise buy glass trinkets, toys, and coloured prints, which sell in England for no other reason but that they come from France, as they may be had as cheap and much better finished of our own manufacture. They likewise take off ribbons, laces, linen, and cambrics; though this branch of trade is chiefly in the hands of traders that come from London, and make their purchases at Dunkirk, where they pay no duties. It is certainly worth while for any traveller to lay in a stock of linen either at Dunkirk or Boulogne; the difference of the price at these two places is not great. Even here I have made a provision of shirts for one half of the money they would have cost in London. Undoubtedly the practice of smuggling is very detrimental to the fair trader, and carries considerable sums of money out of the kingdom, to enrich our rivals and enemies. The customhouse officers are very watchful, and make a great number of seizures: nevertheless, the smugglers find their account in continuing this contraband commerce; and are said to indemnify themselves, if they save one cargo out of three. After all, the best way to prevent smuggling is to lower the duties upon the commodities which are thus introduced. I have been told, that the revenue upon tea has increased ever since the duty upon it was diminished. By the by, the tea smuggled on the coast of Sussex is most execrable stuff. While I staid at Hastings, for the conveniency of bathing, I must have changed my breakfast, if I had not

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luckily brought tea with me from London: yet we have as good tea at Boulogne for nine livres a-pound, as that which sells at fourteen shillings at London.

The bourgeois of this place seem to live at their ease, probably in consequence of their trade with the English. Their houses consist of the ground floor, one storey above, and garrets. In those which are well furnished, you see pier glasses and marble slabs; but the chairs are either paltry things, made with straw bottoms which cost about a shilling a-piece, or old-fashioned, high-backed seats of needle-work stuffed, very clumsy and incommodious. The tables are square fir boards, that stand on edge in a corner, except when they are used, and then they are set upon cross legs that open and shut occasionally. The king of France dines off a board of this kind. Here is plenty of table-linen however. The poorest tradesman in Boulogne has a napkin on every cover, and silver forks with four prongs, which are used with the right hand, there being very little occasion for knives; for the meat is boiled or roasted to rags. The French beds are so high, that sometimes one is obliged to mount them by the help of steps; and this is also the case in Flanders. They very seldom use feather-beds; but they lie upon a *paillasse*, or bag of straw, over which are laid two, and sometimes three mattresses. Their testers are high and old-fashioned, and their curtains generally of thin baize, red or green, laced with tawdry yellow, in imitation of gold. In some houses, however, one meets with furniture of stamped linen; but there is no such thing as a carpet to be seen, and the floors are in a very dirty condition. They have not even the implements of cleanliness in this country. Every chamber is furnished with an *armoire*, or clothes-press, and a chest of drawers, of very clumsy workmanship. Every thing shews a deficiency in the mechanic arts. There is not a door nor a window that shuts close. The hinges, locks, and latches, are of iron, coarsely made, and ill contrived. The very chimneys are built so open, that they admit both rain and sun, and all of them smoke intolerably. If there is no cleanliness among these people, much less shall we find

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delicacy, which is the cleanliness of the mind. Indeed they are utter strangers to what we call common decency; and I could give you some high-flavoured instances, at which even a native of Edinburgh would stop his nose. There are certain mortifying views of human nature, which undoubtedly ought to be concealed as much as possible, in order to prevent giving offence; and nothing can be more absurd, than to plead the difference of custom in different countries, in defence of those usages, which cannot fail giving disgust to the organs and senses of all mankind. Will custom exempt from the imputation of gross indecency a French lady, who shifts her frowzy smock in presence of a male visitant, and talks to him of her *lavement*, her *medicine*, and her *bidet*? An Italian *signora* makes no scruple of telling you, she is such a day to begin a course of physic for the *pox*. The celebrated reformer of the Italian comedy introduces a child befouling itself on the stage, OE, NO, TI SENTI? BISOGNA DESFASSARLO *(fa cenno che senteri mal odore)*. I have known a lady handed to the house of office by her admirer, who stood at the door, and entertained her with *bons mots* all the time she was within. But I should be glad to know whether it is possible for a fine lady to speak and act in this manner, without exciting ideas to her own disadvantage in the mind of every man who has any imagination left, and enjoys the entire use of his senses, howsoever she may be authorized by the customs of her country? There is nothing so vile or repugnant to nature, but you may plead prescription for it in the customs of some nation or other. A Parisian likes mortified flesh: a native of Legiboli will not taste his fish till it is quite putrified: the civilized inhabitants of Kamtschatka get drunk with the urine of their guests, whom they have already intoxicated: the Nova Zemblans make merry on train oil: the Greenlanders eat in the same dish with their dogs: the Caffrees, at the Cape of Good Hope, piss upon those whom they delight to honour, and feast upon a sheep's intestines with their contents, as the greatest dainty that can be presented. A true-bred Frenchman dips his fingers, imbrowned with snuff, into his plate filled with

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ragout: between every three mouthfuls he produces his snuff-box, and takes a fresh pinch, with the most graceful gesticulations; then he displays his handkerchief, which may be termed the *flag of abomination*; and, in the use of both, scatters his favours among those who have the happiness to sit near him. It must be owned, however, that a Frenchman will not drink out of a tankard, in which, perhaps, a dozen of filthy mouths have slabbered, as is the custom in England. Here every individual has his own goblet, which stands before him, and he helps himself occasionally with wine, or water, or both, which likewise stand upon the table. But I know no custom more beastly than that of using water-glasses, in which polite company spirt, and squirt, and spue the filthy scourings of their gums under the eyes of each other. I knew a lover cured of his passion by seeing this nasty cascade discharged from the mouth of his mistress. I don't doubt but I shall live to see the day, when the hospitable custom of the ancient Egyptians will be revived; then a conveniency will be placed behind every chair in company, with a proper provision of waste paper, that individuals may make themselves easy without parting company. I insist upon it, that this practice would not be more indelicate than that which is now in use. What then, you will say, must a man sit with his chops and fingers up to the ears and knuckles in grease? No: let those who cannot eat without defiling themselves, step into another room, provided with basons and towels: but I think it would be better to institute schools, where youth may learn to eat their victuals, without daubing themselves, or giving offence to the eyes of one another.

The bourgeois of Boulogne have commonly soup and bouille at noon, and a roast, with a sallad, for supper; and at all their meals there is a dessert of fruit. This, indeed, is the practice all over France. On meagre days they eat fish, omelettes, fried beans, fricassees of eggs and onions, and burnt cream. The tea which they drink in the afternoon is rather boiled than infused; it is sweetened altogether with coarse sugar, and drank with an equal quantity of boiled milk.

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We had the honour to be entertained the other day by our landlord, Mr B——, who spared no cost on this banquet, exhibited for the glory of France. He had invited a new-married couple, together with the husband's mother, and the lady's father, who was one of the noblesse of Montreuil, his name Mons. L——y. There were likewise some merchants of the town, and Mons. B——'s uncle, a facetious little man, who had served in the English navy, and was as big and as round as a hogshead; we were likewise favoured with the company of father K——, a native of Ireland, who is *vicare*, or curate of the parish; and among the guests was Mons. L——y's son, a pretty boy, about thirteen or fourteen years of age. The *repas* served up in three services, or courses, with *entrees* and *hors d'œuvres*, exclusive of the fruit, consisted of above twenty dishes, extremely well dressed by the *rotisseur*, who is the best cook I ever knew in France, or elsewhere; but the *plats* were not presented with much order. Our young ladies did not seem to be much used to do the honours of the table. The most extraordinary circumstance that I observed on this occasion was, that all the French who were present ate of every dish that appeared; and, I am told, that if there had been an hundred articles more, they would have had a trial of each. This is what they call doing justice to the founder. Monsieur L——y was placed at the head of the table; and indeed he was the oracle and orator of the company; tall, thin, and weather-beaten, not unlike the picture of Don Quixote after he had lost his teeth. He had been *garde du corps*, or life-guard-man at Versailles; and, by virtue of this office, he was perfectly well acquainted with the persons of the king and the dauphin, with the characters of the ministers and grandees, and, in a word, with all the secrets of state, on which he held forth with equal solemnity and elocution. He exclaimed against the jesuits, and the farmers of the revenue, who, he said, had ruined France. Then addressing himself to me, asked, if the English did not every day drink to the health of *madame la marquise*? I did not at first comprehend his meaning; but answered in general, that the English were not

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deficient in complaisance for the ladies. 'Ah!' cried he, 'she is the best friend they have in the world. If it had not been for her, they would not have such reason to boast of the advantages of the war.' I told him the only conquest which the French had made in the war was achieved by one of the generals; I meant the taking of Mahon. But I did not choose to prosecute the discourse, remembering, that in the year 1749, I had like to have had an affair with a Frenchman at Ghent, who affirmed, that all the battles gained by the great duke of Marlborough were purposely lost by the French generals, in order to bring the schemes of Madame de Maintenon into disgrace. This is no bad resource for the national vanity of these people: though, in general, they are really persuaded, that theirs is the richest, the bravest, the happiest, and the most powerful nation under the sun; and, therefore, without some such cause, they must be invincible. By the by, the common people here still frighten their wayward children with the name of *Marlborough*. Mr B——'s son, who was nursed at a peasant's house, happening one day after he was brought home to be in disgrace with his father, who threatened to correct him, the child ran for protection to his mother, crying, *faites sortir ce vilaine Marlbroug*. It is amazing to hear a sensible Frenchman assert, that the revenues of France amount to four hundred millions of livres, about twenty millions sterling, clear of all encumbrances, when, in fact, their clear revenue is not much above ten. Without all doubt, they have reason to inveigh against the *fermiers generaux*, who oppress the people in raising taxes, not above two thirds of which are brought into the king's coffers: the rest enriches themselves, and enables them to bribe high for the protection of the great, which is the only support they have against the remonstrances of the states and parliaments, and the suggestions of common sense; which will ever demonstrate this to be, of all others, the most pernicious method of supplying the necessities of government.

Monsieur L——y seasoned the severity of his political apophthegms with intermediate sallies of mirth and gallantry.

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He ogled the venerable gentlewoman his *commere*, who sat by him. He looked, sighed, and languished, sung tender songs, and kissed the old lady's hand with all the ardour of a youthful admirer. I unfortunately congratulated him on having such a pretty young gentleman to his son. He answered, sighing, that the boy had talents, but did not put them to a proper use—'Long before I attained his age,' said he, 'I had finished my rhetoric.' Captain B——, who had eaten himself black in the face, and, with the napkin under his chin, was no bad representation of Sancho Panza in the suds, with the dish-clout about his neck, when the duke's scullions insisted upon shaving him; this sea-wit, turning to the boy with a waggish leer, 'I suppose,' said he, 'you don't understand the figure of *amplification* so well as monsieur your father.' At that instant, one of the nieces, who knew her uncle to be very ticklish, touched him under the short ribs, on which the little man attempted to spring up, but lost the centre of gravity. He overturned his own plate in the lap of the person that sat next to him, and falling obliquely upon his own chair, both tumbled down upon the floor together, to the great discomposure of the whole company; for the poor man would have been actually strangled, had not his nephew loosed his stock with great expedition. Matters being once more adjusted, and the captain condoled on his disaster, Monsieur L——y took it into his head to read his son a lecture upon filial obedience. This was mingled with some sharp reproof, which the boy took so ill that he retired. The old lady observed that he had been too severe: her daughter-in-law, who was very pretty, said her brother had given him too much reason; hinting, at the same time, that he was addicted to some terrible vices; upon which several individuals repeated the interjection, ah! ah! 'Yes,' said Monsieur L——y, with a rueful aspect, 'the boy has a pernicious turn for gaming: in one afternoon he lost at billiards such a sum as gives me horror to think of it.' 'Fifty sols in one afternoon,' cried the sister. 'Fifty sols!' exclaimed the mother-in-law, with marks of astonishment, 'that's too much—that's too much!—he's to blame—he's to

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blame! but youth, you know, Monsieur L——y—ah! vive la jeunesse!' 'Et l'amour!' cried the father, wiping his eyes, squeezing her hand, and looking tenderly upon her. Mr B—— took this opportunity to bring in the young gentleman, who was admitted into favour, and received a second exhortation. Thus harmony was restored, and the entertainment concluded with fruit, coffee, and *liqueurs*.

When a bourgeois of Boulogne takes the air, he goes in a one-horse chaise, which is here called *cabriolet*, and hires it for half-a-crown a-day. There are also travelling chaises, which hold four persons, two seated with their faces to the horses, and two behind their backs; but those vehicles are all very ill made, and extremely inconvenient. The way of riding most used in this place is on ass-back. You will see every day in the skirts of the town a great number of females thus mounted, with the feet on either side occasionally, according as the wind blows; so that sometimes the right and sometimes the left hand guides the beast: but in other parts of France as well as in Italy, the ladies sit on horseback with their legs astride, and are provided with drawers for that purpose.

When I said the French people were kept in good humour by the fopperies of their religion, I did not mean that there were no gloomy spirits among them. There will be fanatics in religion, while there are people of a saturnine disposition, and melancholy turn of mind. The character of a *devotee*, which is hardly known in England, is very common here. You see them walking to and from church at all hours, in their hoods and long camlet cloaks, with a slow pace, demure aspect, and downcast eye. Those who are poor become very troublesome to the monks, with their scruples and cases of conscience. You may see them on their knees, at the confessional, every hour of the day. The rich *devotee* has her favourite confessor, whom she consults and regales in private, at her own house; and this spiritual director generally governs the whole family. For my part, I never knew a fanatic that was not an hypocrite at bottom. Their pretensions to superior sanctity, and an absolute conquest

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over all the passions, which human reason was never yet able to subdue, introduced a habit of dissimulation, which, like all other habits, is confirmed by use, till at length they become adepts in the art and science of hypocrisy. Enthusiasm and hypocrisy are by no means incompatible. The wildest fanatics I ever knew, were real sensualists in their way of living, and cunning cheats in their dealings with mankind.

Among the lower class of people at Boulogne, those who take the lead, are the seafaring men, who live in one quarter, divided into classes, and registered for the service of the king. They are hardy and raw-boned, exercise the trade of fishermen and boatmen, and propagate like rabbits. They have put themselves under the protection of the miraculous image of the Virgin Mary, which is kept in one of their churches, and every year carried in procession. According to the legend, this image was carried off, with other pillage, by the English, when they took Boulogne, in the reign of Henry VIII. The lady, rather than reside in England, where she found a great many heretics, trusted herself alone in an open boat, and crossed the sea to the road of Boulogne, where she was seen waiting for a pilot. Accordingly a boat put off to her assistance, and brought her safe into the harbour: since which time she has continued to patronize the watermen of Boulogne. At present she is very black and very ugly, besides being cruelly mutilated in different parts of her body, which I suppose have been amputated, and converted into tobacco-stoppers: but once a-year she is dressed in very rich attire, and carried in procession, with a silver boat, provided at the expense of the sailors. That vanity which characterizes the French extends even to the canaille. The lowest creature among them is sure to have her ear-rings and golden cross hanging about her neck. Indeed this last is an implement of superstition as well as of dress, without which no female appears. The common people here, as in all countries where they live poorly and dirtily, are hard-featured, and of very brown or rather tawny complexions. As they seldom eat meat,

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their juices are destitute of that animal oil which gives a plumpness and smoothness to the skin, and defends those fine capillaries from the injuries of the weather, which would otherwise coalesce, or be shrunk up, so as to impede the circulation on the external surface of the body. As for the dirt, it undoubtedly blocks up the pores of the skin, and disorders the perspiration; consequently must contribute to the scurvy, itch, and other cutaneous distempers.

In the quarter of the *matelots* at Boulogne, there is a number of poor Canadians, who were removed from the island of St John, in the gulf of St Lawrence, when it was reduced by the English. These people are maintained at the expense of the king, who allows them soldiers' pay, that is, five sols, or two-pence half-penny a-day; or rather three sols and ammunition bread. How the soldiers contrive to subsist upon this wretched allowance, I cannot comprehend; but it must be owned, that those invalids who do duty at Boulogne betray no marks of want. They are hale and stout, neatly and decently clothed, and on the whole look better than the pensioners of Chelsea.

About three weeks ago I was favoured with a visit by one Mr M——, an English gentleman, who seems far gone in a consumption. He passed the last winter at Nismes in Languedoc, and found himself much better in the beginning of summer, when he embarked at Cette, and returned by sea to England. He soon relapsed, however, and (as he imagines) in consequence of a cold caught at sea. He told me his intention was to try the south again, and even to go as far as Italy. I advised him to make a trial of the air of Nice, where I myself proposed to reside. He seemed to relish my advice, and proceeded towards Paris in his own carriage.

I shall to-morrow ship my great chests on board of a ship bound to Bourdeaux; they are directed and recommended to the care of a merchant of that place, who will forward them by Thoulouse, and the canal of Languedoc, to his correspondent at Cette, which is the sea-port of Montpelier. he ch ar ge of their conveyance to Bourdeaux does not ex-

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ceed one guinea. They consist of two very large chests and a trunk, about a thousand pounds weight; and the expense of transporting them from Bourdeaux to Cette will not exceed thirty livres. They are already sealed with lead at the custom-house, that they may be exempted from further visitation. This is a precaution which every traveller takes, both by sea and land: he must likewise provide himself with a *passe-avant* at the bureau, otherwise he may be stopped and rummaged at every town through which he passes. I have hired a berlin and four horses to Paris, for fourteen louis-d'ors; two of which the *voiturier* is obliged to pay for a permission from the farmers of the post; for every thing is farmed in this country: and if you hire a carriage, as I have done, you must pay twelve livres, or half a guinea, for every person that travels in it. The common coach between Calais and Paris is such a vehicle as no man would use who has any regard to his own ease and convenience; and it travels at the pace of an English waggon.

In ten days I shall set out on my journey; and I shall leave Boulogne with regret. I have been happy in the acquaintance of Mrs B—— and a few British families in the place; and it was my good fortune to meet here with two honest gentlemen, whom I had formerly known in Paris, as well as with some of my countrymen, officers in the service of France. My next will be from Paris. Remember me to our friends at A——'s. I am a little heavy-hearted at the prospect of removing to such a distance from you. It is a moot point whether I shall ever return. My health is very precarious. Adieu.

LETTER VI.

DEAR SIR, *Paris, October* 12, 1763.

Of our journey from Boulogne I have little to say. The weather was favourable, and the roads were in tolerable order. We found good accommodation at Montreuil and Amiens; but in every other place where we stopped, we met with abundance of dirt, and the most flagrant imposition.

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I shall not pretend to describe the cities of Abbeville and Amiens, which we saw only *en passant*: nor take up your time with an account of the stables and palace of Chantilly, belonging to the prince of Condé, which we visited the last day of our journey: nor shall I detain you with a detail of the *Tresors de St Denis*, which, together with the tombs in the abbey-church, afforded us some amusement while our dinner was getting ready. All these particulars are mentioned in twenty different books of tours, travels and directions, which you have often perused. I shall only observe that the abbey-church is the lightest piece of Gothic architecture I have seen, and the air within seems perfectly free from that damp and moisture, so perceivable in all our old cathedrals. This must be owing to the nature of its situation. There are some fine marble statues that adorn the tombs of certain individuals here interred; but they are mostly in the French taste, which is quite contrary to the simplicity of the ancients. Their attitudes are affected, unnatural, and desultory, and their draperies fantastic; or, as one of our English artists expressed himself, *they are all of a flutter*. As for the treasures, which are shewn on certain days to the populace, gratis, they are contained in a number of presses or armoires, and if the stones are genuine, they must be inestimable: but this I cannot believe. Indeed I have been told, that what they shew as diamonds are no more than composition; nevertheless, exclusive of these, there are some rough stones of great value, and many curiosities worth seeing. The monk that showed them was the very image of our friend Hamilton, both in his looks and manner.

I have one thing very extraordinary to observe of the French auberges, which seems to be a remarkable deviation from the general character of the nation. The landlords, hostesses, and servants of the inns upon the road, have not the least dash of complaisance in their behaviour to strangers. Instead of coming to the door to receive you, as in England, they take no manner of notice of you; but leave you to find or inquire your way into the kitchen, and there you must ask several times for a chamber, before they seem

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willing to conduct you up stairs. In general, you are served with the appearance of the most mortifying indifference, at the very time they are laying schemes for fleecing you of your money. It is a very odd contrast between France and England: in the former, all the people are complaisant but the publicans: in the latter, there is hardly any complaisance but among the publicans. When I said all the people in France, I ought also to except those vermin who examine the baggage of travellers in different parts of the kingdom. Although our portmanteaus were sealed with lead, and we were provided with a passe-avant from the douane, our coach was searched at the gate of Paris by which we entered; and the women were obliged to get out, and stand in the open street, till this operation was performed.

I had desired a friend to provide lodgings for me at Paris, in the fauxbourg St Germain; and accordingly we found ourselves accommodated at the hotel de Montmorency, with a first floor, which costs me ten livres a-day. I should have put up with it had it been less polite; but as I have only a few days to stay in this place, and some visits to receive, I am not sorry that my friend has exceeded his commission. I have been guilty of another piece of extravagance, in hiring a *carosse de remise*, for which I pay twelve livres a-day. Besides the article of visiting, I could not leave Paris, without carrying my wife and the girls to see the most remarkable places in and about this capital, such as the Luxemburg, the Palais-royal, the Thuilleries, the Louvre, the Invalids, the Gobelins, &c.; together with Versailles, Trianon, Marli, Meudon, and Choissi; and therefore I thought the difference, in point of expense, would not be great between a *carosse de remise* and a hackney-coach. The first are extremely elegant, if not too much ornamented; the last are very shabby and disagreeable. Nothing gives me such chagrin, as the necessity I am under to hire a *valet de place*, as my own servant does not speak the language. You cannot conceive with what eagerness and dexterity those rascally valets exert themselves in pillaging strangers. There is always one ready in waiting on your arrival, who begins by

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assisting your own servant to unload your baggage, and interests himself in your affairs with such artful officiousness, that you will find it difficult to shake him off, even though you were determined beforehand against hiring any such domestic. He produces recommendations from his former masters, and the people of the house vouch for his honesty. The truth is, those fellows are very handy, useful, and obliging, and so far honest, that they will not steal in the usual way. You may safely trust one of them to bring you a hundred louis-d'ors from your banker; but they fleece you without mercy in every other article of expense. They lay all your tradesmen under contribution; your tailor, barber, mantuamaker, milliner, perfumer, shoemaker, mercer, jeweller, hatter, traiteur, and wine-merchant; even the bourgeois who owns your coach, pays him twenty sols per day. His wages amount to twice as much; so that I imagine the fellow that serves me makes above ten shillings a-day, besides his victuals, which, by the by, he has no right to demand. Living at Paris, to the best of my recollection, is very near twice as dear as it was fifteen years ago; and indeed this is the case in London; a circumstance that must be undoubtedly owing to an increase of taxes; for I don't find, that, in the articles of eating and drinking, the French people are more luxurious than they were heretofore. I am told the *entrées*, or duties paid upon provisions imported into Paris, are very heavy. All manner of butchers meat and poultry are extremely good in this place. The beef is excellent. The wine which is generally drank is a very thin kind of Burgundy. I can by no means relish their cookery; but one breakfasts deliciously upon their *petits pains*, and the *pates* of butter, which last is exquisite.

The common people, and even the bourgeois of Paris, live, at this season, chiefly on bread and grapes, which is undoubtedly very wholesome fare. If the same simplicity of diet prevailed in England, we should certainly undersell the French at all foreign markets; for they are very slothful with all their vivacity; and the great number of their holidays not only encourages this lazy disposition, but actually robs

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them of one half of what their labour would otherwise produce; so that, if our common people were not so expensive in their living, that is, in their eating and drinking, labour might be afforded cheaper in England than in France. There are three young lusty hussies, neices or daughters of a blacksmith that lives just opposite to my windows, who do nothing from morning till night. They eat grapes and bread from seven till nine; from nine till twelve they dress their hair, and are all the afternoon gaping at the window to view passengers. I don't perceive that they give themselves the trouble either to make their beds, or clean their apartment. The same spirit of idleness and dissipation I have observed in every part of France, and among every class of people.

Every object seems to have shrunk in its dimensions since I was last in Paris. The Louvre, the Palais-royal, the bridges, and the river Seine, by no means answer the ideas I had formed of them from my former observation. When the memory is not very correct, the imagination always betrays her into such extravagancies. When I revisited my own country, after an absence of fourteen years, I found every thing diminished in the same manner, and I could scarce believe my own eyes.

Notwithstanding the gay dispositions of the French, their houses are all gloomy. In spite of all the ornaments that have been lavished on Versailles, it is a dismal habitation. The apartments are dark, ill-furnished, dirty, and unprincely. Take the castle, chapel, and garden altogether, they make a most fantastic composition of magnificence and littleness, taste and foppery. After all, it is in England only where we must look for cheerful apartments, gay furniture, neatness, and convenience. There is a strange incongruity in the French genius. With all their volatility, prattle, and fondness for *bons mots*, they delight in a species of drawling melancholy church music. Their most favourite dramatic pieces are almost without incident; and the dialogue of their comedies consists of moral, insipid apophthegms, entirely destitute of wit or repartee. I know what I hazard by

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this opinion among the implicit admirers of Lully, Racine, and Moliere.

I don't talk of the busts, the statues, and the pictures, which abound at Versailles and other places in and about Paris, particularly the great collection of capital pieces in the Palais-royal, belonging to the duke of Orleans. I have neither capacity nor inclination to give a critique on these *chef d'œuvres*, which, indeed, would take up a whole volume. I have seen this great magazine of painting three times with astonishment; but I should have been better pleased if there had not been half the number; one is bewildered in such a profusion, as not to know where to begin, and hurried away before there is time to consider one piece with any sort of deliberation. Besides, the rooms are all dark, and a great many of the pictures hang in a bad light. As for Trianon, Marli, and Choissi, they are no more than pigeon-houses, in respect to palaces; and, notwithstanding the extravagant eulogiums which you have heard of the French king's houses, I will venture to affirm, that the king of England is better, I mean more comfortably, lodged. I ought, however to except Fountainbleau, which I have not seen.

The city of Paris is said to be five leagues, or fifteen miles, in circumference; and, if it is really so, it must be much more populous than London, for the streets are very narrow, and the houses very high, with a different family on every floor. But I have measured the best plans of these two royal cities, and am certain that Paris does not take up near so much ground as London and Westminster occupy; and I suspect the number of its inhabitants is also exaggerated by those who say it amounts to eight hundred thousand, that is, two hundred thousand more than are contained in the bills of mortality. The hotels of the French noblesse at Paris take up a great deal of room, with their court-yards and gardens; and so do their convents and churches. It must be owned, indeed, that their streets are wonderfully crowded with people and carriages.

The French begin to imitate the English, but only in such

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particulars as render them worthy of imitation. When I was last at Paris, no person of any condition, male or female, appeared but in full dress, even when obliged to come out early in the morning, and there was not such a thing to be seen as a *peruque ronde*; but at present I see a number of frocks and scratches in a morning in the streets of this metropolis. They have set up a *petite poste*, on the plan of our penny-post, with some improvements; and I am told, there is a scheme on foot for supplying every house with water, by leaden pipes, from the river Seine. They have even adopted our practice of the cold bath, which is taken very conveniently in wooden houses erected on the side of the river, the water of which is let in and out occasionally, by cocks fixed in the sides of the bath. There are different rooms for the different sexes; the accommodations are good, and the expense is a trifle. The tapestry of the Gobelins is brought to an amazing degree of perfection; and I am surprised that this furniture is not more in fashion among the great, who alone are able to purchase it. It would be a most elegant and magnificent ornament, which would always nobly distinguish their apartments from those of an inferior rank; and in this they would run no risk of being rivalled by the bourgeois. At the village of Chaillot, in the neighbourhood of Paris, they make beautiful carpets and screen-work; and this is the more extraordinary, as there are hardly any carpets used in this kingdom. In almost all the lodging-houses, the floors are of brick, and have no other kind of cleaning, than that of being sprinkled with water, and swept once a-day. These brick floors, the stone stairs, the want of wainscotting in the rooms, and the thick party walls of stone, are, however, good preservatives against fire, which seldom does any damage in this city. Instead of wainscotting, the walls are covered with tapestry or damask. The beds in general are very good, and well ornamented with testers and curtains.

Fifteen years ago, the river Seine, within a mile of Paris, was as solitary as if it had run through a desert. At present the banks of it are adorned with a number of elegant houses

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and plantations, as far as Marli. I need not mention the machine at this place for raising water, because I know you are well acquainted with its construction; nor shall I say any thing more of the city of Paris, but that there is a new square built on an elegant plan, at the end of the garden of the Thuilleries; it is called Place de Louis XV. and in the middle of it there is a good equestrian statue of the reigning king.

You have often heard that Louis XIV. frequently regretted, that his country did not afford gravel for the walks of his gardens, which are covered with a white loose sand, very disagreeable both to the eyes and feet of those who walk upon it: but this is a vulgar mistake. There is plenty of gravel on the road between Paris and Versailles, as well as in many other parts of this kingdom: but the French, who are all for glare and glitter, think the other is more gay and agreeable; one would imagine they did not feel the burning reflection from the white sand, which in summer is almost intolerable.

In the character of the French, considered as a people, there are undoubtedly many circumstances truly ridiculous. You know the fashionable people, who go a-hunting, are equipped with their jack-boots, bag-wigs, swords, and pistols; but I saw the other day a scene still more grotesque. On the road to Choissi, a *fiacre*, or hackney-coach, stopped, and out came five or six men, armed with muskets, who took post, each behind a separate tree. I asked our servant who they were, imagining they might be *archers*, or footpads of justice, in pursuit of some malefactor. But guess my surprise, when the fellow told me, they were gentlemen *á la chasse*. They were in fact come out from Paris in this equipage, to take the diversion of hare-hunting; that is, of shooting from behind a tree at the hares that chanced to pass. Indeed, if they had nothing more in view, but to destroy the game, this was a very effectual method; for the hares are in such plenty in this neighbourhood, that I have seen a dozen together in the same field. I think this way of hunting, in a coach or chariot, might be properly

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adopted at London, in favour of those aldermen of the city who are too unwieldy to follow the hounds on horseback.

The French, however, with all their absurdities, preserve a certain ascendency over us, which is very disgraceful to our nation; and this appears in nothing more than in the article of dress. We are contented to be thought their apes in fashion; but, in fact, we are slaves to their tailors, mantuamakers, barbers, and other tradesmen. One would be apt to imagine that our own tradesmen had joined them in a combination against us. When the natives of France come to London, they appear in all public places with clothes made according to the fashion of their own country, and this fashion is generally admired by the English. Why, therefore, don't we follow it implicitly? No: we pique ourselves upon a most ridiculous deviation from the very modes we admire, and please ourselves with thinking this deviation is a mark of our spirit and liberty. But we have not spirit enough to persist in this deviation, when we visit their country: otherwise, perhaps, they would come to admire and follow our example; for certainly, in point of true taste, the fashions of both countries are equally absurd. At present, the skirts of the English descend from the fifth rib to the calf of the leg, and give the coat the form of a Jewish gaberdine; and our hats seem to be modelled after that which Pistol wears upon the stage. In France, the haunch buttons and pocket holes are within half a foot of the coat's extremity: their hats look as if they had been pared round the brims, and the crown is covered with a kind of cordage, which, in my opinion, produces a very beggarly effect. In every other circumstance of dress, male and female, the contrast between the two nations appears equally glaring. What is the consequence? When an Englishman comes to Paris, he cannot appear until he has undergone a total metamorphosis. At his first arrival, he finds it necessary to send for the tailor, peruquier, hatter, shoemaker, and every other tradesman concerned in the equipment of the human body. He must even change his buckles, and the form of his ruffles; and, though at the risk of his

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life, suit his clothes to the mode of the season. For example, though the weather should be never so cold, he must wear his *habit d'été*, or *demi-saison*, without presuming to put on a warm dress before the day which fashion has fixed for that purpose; and neither old age nor infirmity will excuse a man for wearing his hat upon his head, either at home or abroad. Females are, if possible, still more subject to the caprices of fashion; and as the articles of their dress are more manifold, it is enough to make a man's heart ache to see his wife surrounded by a multitude of *coturieres*, milliners, and tire-women. All her sacks and negligees must be altered and new trimmed. She must have new caps, new laces, new shoes, and her hair new cut. She must have her taffetas for the summer, her flowered silks for the spring and autumn, her satins and damasks for winter. The good man who used to wear the *beau drap d'Angleterre*, quite plain all the year round, with a long bob, or tie-periwig, must here provide himself with a camlet suit, trimmed with silver, for spring and autumn, with silk clothes for summer, and cloth faced with gold or velvet for winter; and he must wear his bag-wig *à la pigeon*. This variety of dress is absolutely indispensable for all those who pretend to any rank above the mere bourgeois. On his return to his own country, all this frippery is useless. He cannot appear in London until he has undergone another thorough metamorphosis; so that he will have some reason to think that the tradesmen of Paris and London have combined to lay him under contribution: and they, no doubt, are the directors who regulate the fashions in both capitals; the English, however, in a subordinate capacity: for the puppets of their making will not pass at Paris, nor indeed in any other part of Europe; whereas a French *petit maitre* is reckoned a complete figure everywhere, London not excepted. Since it is so much the humour of the English at present to run abroad, I wish they had antigallican spirit enough to produce themselves in their own genuine English dress, and treat the French modes with the same philosophical contempt which was shewn by an honest gentle-

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man, distinguished by the name of Wig Middleton. That unshaken patriot still appears in the same kind of scratch periwig, skimming-dish hat, and slit sleeve, which were worn five-and-twenty years ago, and has invariably persisted in this garb, in defiance of all the revolutions of the mode. I remember a student in the Temple, who, after a long and learned investigation of the το καλον, or *beautiful*, had resolution enough to let his beard grow, and wore it in all public places, until his heir-at-law applied for a commission of lunacy against him; then he submitted to the razor rather than run the risk of being found *non compos*.

Before I conclude, I must tell you, that the most reputable shopkeepers and tradesmen of Paris think it no disgrace to practise the most shameful imposition. I myself know an instance of one of the most creditable *marchands* in this capital, who demanded six francs an ell for some lustrings, laying his hand upon his breast at the same time, and declaring *en conscience*, that it had cost him within three sols of the money. Yet, in less than three minutes, he sold it for four and a half; and when the buyer upbraided him with his former declaration, he shrugged up his shoulders, saying, *il faut marchander*. I don't mention this as a particular instance. The same mean disingenuity is universal all over France, as I have been informed by several persons of veracity.

The next letter you have from me will probably be dated at Nismes, or Montpelier. Meanwhile, I am ever yours.

LETTER VII.

TO MRS M——.

MADAM, *Paris, October* 12, 1763.

I SHALL be much pleased if the remarks I have made on the characters of the French people can afford you the satisfaction you require. With respect to the ladies, I can only judge from their exteriors; but, indeed, these are so characteristic, that one can hardly judge amiss, unless we suppose that a woman of taste and sentiment may be so over-ruled by the absurdity of what is called fashion,

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as to reject reason, and disguise nature, in order to become ridiculous or frightful. That this may be the case with some individuals, is very possible. I have known it happen in our own country, where the follies of the French are adopted, and exhibited in the most awkward imitation: but the general prevalence of those preposterous modes is a plain proof that there is a general want of taste, and a general depravity of nature. I shall not pretend to describe the particulars of a French lady's dress. These you are much better acquainted with than I can pretend to be: but this I will be bold to affirm, that France is the general reservoir from which all the absurdities of false taste, luxury, and extravagance, have overflowed the different kingdoms and states of Europe. The springs that fill this reservoir are no other than vanity and ignorance. It would be superfluous to attempt proving, from the nature of things, from the first principles and use of dress, as well as from the consideration of natural beauty, and the practice of the ancients, who certainly understood it as well as the connoisseurs of these days, that nothing can be more monstrous, inconvenient, and contemptible, than the fashion of modern drapery. You yourself are well aware of all its defects, and have often ridiculed them in my hearing. I shall only mention one particular of dress essential to the fashion in this country, which seems to me to carry human affectation to the very farthest edge of folly and extravagance; that is, the manner in which the faces of the ladies are primed and painted. When the Indian chiefs were in England, every body ridiculed their preposterous method of painting their cheeks and eye-lids; but this ridicule was wrong placed. Those critics ought to have considered, that the Indians do not use paint to make themselves agreeable, but in order to be the more terrible to their enemies. It is generally supposed, I think, that your sex make use of *fard* and vermilion for very different purposes; namely, to help a bad or faded complexion, to heighten the graces, or conceal the defects of nature, as well as the ravages of time. I shall not inquire at present whether it is just and honest to im-

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pose in this manner on mankind: if it is not honest, it may be allowed to be artful and politic, and shews, at least, a desire of being agreeable. But to lay it on as the fashion in France prescribes to all the ladies of condition, who indeed cannot appear without this badge of distinction, is to disguise themselves in such a manner as to render them odious and detestable to every spectator who has the least relish left for nature and propriety. As for the *fard*, or *white*, with which their necks and shoulders are plastered, it may be in some measure excusable, as their skins are naturally brown, or sallow; but the *rouge*, which is daubed on their faces, from the chin up to the eyes, without the least art or dexterity, not only destroys all distinction of features, but renders the aspect really frightful, or at best conveys nothing but ideas of disgust and aversion. You know, that without this horrible mask, no married lady is admitted at court, or in any polite assembly; and that is a mark of distinction which no bourgeois dare assume. Ladies of fashion only have the privilege of exposing themselves in these ungracious colours. As their faces are concealed under a false complexion, so their heads are covered with a vast load of false hair, which is frizzled on the forehead, so as exactly to resemble the woolly heads of the Guinea negroes. As to the natural hue of it, this is a matter of no consequence, for powder makes every head of hair of the same colour; and no woman appears in this country, from the moment she rises till night, without being completely whitened. Powder or meal was first used in Europe by the Poles to conceal their scald heads; but the present fashion of using it, as well as the modish method of dressing the hair, must have been borrowed from the Hottentots, who grease their woolly heads with mutton suet, and then paste it over with the powder called *buchu*. In like manner the hair of our fine ladies is frizzled into the appearance of negroes wool, and stiffened with an abominable paste of hogs' grease, tallow, and white powder. The present fashion, therefore, of painting the face, and adorning the head, adopted by the beau monde in France, is taken from those two polite na-

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tions, the Chickesaws of America, and the Hottentots of Africa. On the whole, when I see one of those fine creatures sailing along, in her tawdry robes of silk and gauze, frilled, and flounced, and furbeloed, with her false locks, her false jewels, her paint, her patches, and perfumes; I cannot help looking upon her as the vilest piece of sophistication that art ever produced.

This hideous mask of painting, though destructive of all beauty, is, however, favourable to natural homeliness and deformity. It accustoms the eyes of the other sex, and in time reconciles them, to frightful objects; it disables them from perceiving any distinction of features between woman and woman; and by reducing all faces to a level, gives every female an equal chance for an admirer; being in this particular analogous to the practice of the ancient Lacedemonians, who were obliged to choose their help-mates in the dark. In what manner the insides of their heads are furnished, I would not presume to judge from the conversation of a very few to whom I have had access; but from the nature of their education, which I have heard described, and the natural vivacity of their tempers, I should expect neither sense, sentiment, nor discretion. From the nursery, they are allowed, and even encouraged, to say every thing that comes uppermost; by which means they acquire a volubility of tongue, and a set of phrases, which constitutes what is called polite conversation. At the same time they obtain an absolute conquest over all sense of shame, or rather they avoid acquiring this troublesome sensation; for it is certainly no innate idea. Those who have not governesses at home, are sent for a few years to a convent, where they lay in a fund of superstition that serves them for life: but I never heard they had the least opportunity of cultivating the mind, of exercising the powers of reason, or of imbibing a taste for letters, or any rational or useful accomplishment. After being taught to prattle, to dance, and play at cards, they are deemed sufficiently qualified to appear in the *grand monde*, and to perform all the duties of that high rank and station in life. In mentioning cards, I ought to observe,

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that they learn to play not barely for amusement, but also with a view to advantage; and, indeed, you seldom meet with a native of France, whether male or female, who is not a complete gamester, well versed in all the subtleties and finesses of the art. This is likewise the case all over Italy. A lady of a great house in Piedmont, having four sons, makes no scruple to declare, that the first shall represent the family, the second enter into the army, the third into the church, and that she will breed the fourth a gamester. These noble adventurers devote themselves in a particular manner to the entertainment of travellers from our country, because the English are supposed to be full of money, rash, incautious, and utterly ignorant of play. But such a sharper is most dangerous, when he hunts in couple with a female. I have known a French count and his wife, who found means to lay the most wary under contribution. He was smooth, supple, officious, and attentive: she was young, handsome, unprincipled, and artful. If the Englishman marked for prey was found upon his guard against the designs of the husband, then madam plies him on the side of gallantry. She displayed all the attractions of her person. She sung, danced, ogled, sighed, complimented, and complained. If he was insensible to all her charms, she flattered his vanity, and piqued his pride, by extolling the wealth and generosity of the English; and if he proved deaf to all these insinuations, she, as her last stake, endeavoured to interest his humanity and compassion. She expatiated, with tears in her eyes, on the cruelty and indifference of her great relations; represented that her husband was no more than the cadet of a noble family; that his provision was by no means suitable, either to the dignity of his rank, or the generosity of his disposition: that he had a law-suit of great consequence depending, which had drained all his finances; and, finally, that they should be both ruined, if they could not find some generous friend, who would accommodate them with a sum of money to bring the cause to a determination. Those who are not actuated by such scandalous motives, become gamesters from mere habit, and,

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having nothing more solid to engage their thoughts, or employ their time, consume the best part of their lives in this worst of all dissipation. I am not ignorant that there are exceptions from this general rule: I know that France has produced a Maintenon, a Sevigné, a Scuderi, a Dacier, and a Chatelet; but I would no more deduce the general character of the French ladies from these examples, than I would call a field of hemp a flower-garden, because there might be in it a few *lilies* or *ranunculus* planted by the hand of accident.

Woman has been defined a weaker man; but in this country, the men are, in my opinion, more ridiculous and insignificant than the women. They certainly are more disagreeable to a rational inquirer, because they are more troublesome. Of all the coxcombs on the face of the earth, a French *petit maître* is the most impertinent; and they are all *petits maîtres*, from the marquis who glitters in lace and embroidery, to the *garçon barbier* covered with meal, who struts with his hair in a long queue, and his hat under his arm. I have already observed, that vanity is the great and universal mover among all ranks and degrees of people in this nation; and as they take no pains to conceal or controul it, they are hurried by it into the most ridiculous, and indeed intolerable extravagance.

When I talk of the French nation, I must again except a great number of individuals from the general censure. Though I have a hearty contempt for the ignorance, folly, and presumption, which characterize the generality, I cannot but respect the talents of many great men, who have eminently distinguished themselves in every art and science: these I shall always revere and esteem as creatures of a superior species, produced, for the wise purposes of Providence, among the refuse of mankind. It would be absurd to conclude, that the Welsh or Highlanders are a gigantic people, because those mountains may have produced a few individuals near seven feet high. It would be equally absurd to suppose the French are a nation of philosophers, because France has given birth to a Des Cartes, a Maupertuis, a Reaumur, and a Buffon.

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I shall not even deny, that the French are by no means deficient in natural capacity; but they are, at the same time, remarkable for a natural levity, which hinders their youth from cultivating that capacity. This is reinforced by the most preposterous education, and the example of a giddy people, engaged in the most frivolous pursuits. A Frenchman is by some Jesuit, or other monk, taught to read his mother tongue, and to say his prayers in a language he does not understand. He learns to dance and to fence, by the masters of those noble sciences. He becomes a complete connoisseur in dressing hair, and in adorning his own person, under the hands and instructions of his barber and valet de chambre. If he learns to play upon the flute or the fiddle, he is altogether irresistible. But he piques himself upon being polished above the natives of any other country by his conversation with the fair sex. In the course of this communication, with which he is indulged from his tender years, he learns like a parrot, by rote, the whole circle of French compliments, which you know are a set of phrases, ridiculous even to a proverb; and these he throws out indiscriminately to all women without distinction, in the exercise of that kind of address which is here distinguished by the name of gallantry; it is no more than his making love to every woman who will give him the hearing. It is an exercise, by the repetition of which he becomes very pert, very familiar, and very impertinent. Modesty or diffidence, I have already said, is utterly unknown among them; and therefore I wonder there should be a term to express it in their language.

If I was obliged to define politeness, I should call it the art of making one's self agreeable. I think it an art that necessarily implies a sense of decorum, and a delicacy of sentiment. These are qualities, of which (as far as I have been able to observe) a Frenchman has no idea; therefore he never can be deemed polite, except by those persons among whom they are as little understood. His first aim is to adorn his own person with what he calls fine clothes, that is, the frippery of the fashion. It is no wonder that the

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heart of a female, unimproved by reason, and untinctured with natural good sense, should flutter at the sight of such a gaudy thing among the number of her admirers: this impression is enforced by fustian compliments, which her own vanity interprets in a literal sense, and still more confirmed by the assiduous attention of the gallant, who, indeed, has nothing else to mind. A Frenchman, in consequence of his mingling with the females from his infancy, not only becomes acquainted with all their customs and humours, but grows wonderfully alert in performing a thousand little offices, which are overlooked by other men, whose time hath been spent in making more considerable acquisitions. He enters, without ceremony, a lady's bed-chamber, while she is in bed, reaches her whatever she wants, airs her shift, and helps to put it on. He attends at her toilette, regulates the distribution of her patches, and advises where to lay on the paint. If he visits her when she is dressed, and perceives the least impropriety in her *coeffure*, he insists upon adjusting it with his own hands: if he sees a curl, or even a single hair amiss, he produces his comb, his scissars, and pomatum, and sets it to rights with the dexterity of a professed *friseur*. He squires her to every place she visits, either on business or pleasure; and, by dedicating his whole time to her, renders himself necessary to her occasions. This I take to be the most agreeable side of his character: let us view him on the quarter of impertinence. A Frenchman pries into all your secrets with the most impudent and importunate curiosity, and then discloses them without remorse. If you are indisposed, he questions you about the symptoms of your disorder with more freedom than your physician would presume to use; very often in the grossest terms. He then proposes his remedy (for they are all quacks), he prepares it without your knowledge, and worries you with solicitation to take it, without paying the least regard to the opinion of those whom you have chosen to take care of your health. Let you be ever so ill, or averse to company, he forces himself at all times into your bed-chamber; and if it is necessary to give him a peremptory refusal, he is affronted.

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I have known one of those *petits maitres* insist upon paying regular visits twice a-day to a poor gentleman who was delirious; and he conversed with him on different subjects, till he was in his last agonies. This attendance is not the effect of attachment or regard, but of sheer vanity, that he may afterwards boast of his charity and humane disposition; though of all the people I have ever known, I think the French are the least capable of feeling for the distresses of their fellow-creatures. Their hearts are not susceptible of deep impressions; and such is their levity, that the imagination has not time to brood long over any disagreeable idea or sensation. As a Frenchman piques himself on his gallantry, he no sooner makes a conquest of a female's heart than he exposes her character, for the gratification of his vanity. Nay, if he should miscarry in his schemes, he will forge letters and stories, to the ruin of the lady's reputation. This is a species of perfidy which one would think should render them odious and detestable to the whole sex; but the case is otherwise. I beg your pardon, madam; but women are never better pleased than when they see one another exposed; and every individual has such confidence in her own superior charms and discretion, that she thinks she can fix the most volatile, and reform the most treacherous lover.

If a Frenchman is admitted into your family, and distinguished by repeated marks of your friendship and regard, the first return he makes for your civilities is to make love to your wife, if she is handsome; if not, to your sister, or daughter, or niece. If he suffers a repulse from your wife, or attempts in vain to debauch your sister, or your daughter, or your niece, he will, rather than not play the traitor with his gallantry, make his addresses to your grandmother; and ten to one, but in one shape or another, he will find means to ruin the peace of a family, in which he has been so kindly entertained. What he cannot accomplish by dint of compliment and personal attendance, he will endeavour to effect by reinforcing these with billet-doux, songs, and verses, of which he always makes a provision for such purposes. If he is detected in these efforts of treachery, and re-

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proached with his ingratitude, he impudently declares, that what he had done was no more than simple gallantry, considered in France as an indispensible duty on every man who pretended to good breeding. Nay, he will even affirm, that his endeavours to corrupt your wife, or deflower your daughter, were the most genuine proofs he could give of his particular regard for your family.

If a Frenchman is capable of real friendship, it must certainly be the most disagreeable present he can possibly make to a man of a true English character. You know, madam, we are naturally taciturn, soon tired of impertinence, and much subject to fits of disgust. Your French friend intrudes upon you at all hours: he stuns you with his loquacity: he teazes you with impertinent questions about your domestic and private affairs: he attempts to meddle in all your concerns; and forces his advice upon you with the most unwearied importunity: he asks the price of every thing you wear, and, so sure as you tell him, undervalues it without hesitation: he affirms it is in a bad taste, ill contrived, ill made; that you have been imposed upon both with respect to the fashion and the price; that the marquis of this, or the countess of that, has one that is perfectly elegant, quite in the *bon ton*, and yet it cost her little more than you gave for a thing that nobody would wear.

If there were five hundred dishes at table, a Frenchman will eat of all of them, and then complain he has no appetite. This I have several times remarked. A friend of mine gained a considerable wager upon an experiment of this kind. The *petit maitre* ate of fourteen different *plates* besides the dessert; then disparaged the cook, declaring he was no better than a *marmiton* or turnspit.

The French have a most ridiculous fondness for their hair; and this I believe they inherit from their remote ancestors. The first race of French kings were distinguished by their long hair; and certainly the people of this country consider it as an indispensible ornament. A Frenchman will sooner part with his religion than with his hair, which indeed no consideration will induce him to forego. I know

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a gentleman afflicted with a continual headach, and a defluxion on his eyes, who was told by his physician, that the best chance he had for being cured, would be to have his head close shaved, and bathed every day in cold water. 'How,' cried he, 'cut my hair! Mr Doctor, your most humble servant!' He dismissed his physician, lost his eyesight, and almost his senses, and is now led about with his hair in a bag, and a piece of green silk hanging like a screen before his face. Count Saxe, and other military writers, have demonstrated the absurdity of a soldier's wearing a long head of hair; nevertheless, every soldier in this country wears a long queue, which makes a delicate mark on his white clothing; and this ridiculous foppery has descended even to the lowest class of people. The *decrotteur*, who cleans your shoes at the corner of the Pont Neuf, has a tail of this kind hanging down to his rump; and even the peasant, who drives an ass loaded with dung, wears his hair *en queue*, though perhaps he has neither shirt nor breeches. This is the ornament upon which he bestows much time and pains, and in the exhibition of which he finds full gratification for his vanity. Considering the harsh features of the common people in this country, their diminutive stature, their grimaces, and that long appendage, they have no small resemblance to large baboons walking upright; and perhaps this similitude has helped to entail upon them the ridicule of their neighbours.

A French friend tires out your patience with long visits; and, far from taking the most palpable hints to withdraw, when he perceives you uneasy, he observes you are low-spirited, and therefore declares he will keep you company. This perseverance shews that he must either be void of all penetration, or that his disposition must be truly diabolical. Rather than be tormented with such a fiend, a man had better turn him out of doors, even though at the hazard of being run through the body.

The French are generally counted insincere, and taxed with want of generosity; but I think these reproaches are not well founded. High-flown professions of friendship and

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attachment constitute the language of common compliment in this country, and are never supposed to be understood in the literal acceptation of the words; and if their acts of generosity are but very rare, we ought to ascribe that rarity, not so much to a deficiency of generous sentiments, as to their vanity and ostentation, which, engrossing all their funds, utterly disable them from exerting the virtues of beneficence. Vanity, indeed, predominates among all ranks to such a degree, that they are the greatest *egotists* in the world; and the most insignificant individual talks in company with the same conceit and arrogance as a person of the greatest importance. Neither conscious poverty nor disgrace will restrain him in the least, either from assuming his full share of the conversation, or making his addresses to the finest lady whom he has the smallest opportunity to approach; nor is he restrained by any other consideration whatsoever. It is all one to him whether he himself has a wife of his own, or the lady a husband; whether she is designed for the cloister, or pre-engaged to his best friend and benefactor. He takes it for granted that his addresses cannot but be acceptable; and if he meets with a repulse, he condemns her taste, but never doubts his own qualifications.

I have a great many things to say of their military character, and their punctilios of honour, which last are equally absurd and pernicious; but as this letter has run to an unconscionable length, I shall defer them till another opportunity. Meanwhile, I have the honour to be, with very particular esteem, madam, your most obedient servant.

LETTER VIII.

TO MR M———.

DEAR SIR, *Lyons, October* 19, 1763.

I was favoured with yours at Paris, and look upon your reproaches as the proof of your friendship. The truth is, I considered all the letters I have hitherto written on the subject of my travels as written to your society in general, though they have been addressed to one individual of it;

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and if they contain any thing that can either amuse or inform, I desire that henceforth all I send may be freely perused by all the members.

With respect to my health, about which you so kindly inquire, I have nothing new to communicate. I had reason to think that my bathing in the sea at Boulogne produced a good effect, in strengthening my relaxed fibres. You know how subject I was to colds in England; that I could not stir abroad after sun-set, nor expose myself to the smallest damp, nor walk till the least moisture appeared on my skin, without being laid up for ten days or a fortnight. At Paris, however, I went out every day, with my hat under my arm, though the weather was wet and cold: I walked in the garden at Versailles even after it was dark, with my head uncovered, on a cold evening, when the ground was far from being dry; nay, at Marli, I sauntered above a mile through damp alleys and wet grass: and from none of these risks did I feel the least inconvenience.

In one of our excursions we visited the manufacture for porcelain, which the king of France has established at the village of St Cloud, on the road to Versailles, and which is indeed a noble monument of his munificence. It is a very large building, both commodious and magnificent, where a great number of artists are employed, and where this elegant superfluity is carried to as great perfection as it ever was at Dresden. Yet, after all, I know not whether the porcelain made at Chelsea may not vie with the productions either of Dresden or St Cloud. If it falls short of either, it is not in the design, painting, enamel, or other ornaments, but only in the composition of the metal, and the method of managing it in the furnace. Our porcelain seems to be a partial vitrification of levigated flint and fine pipe clay, mixed together in a certain proportion; and if the pieces are not removed from the fire in the very critical moment, they will be either too little or too much vitrified. In the first case, I apprehend they will not acquire a proper degree of cohesion; they will be apt to be corroded, discoloured, and to crumble, like the first essays that were made at Chelsea:

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in the second case, they will be little better than imperfect glass.

There are three methods of travelling from Paris to Lyons, which, by the shortest road, is a journey of about three hundred and sixty miles. One is by the *diligence*, or stage-coach, which performs it in five days, and every passenger pays one hundred livres; in consideration of which, he not only has a seat in the carriage, but is maintained on the road. The inconveniences attending this way of travelling are these: you are crowded into the carriage to the number of eight persons, so as to sit very uneasy, and sometimes run the risk of being stifled among very indifferent company. You are hurried out of bed at four, three, nay, often at two o'clock in the morning. You are obliged to eat in the French way, which is very disagreeable to an English palate: and at Chalons you must embark upon the Soane in a boat, which conveys you to Lyons; so that the two last days of your journey are by water. All these were insurmountable objections to me, who am in such a bad state of health, troubled with an asthmatic cough, spitting, slow fever, and restlessness, which demands a continual change of place, as well as free air, and room for motion. I was this day visited by two young gentlemen, sons of Mr Gustaldi, late minister from Genoa at London. I had seen them at Paris, at the house of the duchess of Douglas. They came hither with their conductor in the *diligence*, and assured me that nothing could be more disagreeable than their situation in that carriage.

Another way of travelling in this country is to hire a coach and four horses; and this method I was inclined to take: but when I went to the bureau, where alone these voitures are to be had, I was given to understand that it would cost me six and twenty guineas, and travels so slow, that I should be ten days upon the road. These carriages are let by the same persons who farm the diligence; and for this they have an exclusive privilege, which makes them very saucy and insolent. When I mentioned my servant, they gave me to understand that I must pay two louis-d'ors

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more for his seat upon the coach-box. As I could not relish these terms, nor brook the thoughts of being so long upon the road, I had recourse to the third method, which is going post.

In England, you know, I should have had nothing to do but to hire a couple of post-chaises from stage to stage, with two horses in each; but here the case is quite otherwise. The post is farmed from the king, who lays travellers under contribution for his own benefit, and has published a set of oppressive ordonnances, which no stranger nor native dares transgress. The postmaster finds nothing but horses and guides; the carriage you yourself must provide. If there are four persons within the carriage, you are obliged to have six horses and two postilions; and if your servant sits on the outside, either before or behind, you must pay for a seventh. You pay double for the first stage from Paris, and twice double for passing through Fountainbleau when the court is there, as well as at coming to Lyons, and at leaving this city. These are called royal posts, and are undoubtedly a scandalous imposition.

There are two post-roads from Paris to Lyons; one of sixty-five posts, by the way of Moulins; the other of fifty-nine, by the way of Dijon in Burgundy. This last I chose, partly to save sixty livres, and partly to see the wine harvest of Burgundy, which, I was told, was a season of mirth and jollity among all ranks of people. I hired a very good coach for ten louis-d'ors to Lyons, and set out from Paris on the thirteenth instant, with six horses, two postilions, and my own servant on horseback. We made no stop at Fountainbleau, though the court was there, but lay at Moret, which is one stage further, a very paltry little town, where, however, we found good accommodation.

I shall not pretend to describe the castle or palace of Fountainbleau, of which I had only a glimpse in passing; but the forest, in the middle of which it stands, is a noble chase of great extent, beautifully wild and romantic, well stored with game of all sorts, and abounding with excellent timber. It put me in mind of the New Forest in Hamp-

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shire; but the hills, rocks, and mountains, with which it is diversified, render it more agreeable.

The people of this country dine at noon, and travellers always find an ordinary prepared at every *auberge*, or public house, on the road. Here they sit down promiscuously, and dine at so much a-head. The usual price is thirty sols for dinner, and forty for supper, including lodging; for this moderate expense they have two courses and a dessert. If you eat in your own apartment, you pay, instead of forty sols, three, and in some places four, livres a-head. I and my family could not well dispense with our tea and toast in the morning, and had no stomach to eat at noon. For my own part, I hate the French cookery, and abominate garlic, with which all their ragouts, in this part of the country, are highly seasoned; we therefore formed a different plan of living upon the road. Before we left Paris, we laid in a stock of tea, chocolate, cured neats tongues, and *saucissons*, or Bologna sausages, both of which we found in great perfection in that capital, where indeed there are excellent provisions of all sorts. About ten in the morning we stopped to breakfast at some auberge, where we always found bread, butter, and milk. In the meantime, we ordered a *poulard* or two to be roasted; and these, wrapped in a napkin, were put into the boot of the coach, together with bread, wine, and water. About two or three in the afternoon, while the horses were changing, we laid a cloth upon our knees, and producing our store, with a few earthen plates, discussed our short meal without further ceremony. This was followed by a dessert of grapes and other fruit, which we had also provided. I must own, I found these transient refreshments much more agreeable than any regular meal I ate upon the road. The wine commonly used in Burgundy is so weak and thin, that you would not drink it in England. The very best which they sell at Dijon, the capital of the province, for three livres a bottle, is, in strength, and even in flavour, greatly inferior to what I have drank in London. I believe all the first growth is either consumed in the houses of the noblesse, or sent abroad to foreign markets. I have

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drank excellent Burgundy at Brussels for a florin a bottle; that is, little more than twenty pence sterling.

The country, from the forest of Fountainbleau to the Lyonnois, through which we passed, is rather agreeable than fertile, being part of Champagne, and the duchy of Burgundy, watered by three pleasant pastoral rivers, the Siene, the Yonne, and the Soane. The flat country is laid out chiefly for corn; but produces more rye than wheat. Almost all the ground seems to be ploughed up, so that there is little or nothing lying fallow. There are very few inclosures, scarce any meadow ground, and, so far as I could observe, a great scarcity of cattle. We sometimes found it very difficult to procure half a pint of milk for our tea. In Burgundy, I saw a peasant ploughing the ground with a jack-ass, a lean cow, and a he-goat, yoked together. It is generally observed, that a great number of black cattle are bred and fed on the mountains of Burgundy, which are the highest lands in France; but I saw very few. The peasants in France are so wretchedly poor, and so much oppressed by their landlords, that they cannot afford to inclose their grounds, or give a proper respite to their lands; or to stock their farms with a sufficient number of black cattle to produce the necessary manure, without which agriculture can never be carried to any degree of perfection. Indeed, whatever efforts a few individuals may make for the benefit of their own estates, husbandry in France will never be generally improved, until the farmer is free and independent.

From the frequency of towns and villages, I should imagine this country is very populous; yet, it must be owned, that the towns are in general thinly inhabited. I saw a good number of country seats and plantations near the banks of the rivers, on each side; and a great many convents, sweetly situated, on rising grounds, where the air is most pure, and the prospect most agreeable. It is surprising to see how happy the founders of those religious houses have been in their choice of situations, all the world over.

In passing through this country, I was very much struck with the sight of large ripe clusters of grapes, entwined with

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briars and thorns of common hedges on the way-side. The mountains of Burgundy are covered with vines from the bottom to the top, and seem to be raised by nature on purpose to extend the surface, and to expose it the more advantageously to the rays of the sun. The *vandage* was but just begun, and the people were employed in gathering the grapes; but I saw no signs of festivity among them. Perhaps their joy was a little damped by the bad prospect of their harvest; for they complained that the weather had been so unfavourable as to hinder the grapes from ripening. I thought, indeed, there was something uncomfortable in seeing the vintage thus retarded till the beginning of winter; for, in some parts, I found the weather extremely cold; particularly at a place called Maison-neuve, where we lay, there was a hard frost, and in the morning the pools were covered with ice. My personal adventures on the road were such as will not bear a recital. They consisted of petty disputes with landladies, post-masters, and postilions. The highways seem to be perfectly safe. We did not find that any robberies were ever committed, although we did not see one of the *marechausse* from Paris to Lyons. You know the *marechausse* are a body of troopers well mounted, maintained in France as safeguards to the public roads. It is a reproach upon England, that some such patrole is not appointed for the protection of travellers.

At Sens, in Champagne, my servant, who had rode on before to bespeak fresh horses, told me, that the domestic of another company had been provided before him, although it was not his turn, as he had arrived later at the post. Provoked at this partiality, I resolved to chide the post-master, and accordingly addressed myself to a person who stood at the door of the auberge. He was a jolly figure, fat and fair, dressed in an odd kind of garb, with a gold-laced cap on his head, and a cambric handkerchief pinned to his middle. The sight of such a fantastic *petit maitre*, in the character of a post-master, increased my spleen. I called to him with an air of authority, mixed with indignation, and when he came up to the coach, asked, in a peremptory

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tone, if he did not understand the king's ordonnance concerning the regulation of the posts? He laid his hand upon his breast; but before he could make any answer, I pulled out the post-book, and began to read with great vociferation the article which orders, that the traveller who comes first shall be first served. By this time the fresh horses being put to the carriage, and the postilions mounted, the coach set off all of a sudden, with uncommon speed. I imagined the post-master had given the fellows a signal to be gone, and, in this persuasion, thrusting my head out at the window, I bestowed some epithets upon him, which must have sounded very harsh in the ears of a Frenchman. We stopped for a refreshment at a little town called Joigne-ville, where (by the by) I was scandalously imposed upon, and even abused by a virago of a landlady; then proceeding to the next stage, I was given to understand, we could not be supplied with fresh horses. Here I perceived at the door of the inn the same person whom I had reproached at Sens. He came up to the coach, and told me, that notwithstanding what the guides had said, I should have fresh horses in a few minutes. I imagined he was master both of this house and the auberge at Sens, between which he passed and repassed occasionally; and that he was now desirous of making me amends for the affront he had put upon me at the other place. Observing that one of the trunks behind was a little displaced, he assisted my servant in adjusting it; then he entered into conversation with me, and gave me to understand, that in a post-chaise which we had passed, was an English gentleman on his return from Italy. I wanted to know who he was, and when he said he could not tell, I asked him, in a very abrupt manner, why he had not inquired at his servant? he shrugged up his shoulders, and retired to the inn door. Having waited above half an hour, I beckoned to him, and when he approached, upbraided him with having told me that I should be supplied with fresh horses in a few minutes; he seemed shocked, and answered, that he thought he had reason for what he had said, observing, that it was as disagreeable to him as to me to wait for a relay. As it began to

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rain, I pulled up the glass in his face, and he withdrew again to the door, seemingly ruffled at my deportment. In a little time the horses arrived, and three of them were immediately put to a very handsome post-chaise, into which he stepped, and set out, accompanied by a man in a rich livery on horseback. Astonished at this circumstance, I asked the hostler who he was, and he replied that he was a man of fashion (*un seigneur*) who lived in the neighbourhood of Auxerre. I was much mortified to find that I had treated a nobleman so scurvily, and scolded my own people for not having more penetration than myself. I dare say he did not fail to descant upon the brutal behaviour of the Englishman; and that my mistake served with him to confirm the national reproach of bluntness and ill-breeding, under which we lie in this country. The truth is, I was that day more than usually peevish, from the bad weather, as well as from the dread of a fit of the asthma, with which I was threatened: and I dare say my appearance seemed as uncouth to him as his travelling dress appeared to me. I had a grey mourning frock under a wide great coat, a bob-wig without powder, a very large laced hat, and a meagre, wrinkled, discontented countenance.

The fourth night of our journey we lay at Macon, and the next day passed through the Lyonnois, which is a fine country, full of towns, villages, and gentlemens houses. In passing through the Maconois, we saw a great many fields of Indian corn, which grows to the height of six or seven feet: it is made into flour for the use of the common people, and goes by the name of *Turkey wheat*. Here likewise, as well as in Dauphiné, they raise a vast quantity of very large pompions, with the contents of which they thicken their soup and ragouts.

As we travelled only while the sun was up, on account of my ill health, and the post-horses in France are in bad order, we seldom exceeded twenty leagues a-day.

I was directed to a lodging-house at Lyons, which being full, they shewed us to a tavern, where I was led up three pair of stairs to an apartment consisting of three paltry

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chambers; for which the people demanded twelve livres a-day: for dinner and supper they asked thirty-two, besides three livres for my servant; so that my daily expense would have amounted to about forty-seven livres, exclusive of breakfast and coffee in the afternoon. I was so provoked at this extortion, that, without answering one word, I drove to another auberge, where I now am, and pay at the rate of twenty and thirty livres a-day, for which I am very badly lodged, and but very indifferently entertained. I mention these circumstances to give you an idea of the imposition to which strangers are subject in this country. It must be owned, however, that, in the article of eating, I might save half the money by going to the public ordinary; but this is a scheme of economy which (exclusive of other disagreeable circumstances) neither my own health, nor that of my wife, permits me to embrace. My journey from Paris to Lyons, including the hire of the coach, and all expenses on the road, has cost me, within a few shillings, forty louis-d'ors. From Paris our baggage (though not *plombé*) was not once examined till we arrived in this city, at the gate of which we were questioned by one of the searchers, who being tipt with half-a-crown, allowed us to proceed without further inquiry.

I purposed to stay in Lyons until I should receive some letters I expected from London, to be forwarded by my banker at Paris; but the enormous expense of living in this manner has determined me to set out in a day or two for Montpelier, although that place is a good way out of the road to Nice. My reasons for taking that route I shall communicate in my next. Meanwhile, I am ever, dear Sir, your affectionate and obliged humble servant.

LETTER IX.

DEAR SIR, *Montpelier, November 5*, 1763.

THE city of Lyons has been so often and so circumstantially described, that I cannot pretend to say any thing new on the subject. Indeed, I know very little of it, but what I have read in books; as I had but one day to make a tour

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of the streets, squares, and other remarkable places. The bridge over the Rhone seems to be so slightly built, that I should imagine it would be one day carried away by that rapid river; especially as the arches are so small, that after great rains they are sometimes *bouchées*, or stopped up; that is, they do not admit a sufficient passage for the increased body of the water. In order to remedy this dangerous defect in some measure, they found an artist some years ago, who has removed a middle pier, and thrown two arches into one. This alteration they looked upon as a masterpiece in architecture, though there is many a common mason in England who would have undertaken and performed the work, without valuing himself much upon the enterprise. This bridge, no more than that of St Esprit, is built, not in a straight line across the river, but with a curve, which forms a convexity to oppose the current. Such a bend is certainly calculated for the better resisting the general impetuosity of the stream, and has no bad effect to the eye.

Lyons is a great, populous, and flourishing city; but I am surprised to find it is counted a healthy place, and that the air of it is esteemed favourable for pulmonic disorders. It is situated on the confluence of two large rivers, from which there must be a great evaporation, as well as from the low marshy grounds, which these rivers often overflow. This must render the air moist, frowsy, and even putrid, if it was not well ventilated by winds from the mountains of Switzerland; and in the latter end of autumn, it must be subject to fogs. The morning we set out from thence, the whole city and adjacent plains were covered with so thick a fog, that we could not distinguish from the coach the head of the foremost mule that drew it. Lyons is said to be very hot in summer, and very cold in winter; therefore, I imagine, must abound with inflammatory and intermittent disorders in the spring and fall of the year.

My reasons for going to Montpelier, which is out of the straight road to Nice, were these: having no acquaintance nor correspondents in the south of France, I had desired my credit might be sent to the same house to which my heavy

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baggage was consigned. I expected to find my baggage at Cette, which is the sea-port of Montpelier; and there I also hoped to find a vessel, in which I might be transported by sea to Nice without further trouble. I longed to try what effect the boasted air of Montpelier would have upon my constitution; and I had a great desire to see the famous monuments of antiquity in and about the ancient city of Nismes, which is about eight leagues short of Montpelier.

At the inn where we lodged, I found a return berlin belonging to Avignon, with three mules, which are the animals commonly used for carriages in this country. This I hired for five louis-d'ors. The coach was large, commodious, and well fitted; the mules were strong and in good order; and the driver, whose name was Joseph, appeared to be a sober, sagacious, intelligent fellow, perfectly well acquainted with every place in the south of France. He told me he was owner of the coach; but I afterwards learned he was no other than a hired servant. I likewise detected him in some knavery in the course of our journey, and plainly perceived he had a fellow-feeling with the inn-keepers on the road; but in other respects he was very obliging, serviceable, and even entertaining. There are some knavish practices of this kind, at which a traveller will do well to shut his eyes, for his own ease and convenience. He will be lucky, if he has to do with a sensible knave, like Joseph, who understood his interest too well to be guilty of very flagrant pieces of imposition.

A man impatient to be at his journey's end will find this a most disagreeable way of travelling. In summer it must be quite intolerable. The mules are very sure, but very slow. The journey seldom exceeds eight leagues, about four-and-twenty miles, a-day: and as those people have certain fixed stages, you are sometimes obliged to rise in a morning before day; a circumstance very grievous to persons in ill health. These inconveniencies, however, were overbalanced by other *agrémens*. We no sooner quitted Lyons, than we got into summer weather; and travelling through a most romantic country, along the banks of the Rhone, had op-

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portunities (from the slowness of our pace) to contemplate its beauties at leisure.

The rapidity of the Rhone is, in a great measure, owing to its being confined within steep banks on each side. These are formed almost through its whole course, by a double chain of mountains, which rise with an abrupt ascent from both banks of the river. The mountains are covered with vineyards, interspersed with small summer houses, and in many places they are crowned with churches, chapels, and convents, which add greatly to the romantic beauty of the prospect. The high road, as far as Avignon, lies along the side of the river, which runs almost in a straight line, and affords great convenience for inland commerce. Travellers, bound to the southern parts of France, generally embark in the *coche d'eau* at Lyons, and glide down this river with great velocity, passing a great number of towns and villages on each side, where they find ordinaries every day at dinner and supper. In good weather, there is no danger in this method of travelling, till you come to the Pont St Esprit, where the stream runs through the arches with such rapidity, that the boat is sometimes overset. But those passengers who are under any apprehension are landed above the bridge, and taken in again after the boat has passed, just in the same manner as at London bridge. The boats that go up the river are drawn against the stream by oxen, which swim through one of the arches of this bridge, the driver sitting between the horns of the foremost beast. We set out from Lyons early on Monday morning, and as a robbery had been a few days before committed in that neighbourhood, I ordered my servant to load my musquetoon with a charge of eight balls. By the by, this piece did not fail to attract the curiosity and admiration of the people in every place through which we passed. The carriage no sooner halted, than a crowd immediately surrounded the man to view the blunderbuss, which they dignified with the title of *petit canon*. At Nuys in Burgundy, he fired it in the air, and the whole mob dispersed, and scampered off like a flock of sheep. In our journey hither, we generally set out in a morning at

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eight o'clock, and travelled till noon, when the mules were put up and rested a couple of hours. During this halt, Joseph went to dinner, and we went to breakfast, after which we ordered provision for our refreshment in the coach, which we took about three or four in the afternoon, halting for that purpose by the side of some transparent brook, which afforded excellent water to mix with our wine. In this country I was almost poisoned with garlic, which they mix in their ragouts, and all their sauces; nay, the smell of it perfumes the very chambers, as well as every person you approach. I was also very sick of *beca ficas*, *grieves*, and other little birds, which are served up twice a day at all ordinaries on the road. They make their appearance in vine leaves, and are always half raw, in which condition the French choose to eat them, rather than run the risk of losing the juice by over-roasting.

The peasants in the south of France are poorly clad, and look as if they were half starved, diminutive, swarthy, and meagre: and yet the common people who travel, live luxuriously on the road. Every carrier and mule-driver has two meals a day, consisting each of a couple of courses and a dessert, with tolerable small wine. That which is called *hermitage*, and grows in this province of Dauphiné, is sold on the spot for three livres a bottle. The common draught which you have at meals in this country is remarkably strong, though in flavour much inferior to that of Burgundy. The accommodation is tolerable, though they demand (even in this cheap country) the exorbitant price of four livres a head for every meal, of those who choose to eat in their own apartments. I insisted, however, upon paying them with three, which they received, though not without murmuring and seeming discontented. In this journey we found plenty of good mutton, pork, poultry, and game, including the red partridge, which is near twice as big as the partridge of England. The hares are likewise surprisingly large and juicy. We saw great flocks of black turkeys feeding in the fields, but no black cattle; and milk was so scarce, that sometimes we were obliged to drink tea without it.

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One day, perceiving a meadow on the side of the road, full of a flower which I took to be the crocus, I desired my servant to alight, and pull some of them. He delivered the musquetoon to Joseph, who began to tamper with it, and off it went with a prodigious report, augmented by an echo from the mountains that skirted the road. The mules were so frightened, that they went off at the gallop; and Joseph, for some minutes, could neither manage the reins nor open his mouth. At length he recollected himself, and the cattle were stopped, by the assistance of the servant, to whom he delivered the musquetoon, with a significant shake of the head. Then alighting from the box, he examined the heads of his three mules, and kissed each of them in his turn. Finding they had received no damage, he came up to the coach, with a pale visage and staring eye, and said it was God's mercy he had not killed his beasts. I answered that it was a greater mercy he had not killed his passengers; for the muzzle of the piece might have been directed our way as well as any other, and in that case Joseph might have been hanged for murder. 'I had as good be hanged,' said he, 'for murder, as be ruined by the loss of my cattle.' This adventure made such an impression upon him, that he recounted it to every person he met; nor would he ever touch the blunderbuss from that day. I was often diverted with the conversation of this fellow, who was very arch and very communicative. Every afternoon he used to stand upon the foot-board, at the side of the coach, and discourse with us an hour together. Passing by the gibbet of Valencia, which stands very near the high road, we saw one body hanging quite naked, and another lying broken on the wheel. I recollected, that Mandrin had suffered in this place, and calling to Joseph to mount the foot-board, asked if he had ever seen that famous adventurer. At mention of the name of Mandrin, the tear started in Joseph's eye, he discharged a deep sigh, or rather groan, and told me he was his dear friend. I was a little startled at this declaration; however, I concealed my thoughts, and began to ask questions about the character and exploits of a man who had made such noise in the world.

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He told me, Mandrin was a native of Valencia, of mean extraction; that he had served as a soldier in the army, and afterwards acted as *maltotier*, or tax-gatherer; that, at length, he turned *contrebandier*, or smuggler, and by his superior qualities raised himself to the command of a formidable gang, consisting of five hundred persons well armed with carbines and pistols. He had fifty horse for his troopers, and three hundred mules for the carriage of his merchandize. His head-quarters were in Savoy: but he made incursions into Dauphiné, and set the *marechausse* at defiance. He maintained several bloody skirmishes with these troopers, as well as with other regular detachments; and in all those actions signalized himself by his courage and conduct. Coming up at one time with fifty of the *marechausse*, who were in quest of him, he told them very calmly he had occasion for their horses and accoutrements, and desired them to dismount. At that instant his gang appeared, and the troopers complied with his request, without making the least opposition. Joseph said he was as generous as he was brave, and never molested travellers, nor did the least injury to the poor; but, on the contrary, relieved them very often. He used to oblige the gentlemen in the country to take his merchandize, his tobacco, brandy, and muslins, at his own price; and, in the same manner, he laid the open towns under contribution. When he had no merchandize, he borrowed money of them upon the credit of what he should bring when he was better provided. He was at last betrayed by his wench, to the colonel of a French regiment, who went with a detachment in the night to the place where he lay in Savoy, and surprised him in a wood-house, while his people were absent in different parts of the country. For this intrusion the court of France made an apology to the king of Sardinia, in whose territories he was taken. Mandrin being conveyed to Valencia, his native place, was for some time permitted to go abroad, under a strong guard, with chains upon his legs; and here he conversed freely with all sorts of people, flattering himself with the hopes of a pardon, in which, however, he was disappointed. An order came

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from court to bring him to his trial, when he was found guilty, and condemned to be broke upon the wheel. Joseph said he drank a bottle of wine with him the night before his execution. He bore his fate with great resolution, observing, that, if the letter which he had written to the king had been delivered, he certainly should have obtained his majesty's pardon. His executioner was one of his own gang, who was pardoned on condition of performing this office. You know that criminals broke upon the wheel are first strangled, unless the sentence imports, that they shall be broke alive. As Mandrin had not been guilty of cruelty in the course of his delinquency, he was indulged with this favour. Speaking to the executioner, whom he had formerly commanded,—'*Joseph, (dit il) je ne veux pas que tu me touches, jusqu'a ce que je sois froid mort.*'—Joseph (said he), thou shalt not touch me till I am quite dead. Our driver had no sooner pronounced these words, than I was struck with a suspicion, that he himself was the executioner of his friend Mandrin. On that suspicion I exclaimed,—'*Ah! ah! Joseph!*' The fellow blushed up to the eyes, and said, '*Oui, son nom étoit Joseph aussi bien que le mien.*' I did not think proper to prosecute the inquiry; but did not much relish the nature of Joseph's connections. The truth is, he had very much the looks of a ruffian; though I must own, his behaviour was very obliging and submissive.

On the fifth day of our journey, in the morning, we passed the famous bridge at St Esprit, which to be sure is a great curiosity, from its length, and the number of its arches: but these arches are too small; the passage above is too narrow; and the whole appears to be too slight, considering the force and impetuosity of the river. It is not comparable to the bridge at Westminster, either for beauty or solidity. Here we entered Languedoc, and were stopped to have our baggage examined: but the searcher being tipped with a three-livre piece, allowed it to pass. Before we leave Dauphiné, I must observe, that I was not a little surprised to see figs and chesnuts growing in the open fields, at the discretion of every passenger. It was this day I saw the famous

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Pont du Garde; but as I cannot possibly include, in this letter, a description of that beautiful bridge, and of the other antiquities belonging to Nismes, I will defer it till the next opportunity, being, in the meantime, with equal truth and affection, dear Sir, your obliged humble servant.

LETTER X.

DEAR SIR, *Montpelier, Nov.* 10, 1763.

By the Pont St Esprit we entered the province of Languedoc, and breakfasted at Bagnole, which is a little paltry town, from whence, however, there is an excellent road through a mountain, made at a great expense, and extending about four leagues. About five in the afternoon, I had the first glimpse of the famous Pont du Garde, which stands on the right hand, about the distance of a league from the post-road to Nismes, and about three leagues from that city. I would not willingly pass for a false enthusiast in taste; but I cannot help observing, that from the first distant view of this noble monument, till we came near enough to see it perfectly, I felt the strongest emotions of impatience that I had ever known; and obliged our driver to put his mules to the full gallop, in the apprehension that it would be dark before we reached the place. I expected to find the building in some measure ruinous; but was agreeably disappointed to see it look as fresh as the bridge at Westminster. The climate is either so pure and dry, or the free-stone, with which it is built, so hard, that the very angles of them remain as acute as if they had been cut last year. Indeed, some large stones have dropped out of the arches; but the whole is admirably preserved, and presents the eye with a piece of architecture so unaffectedly elegant, so simple and majestic, that I will defy the most phlegmatic and stupid spectator to behold it without admiration. It was raised in the Augustine age, by the Roman colony of Nismes, to convey a stream of water between two mountains, for the use of that city. It stands over the river Gardon, which is a beautiful pastoral stream, brawling among rocks, which form a number of pretty natural cascades, and overshadowed on

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each side with trees and shrubs, which greatly add to the rural beauties of the scene. It rises in the Cevennes, and the sand of it produces gold, as we learn from Mr Reaumur, in his essay on this subject, inserted in the French Memoirs, for the year 1718. If I lived at Nismes, or Avignon (which last city is within four short leagues of it), I should take pleasure in forming parties to come hither, in summer, to dine under one of the arches of the Pont du Garde, on a cold collation.

This work consists of three bridges, or tier of arches, one above another; the first of six, the second of eleven, and the third of thirty-six. The height, comprehending the aqueduct on the top, amounts to 174 feet three inches; the length between the two mountains, which it unites, extends to 723. The order of architecture is the Tuscan; but the symmetry of it is inconceivable. By scooping the bases of the pilasters of the second tier of arches, they had made a passage for foot-travellers: but though the ancients far excelled us in beauty, they certainly fell short of the moderns in point of conveniency. The citizens of Avignon have, in this particular, improved the Roman work with a new bridge, by apposition, constructed on the same plan with that of the lower tier of arches, of which, indeed, it seems to be a part, affording a broad and commodious passage over the river, to horses and carriages of all kinds. The aqueduct, for the continuance of which this superb work was raised, conveyed a stream of sweet water from the fountain of Eure, near the city of Uzes, and extended near six leagues in length.

In approaching Nismes, you see the ruins of a Roman tower, built on the summit of a hill, which overlooks the city. It seems to have been intended at first as a watch or signal tower, though, in the sequel, it was used as a fortress. What remains of it is about ninety feet high; the architecture of the Doric order. I no sooner alighted at the inn, than I was presented with a pamphlet, containing an account of Nismes and its antiquities, which every stranger buys. There are persons, too, who attend in order to show the town; and you will always be accosted by some

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shabby antiquarian, who presents you with medals for sale, assuring you they are genuine antiques, and were dug out of the ruins of the Roman temple and baths. All these fellows are cheats; and they have often laid under contribution raw English travellers, who had more money than discretion. To such they sell the vilest and most common trash; but when they meet with a connoisseur, they produce some medals which are really valuable and curious.

Nismes, anciently called Nemausis, was originally a colony of Romans, settled by Augustus Cæsar after the battle of Actium. It is still of considerable extent, and said to contain twelve thousand families, but the number seems by this account to be greatly exaggerated. Certain it is, the city must have been formerly very extensive, as appears from the circuit of the ancient walls, the remains of which are still to be seen. Its present size is not one third of its former extent. Its temples, baths, statues, towers, basilica, and amphitheatre, prove it to have been a city of great opulence and magnificence. At present, the remains of these antiquities are all that make it respectable or remarkable; though here are manufactures of silk and wool carried on with good success. The water necessary for these works is supplied by a source at the foot of the rock upon which the tower is placed; and here were discovered the ruins of Roman baths, which had been formed and adorned with equal taste and magnificence. Among the rubbish they found a vast profusion of columns, vases, capitals, cornices, inscriptions, medals, statues, and, among other things, the finger of a colossal statue in bronze, which, according to the rules of proportion, must have been fifteen feet high. From these particulars, it appears that the edifices must have been spacious and magnificent. Part of a tesselated pavement still remains. The ancient pavement of the bath is still entire; all the rubbish has been cleared away, and the baths, in a great measure, restored on an old plan, though they are not at present used for any thing but ornament. The water is collected into two vast reservoirs, and a canal built and lined with hewn stone. There are three handsome bridges thrown

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over this vast canal. It contains a great body of excellent water, which, by pipes and other small branching canals, traverses the town, and is converted to many different purposes of economy and manufacture. Between the Roman bath and these great canals the ground is agreeably laid out in pleasure walks, for the recreation of the inhabitants. Here are likewise ornaments of architecture, which savour much more of French foppery than of the simplicity and greatness of the ancients. It is very surprising that this fountain should produce such a great body of water as fills the bason of the source, the Roman bason, two large deep canals three hundred feet in length, two vast basons that make part of the great canal, which is eighteen hundred feet long, eighteen feet deep, and forty-eight feet broad. When I saw it, there was in it about eight or nine feet of water, transparent as crystal. It must be observed, however, for the honour of French cleanliness, that, in the Roman bason, through which this noble stream of water passes, I perceived two washerwomen at work upon children's clouts and dirty linen. Surprised and much disgusted at this filthy phenomenon, I asked by what means, and by whose permission, those dirty hags had got down into the bason, in order to contaminate the water at its fountain-head; and understood they belonged to the commandant of the place, who had the keys of the subterranean passage.

Fronting the Roman baths, are the ruins of an ancient temple, which, according to tradition, was dedicated to Diana: but it has been observed by connoisseurs, that all the ancient temples of this goddess were of the Ionic order; whereas this is partly Corinthian and partly Composite. It is about seventy feet long, and six-and-thirty in breadth, arched above, and built of large blocks of stone, exactly joined together without any cement. The walls are still standing, with three great tabernacles at the farther end, fronting the entrance. On each side there are niches in the inter-columniation of the walls, together with pedestals and shafts of pillars, cornices, and an entablature, which indicate the former magnificence of the building. It was de-

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stroyed during the civil war that raged in the reign of Henry III. of France.

It is amazing, that the successive irruptions of barbarous nations, of Goths, Vandals, and Moors, of fanatic croisades, still more sanguinary and illiberal than those barbarians, should have spared this temple, as well as two other still more noble monuments of architecture, that to this day adorn the city of Nismes: I mean the amphitheatre and the edifice called *Maison Carrée*. The former of these is counted the finest monument of the kind now extant, and was built in the reign of Antoninus Pius, who contributed a large sum of money towards its erection. It is of an oval figure, one thousand and eighty feet in circumference, capacious enough to hold twenty thousand spectators. The architecture is of the Tuscan order, sixty feet high, composed of two open galleries built over one another, consisting each of threescore arcades. The entrance into the arena was by four great gates, with porticos; and the seats, of which there were thirty, rising one above another, consisted of great blocks of stone, many of which still remain. Over the north gate appear two bulls, in *alto relievo*, extremely well executed; emblems which, according to the custom of the Romans, signified that the amphitheatre was erected at the expense of the people. There are in other parts of it some work in *bas relief*, and heads or busts but indifferently carved. It stands in the lower part of the town, and strikes the spectator with awe and veneration. The external architecture is almost entire in its whole circuit; but the arena is filled up with houses. This amphitheatre was fortified as a citidel by the Visigoths, in the beginning of the sixth century. They raised within it a castle, two towers of which are still extant; and they surrounded it with a broad and deep fosse, which was filled up in the thirteenth century. In all the subsequent wars to which this city was exposed, it served as the last resort of the citizens, and sustained a great number of successive attacks; so that its preservation is almost miraculous. It is likely, however, to suffer much more from the Gothic avarice of its own

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citizens, some of whom are mutilating it every day, for the sake of the stones, which they employ in their own private buildings. It is surprising that the king's authority has not been exerted to put an end to such sacrilegious violation.

If the amphitheatre strikes you with an idea of greatness, the *Maison Carrée* enchants you with the most exquisite beauties of architecture and sculpture. This is an edifice, supposed formerly to have been erected by Adrian, who actually built a basilica in this city, though no vestiges of it remain: but the following inscription, which was discovered on the front of it, plainly proves, that it was built by the inhabitants of Nismes, in honour of Caius and Lucius Cæsar, the grandchildren of Augustus by his daughter Julia, the wife of Agrippa.

C. CÆSARI. AVGVSTI. F. COS.
L. CÆSARI. AVGVSTI. S. COS.
DESIGNATO.
PRINCIPIBVS INVENTVTIS.

This beautiful edifice, which stands upon a pediment six feet high, is eighty-two feet long, thirty-five broad, and thirty-seven high, without reckoning the pediment. The body of it is adorned with twenty columns engaged in the wall, and the peristyle, which is open, with ten detached pillars that support the entablature. They are all of the Corinthian order, fluted and embellished with capitals of the most exquisite sculpture: the frize and cornice are much admired, and the foliage is esteemed inimitable. The proportions of the building are so happily united, as to give it an air of majesty and grandeur, which the most indifferent spectator cannot behold without emotion. A man needs not be a connoisseur in architecture to enjoy these beauties. They are, indeed, so exquisite, that you may return to them every day with a fresh appetite for seven years together. What renders them the more curious, they are still entire, and very little affected, either by the ravages of time, or the havoc of war. Cardinal Alberoni declared, that it was a jewel that deserved a cover of gold to preserve it from external injuries. An Italian painter, perceiving a small

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part of the roof repaired by modern French masonry, tore his hair, and exclaimed in a rage,—'Zounds! what do I see? Harlequin's hat on the head of Augustus!'

Without all doubt it is ravishingly beautiful. The whole world cannot parallel it; and I am astonished to see it standing entire, like the effects of enchantment, after such a succession of ages, every one more barbarous than another. The History of the Antiquities of Nismes takes notice of a grotesque statue, representing two female bodies and legs, united under the head of an old man; but as it does not inform us where it is kept, I did not see it.

The whole country of Languedoc is shaded with olive trees, the fruit of which begins to ripen, and appears as black as sloes; those they pickle are pulled green, and steeped for some time in a ley made of quick-lime or wood ashes, which extracts the bitter taste, and makes the fruit tender. Without this preparation it is not eatable. Under the olive and fig trees they plant corn and vines, so that there is not an inch of ground unlaboured; but here are no open fields, meadows, or cattle, to be seen. The ground is overloaded, and the produce of it crowded to such a degree, as to have a bad effect upon the eye, impressing the traveller with the ideas of indigence and rapacity. The heat in summer is so excessive, that cattle would find no green forage, every blade of grass being parched up and destroyed. The weather was extremely hot when we entered Montpelier, and put up at the *Cheval Blanc*, counted the best *auberge* in the place, though in fact it is a most wretched hovel, the habitation of darkness, dirt, and imposition. Here I was obliged to pay four livres a meal for every person in my family, and two livres a night for every bed, though all in the same room. One would imagine, that the further we advance to the southward, the living is the dearer, though in fact every article of housekeeping is cheaper in Languedoc than many other provinces of France. This imposition is owing to the concourse of English who come hither, and, like simple birds of passage, allow themselves to be plucked by the people of the country, who know their weak side, and make their at-

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tacks accordingly. They affect to believe that all the travellers of our country are grand signiors, immensely rich, and incredibly generous; and we are silly enough to encourage this opinion, by submitting quietly to the most ridiculous extortion, as well as by committing acts of the most absurd extravagance. This folly of the English, together with a concourse of people from different quarters, who come hither for the re-establishment of their health, has rendered Montpelier one of the dearest places in the south of France. The city, which is but small, stands upon a rising ground fronting the Mediterranean, which is about three leagues to the southward; on the other side is an agreeable plain, extending about the same distance towards the mountains of the Cevennes. The town is reckoned well built, and what the French call *bien percée*; yet the streets are in general narrow, and the houses dark. The air is counted salutary in catarrhous consumptions, from its dryness and elasticity; but too sharp in cases of pulmonary imposthumes.

It was at Montpelier that we saw, for the first time, any signs of that gaiety and mirth for which the people of this country are celebrated. In all other places through which we passed since our departure from Lyons, we saw nothing but marks of poverty and chagrin. We entered Montpelier on a Sunday, when the people were all dressed in their best apparel. The streets were crowded, and a great number of the better sort of both sexes sat upon stone seats at their doors, conversing with great mirth and familiarity. These conversations lasted the greatest part of the night; and many of them were improved with music both vocal and instrumental. Next day we were visited by the English residing in the place, who always pay this mark of respect to new-comers. They consist of four or five families, among whom I could pass the winter very agreeably, if the state of my health and other reasons did not call me away.

Mr L—— had arrived two days before me, troubled with the same asthmatic disorder under which I had laboured so long. He told me he had been in quest of me ever since he

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left England. Upon comparing notes, I found he had stopped at the door of a country inn in Picardy, and drank a glass of wine and water, while I was at dinner up stairs; nay, he had even spoke to my servant, and asked who was his master; and the man not knowing him, replied, he was a gentleman from Chelsea. He had walked by the door of the house where I lodged at Paris twenty times while I was in that city; and the very day before he arrived at Montpelier he had passed our coach on the road.

The garrison of this city consists of two battalions, one of which is the Irish regiment of Berwick, commanded by Lieutenant-colonel Tents, a gentleman with whom we contracted an acquaintance at Boulogne. He treats us with great politeness, and indeed does every thing in his power to make the place agreeable to us. The duke of Fitz-James, the governor, is expected here in a little time. We have already a tolerable concert twice a-week; there will be a comedy in the winter; and the states of Provence assemble in January; so that Montpelier will be extremely gay and brilliant. These very circumstances would determine me to leave it. I have not health to enjoy these pleasures; I cannor bear a crowd of company, such as pours in upon us unexpectedly at all hours; and I foresee, that, in staying at Montpelier, I should be led into an expense which I can ill afford. I have therefore forwarded the letter I received from General P——n to Mr B——d, our consul at Nice, signifying my intention of going thither, and explaining the kind of accommodation I would choose to have at that place.

The day after our arrival, I procured tolerable lodgings in the high street, for which I pay fifty sols, something more than two shillings per day; and I am furnished with two meals a day by a *traiteur* for ten livres; but he finds neither the wine nor the dessert; and indeed we are but indifferently served. Those familes who reside here find their account in keeping house. Every traveller who comes to this or any other town in France with a design to stay longer than a day or two, ought to write beforehand to his correspondent to procure furnished lodgings, to which he may

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be driven immediately, without being under the necessity of lying in an execrable inn; for all the inns of this country are execrable.

My baggage is not yet arrived by the canal of Languedoc; but that gives me no disturbance, as it is consigned to the care of Mr Ray, an English merchant and banker of this place; a gentleman of great probity and worth, from whom I have received repeated marks of uncommon friendship and hospitality.

The next time you hear of me will be from Nice. Meanwhile, I remain always, dear Sir, your affectionate humble servant.

LETTER XI.

DEAR DOCTOR, *Montpelier, Nov.* 12.

I FLATTERED myself with the hope of much amusement during my short stay at Montpelier. The university, the botanical garden, the state of physic in this part of the world, and the information I received of a curious collection of manuscripts, among which I hoped to find something for our friend Dr H——r; all these particulars promised a rich fund of entertainment, which, however, I cannot enjoy.

A few days after my arrival, it began to rain with a southerly wind, and continued without ceasing the best part of a week, leaving the air so loaded with vapours, that there was no walking after sun-set, without being wetted by the dew almost to the skin. I have always found a cold and damp atmosphere the most unfavourable of any to my constitution. My asthmatical disorder, which had not given me much disturbance since I left Boulogne, became now very troublesome, attended with fever, cough, spitting, and lowness of spirits; and I wasted visibly every day. I was favoured with the advice of Dr Fitzmaurice, a very worthy sensible physician, settled in this place; but I had the curiosity to know the opinion of the celebrated Professor F——, who is the Boerhaave of Montpelier. The account I had of his private character and personal deportment from some English people to whom he was well known, left me no desire to

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converse with him; but I resolved to consult with him on paper. This great lanthorn of medicine is become very rich and very insolent; and in proportion as his wealth increases, he is said to grow the more rapacious. He piques himself upon being very slovenly, very blunt, and very unmannerly; and perhaps to these qualifications he owes his reputation, rather than to any superior skill in medicine. I have known them succeed in our own country; and seen a doctor's parts estimated by his brutality and presumption.

F—— is in his person and address not unlike our old acquaintance Dr Sm—ie; he stoops much, dodges along, and affects to speak the Patois, which is a corruption of the old Provençal tongue, spoken by the vulgar in Languedoc and Provence. Notwithstanding his great age and great wealth, he will still scramble up two pair of stairs for a fee of six livres; and without a fee, he will give his advice to no person whatsoever. He is said to have great practice in the venereal branch, and to be frequented by persons of both sexes infected with this distemper, not only from every part of France, but also from Spain, Italy, Germany, and England. I need say nothing of the Montpelier method of cure, which is well known at London; but I have some reason to think that the great Professor F—— has, like the famous Mrs Mapp, the bonesetter, cured many patients that were never diseased.

Be that as it may, I sent my *valet de place*, who was his townsman and acquaintance, to his house, with the following case, and a louis-d'or.—

'Annum ætatis post quadragesimum tertium. Temperamentum humidum, crassum, pituitâ repletum, catarrhis sæpissimè profligatum. Catarrhus, febre, anxietate, et dyspnœa, nunquam non comitatus. Irritatio membranæ pituitariæ *trachealis*, tussim initio aridam, siliquosam, deinde vero excretionem copiosam excitat: sputum albumini ovi simillimum.

'Accedente febre, urina pallida, limpida: ad ἀκμὴν flagrante, colorem rubrum, subflavum induit: coctione peractâ, sedimentum lateritium deponit.

'Appetitus rarò deest: digestio segnior sed secura, non autem

sine ructu perfecta. Alvus plerumque stipata: excretio intestinalis minima, ratione ingestorum habitâ. Pulsus frequens, vacillans, exilis, quandoquidem etiam intermittens.

'Febre unâ extinctâ, non deficit altera. Aliaque et eadem statim nascitur. Aer paulo frigidior, vel humidior, vestimentum inusitatum indutum; exercitatio paululum nimia; ambulatio, equitatio, in quovis vehiculo jactatio; hæc omnia novos motus suscitant. Systema nervosum maxime irritabile, orgasmos patitur. Ostiola in cute hiantia, materiei perspirabile exitum prebentia, clauduntur. Materies obstructa cumulatur; sanguine aliisque humoribus circumagitur: fit plethora. Natura opprimi nolens, excessus hujus expulsionem conatur. Febris nova accenditur. Pars oneris in membranam trachealem laxatam ac debilitatam transfertur. Glandulæ pituitariæ turgentes bronchia comprimunt. Liber aëri transitus negatur; hinc respiratio difficilis. Hac vero translatione, febris minuitur: interdùm remittitur. Dyspnœa autem aliaque symptomata verè hypochondriaca, recedere nolunt. Vespere febris exacerbatur. Calor, inquietudo, anxietas, et asthma, per noctem grassantur. Ita quotidie res agitur, donec vis vitæ paulatim crisim efficit. Seminis jactura, sive in somniis effusi, seu in gremio veneris ejaculati, inter causas horum malorum nec non numeretur.

'Quibusdam abhinc annis, exercitationibus juvenilibus subito remissis, in vitam sedentariam lapsum. Animo in studia severiora converso, fibræ gradatim laxabantur. Inter legendum et scribendum inclinato corpore in pectus malum ruebat. Morbo ingruenti affectio scorbutica auxilium tulit. Invasio prima nimium aspernata. Venientibus hostibus non occursum. Cunctando res non restituta. Remedia convenientia stomachus perhorrescebat. Gravescente dyspnœa phlebotomia frustra tentata. Sanguinis missione vis vitæ diminuta: fiebat pulsus debilior, respiratio difficilior. In pejus ruunt omnia. Febris anomala in febriculam continuam mutata. Dyspnœa confirmata. Fibrarum compages soluta. Valetudo penitus eversa.

'His agitatus furiis, æger ad mare provolat: in fluctus se præcipitem dat: periculum factum spem non fefellit: decies iteratum, felix faustumque evasit. Elater novus febris conciliatur. Febricula fugatur. Acris dyspnœa solvitur. Beneficium dextrâ ripâ partum, sinistrâ perditum. Superficie corporis, aquæ marinæ frigore et pondere, compressâ et contractâ, interstitia fibrarum oc-

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cluduntur: pasticulis incrementi novis partes abrasas reficientibus, locus non datur. Nutritio corporis, viâ pristinâ clausâ, qua data porta ruit: in membranam pulmonum animus firmatum facile fertur, et glandulis per sputum rejicitur.

'Hieme pluviosâ regnante dolores renovantur; tametsi tempore sereno equitatio profuit. Æstate morbus vix ullum progrediebatur. Autumno, valetudine plus declinatâ, thermis Bathoniensibus solatium haud frustra quæsitum. Aquæ istæ mirè medicatæ, externè æque ac internè adhibitæ, malis levamen attulit. Hiems altera, frigida, horrida, diuturna, innocuâ tamen successit. Vere nova casus atrox diras procellas animo immisit: toto corpore, totâ mente tumultuatur. Patriâ relictâ, tristitiâ, solicitudo, indignatio, et sevissima recordatio sequuntur. Inimici priores furore inveterato revertuntur. Rediit febris hectica; rediit asthma cum anxietate, tusse, et dolore lateris lancinante.

'Desperatis denique rebus, iterum ad mare, veluti ad anceps remedium recurritur. Balneum hoc semper benignum. Dolor statim avolat. Tertio die febris retrocessit. Immersio quotidiana antemeridiana, ad vices quinquaginta repetita, symptomata graviora subjugavit.—Manet vero tabes pituitaria: manet temperamentum in catarrhos proclive. Corpus macrescit. Vires delabuntur.'

The professor's eyes sparkled at sight of the fee; and he desired the servant to call next morning for his opinion of the case, which accordingly I received in these words.—

'On voit par cette relation que monsieur le consultant, dont on n'a pas jugé a propos de dire l'age, mais qui nous paroit etre adulte et d'un age passablement avancé, a été sujet ci-devant à des rhumes frequens accompagnés de fievre: on ne detaille point aucune epoque, on parle dans la relation d'asthme auquel il a été sujet, de scorbut affection scorbutique dont on ne dit pas les symptomes. On nous fait sçavoir qu'il s'est bien trouvé de l'immersion dans l'eau de la mer, et des eaux de Bath.

'On dit à present qu'il a une *fievre pituitaire* sans dire depuis combien de temps. Qu'il lui reste toujours son temperament enclin aux catharres. Que le corps maigrit, et que les forces se perdent. On ne dit point s'il y a des exacerbations dans cette fievre ou non, si le malade a appetit ou non, s'il tousse ou non, s'il crache ou non, en un mot, on n'entre dans aucun detail sur ces

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objets, sur quoi le conseil soussigné, estime que monsieur le consultant est en fievre lente, et que vraisemblable le poumon souffre de quelque tubercules qui peut-etre sont en fonte, ce que nous aurions determiné si dans la relation on avoit marqué les qualités de crachats.

' La cause fonchere de cette maladie doit etre imputée à une lymphe epaisse et acrimonieuse, qui donne occasion à des tubercules au poumon, qui étant mis en fonte fournissent au sang des particules acres, et le rendent tout acrimonieux.

' Les vues que l'on doit avoir dans ce cas sont de procurer des bonnes digestions (quoique dans la relation on ne dit pas un mot sur les digestions) de jettre un douce detrempe dans le masse du sang, d'en chasser l'acrimonie et de l'adoucir, de deviser fort doucement la lymphe, et de deterger le poumon, lui procurant meme du calme supposé que la toux l'inquiete, quoique cependant on ne dit pas un mot sur la toux dans la relation. C'est pourquoi on le purgera avec 3 onces de manne, dissoutes dans un verre de decoction de 3 dragmes de polypode de chesne, on passera ensuite à des bouillons qui seront faits avec un petit poulet, la chair, le sang, le cœur, et le foye d'une tortue de grandeur mediocre, c'est a dire du poid de 8 a 12 onces avec sa coquille, une poignée de chicorée amere de jardin, et une pincée de feuilles de lierre terrestre vertes ou seches. Ayant pris ces bouillons 15 matins, on se purgera comme auparavant, pour en venir à des bouillons qui seront faits avec la moité d'un möu de veau, une poignée de pimprenelle de jardin, et une dragme de racine d'angelique concassée.

' Ayant pris ces bouillons 15 matins, on se purgera comme auparavant pour en venir au lait d'anesse que l'on prendra le matin a jeune, à la dose de 12 a 16 onces, y ajoutant un cuillerée de sucre rapé, on prendra ce lait le matin à jeune, observant de prendre pendant son usage de deux jours l'un moment avant le lait un bolus fait avec 15 grains de craye de Briançon en poudre fine, 20 grains de corail preparé, 8 grains d'antihectique de poterius, et ce qu'il faut de syrop de lierre terrestre, mais le jour ou on ne prendra pas le bolus on prendra un moment avant le lait 3 ou 4 gouttes de bon baume de Canada detrempées dans un demi cuillerée de syrop de lierre terrestre. Si le corps maigrit de plus en plus, je suis d'avis que pendant l'usage du lait d'anesse on soupe tous les soirs avec une soupe du lait de vache.

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'On continuera l'usage du lait d'anesse tant que le malade pourra le supporter, ne le purgeant que par necessité, et toujours avec la medicine ordonnée.

'Au reste, si monsieur le consultant ne passe pas le nuits bien calmes, il prendra chaque soir à l'heure de sommeil 6 grains des pilules de cynoglosse, dont il augmentera la dose d'un grain de plus, toutes les fois que la dose du jour précédent n'aura pas été suffisante pour lui faire passer la nuit bien calme.

'Si le malade tousse, il usera soit de jour soit de nuit par petites cuillerées à caffé d'un looch, qui sera fait avec un once de syrop de violet et une dragme de blanc de baleine.

'Si les crachats sont epais, et qu'il crache difficilement, en ce cas il prendra une ou deux fois le jour, demi dragme de blanc de baleine reduite en poudre avec un peu de sucre candit qu'il avalera avec une cuillerie d'eau.

'Enfin il doit observer un bon regime de vivre, c'est pourquoi il fera toujours gras et seulement en soupes, bouilli et roti, il ne mangera pas les herbes des soupes, et on salera peu son pot, il se privera du beuf, cochon, chair noir, oiseaux d'eau, ragouts, fritures, patisseries, alimens sales, epices, vinaigres, salades, fruits, cruds, et autres crudités, alimens grossiers, ou de difficile digestion, la boisson sera de l'eau tant soit peu rougée de bon vin au diner seulement, et il ne prendra à souper qu'une soupe.

F——,
Delibré, Montpelier, le 11 Novembre. } Professeur en l'université honoraire. Reçu vingt et quatre livres.

I thought it was a little extraordinary, that a learned professor should reply in his mother tongue to a case put in Latin; but I was much more surprised, as you will also be at reading his answer, from which I was obliged to conclude, either that he did not understand Latin, or that he had not taken the trouble to read my *memoire*. I shall not make any remarks upon the style of his prescription, replete as it is with a disgusting repetition of low expressions; but I could not but, in justice to myself, point out to him the passages in my case which he had overlooked. Accordingly, having marked them with letters, I sent it back with the following billet:—

'Apparemment Mons. F—— n'a pas donné beaucoup d'atten-

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tion au memoire de ma santé que j'ai eu l'honneur de lui presenter—" Monsieur le consultant (dit il) dont on n'a pas jugé à propos de dire l'age."—Mais on voit dans le memoire à No. 2, " *Annum ætatis post quadragesimum tertium.*"

' Mons. F—— dit, que " Je n'ai pas marqué aucune epoque." Mais à No. 2 du memoire il trouvera ces mots. " *Quibusdam abhinc annis.*" J'ai meme detaillé le progrés de la maladie pour trois ans consecutifs.

' Mons. F—— observe, " On ne dit point s'il y a des exacerbations dans cette fievre ou non." Qu'il regarde la lettre B, il verra, " *Vespere febris exacerbatur. Calor, inquietudo, anxietas, et asthma per noctem grassantur.*"

' Mons. F—— remarque, " On ne dit point si le malade a appetit ou non, s'il tousse ou non, s'il crache ou non, en un mot, on n'entre dans aucun detail sur ces objets." Mais on voit toutes ces circonstances detaillées dans le memoire à lettre A. " *Irritatio membranæ trachealis* tussim, *initio aridam, siliquosam, deindè vero excretionem copiosam excitat. Sputum albumini ovi simillimum. Appetitus raro deest. Digestio segnior sed secura.*"

' Mons. F—— observe encore, " Qu'on ne dit pas un mot sur la toux dans la relation." Mais j'ai dit encore à No. 3 du memoire, " *Rediit febris hectica ; rediit asthma cum anxietate,* tusse *et dolore lateris lancinante.*"

' Au reste, je ne puis pas me persuader qu'il y ait des tubercules au poumon, parce que j'ai ne jamais craché de pus, ni autre chose que de la pituite qui a beaucoup de ressemblance au blanc des oeufs. *Sputum albumini ovi simillimum.* Il me paroit donc que ma maladie doit son origine à la suspension de l'exercice du corps, au grande attachement d'esprit, et à une vie sedentaire qui a relaché le systeme fibreux ; et qu'à present on peut l'appeller *tabes pituitaria,* non *tabes purulenta.*—J'espere que Mons F—— aura la bonté de fair revision du memoire, et de m'en dire encore son sentiment.'

Considering the nature of the case, you see I could not treat him more civilly. I desired the servant to ask when he should return for an answer, and whether he expected another fee? He desired him to come next morning, and, as the fellow assured me, gave him to understand, that, whatever monsieur might send, should be for his (the ser-

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vant's) advantage. In all probability he did not expect another gratification, to which indeed he had no title. Mons. F—— was undoubtedly much mortified to find himself detected in such flagrant instances of unjustifiable negligence, and, like all other persons in the same ungracious dilemma, instead of justifying himself by reason or argument, had recourse to recrimination. In the paper which he sent me next day, he insisted in general, that he had carefully perused the case, which, you will perceive, was a self-evident untruth. He said the theory it contained was idle; that he was sure it could not be written by a physician; that, with respect to the disorder, he was still of the same opinion, and adhered to his former prescription; but if I had any doubts, I might come to his house, and he would resolve them.

I wrapt up twelve livres in the following note, and sent it to his house:—

'Ce n'est pas sans raison que monsieur F—— jouit d'un si grande reputation. Je n'ai plus de doutes, graces à Dieu et a monsieur F——.'

To this I received for answer:—

'Monsieur n'a plus de doutes: J'en suis charmé. Reçu douze livres. F——,' &c.

Instead of keeping his promise to the valet, he put the money in his pocket; and the fellow returned in a rage, exclaiming, that he was *un gros cheval de carosse.*

I shall make no other comment upon the medicines and the regimen which this great doctor prescribed, but that he certainly mistook the case: for upon the supposition that I actually laboured under a purulent discharge from the lungs, his remedies savour strongly of the old woman; and that there is a total blank with respect to the article of exercise, which you know is so essential in all pulmonary disorders. But, after having perused my remarks upon his first prescription, he could not possibly suppose that I had tubercles, and was spitting up pus; therefore his persisting in recommending the same medicines he had prescribed

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on that supposition was a flagrant absurdity. If, for example, there was no *vomica* in the lungs, and the business was to attenuate the lymph, what could be more preposterous than to advise the chalk of Briançon, coral, antihecticum poterii, and the balm of Canada? As for the turtle soup, it is a good restorative and balsamic; but, I apprehend, will tend to thicken rather than attenuate the phlegm. He mentions not a syllable of the air, though it is universally allowed that the climate of Montpelier is pernicious to ulcerated lungs: and here I cannot help recounting a small adventure which our doctor had with a son of Mr O——d, merchant in the city of London. I had it from Mrs St——e, who was on the spot. The young gentleman being consumptive, consulted Mr F——, who continued visiting and prescribing for him a whole month. At length perceiving that he grew daily worse,—'Doctor,' said he, 'I take your prescriptions punctually; but, instead of being the better for them, I have now not an hour's remission from the fever in the four-and-twenty. I cannot conceive the meaning of it.' F——, who perceived he had not long to live, told him the reason was very plain: the air of Montpelier was too sharp for his lungs, which required a softer climate. 'Then you're a sordid villain,' cried the young man, 'for allowing me to stay here till my constitution is irretrievable.' He set out immediately for Thoulouse, and in a few weeks died in the neighbourhood of that city.

I observe that the physicians in this country pay no regard to the state of the solids in chronical disorders: that exercise and the cold bath are never prescribed: that they seem to think the scurvy is entirely an English disease; and that, in all appearance, they often confound the symptoms of it with those of the venereal distemper. Perhaps I may be more particular on this subject in a subsequent letter. In the meantime, I am ever, dear Sir, yours sincerely.

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LETTER XII.

DEAR SIR, *Nice, December* 6, 1763.

THE inhabitants of Montpelier are sociable, gay, and good tempered. They have a spirit of commerce, and have erected several considerable manufactures in the neighbourhood of the city. People assemble every day to take the air on the esplanade, where there is a very good walk, just without the gate of the citadel: but, on the other side of the town, there is another still more agreeable, called the *pierou*, from whence there is a prospect of the Mediterranean on one side, and of the Cevennes on the other. Here is a good equestrian statue of Louis XIV. fronting one gate of the city, which is built in the form of a triumphal arch, in honour of the same monarch. Immediately under the *pierou* is the physic garden, and near it an arcade just finished for an aqueduct, to convey a stream of water to the upper parts of the city. Perhaps I should have thought this a neat piece of work, if I had not seen the *Pont du Garde*; but, after having viewed the Roman arches, I could not look upon this but with pity and contempt. It is a wonder how the architect could be so fantastically modern, having such a noble model, as it were, before his eyes.

There are many protestants at this place, as well as at Nismes, and they are no longer molested on the score of religion. They have their conventicles in the country, where they assemble privately for worship. These are well known; and detachments are sent out every Sunday to intercept them; but the officer has always private directions to take another route. Whether this indulgence comes from the wisdom and lenity of the government, or is purchased with money of the commanding officer, I cannot determine: but certain it is, the laws of France punish capitally every protestant minister convicted of having performed the functions of his ministry in this kingdom; and one was hanged about two years ago, in the neighbourhood of Montauban.

The markets in Montpelier are well supplied with fish, poultry, butcher's meat, and game, at reasonable rates.

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The wine of this country is strong and harsh, and never drank but when mixed with water. Burgundy is dear, and so is the sweet wine of Frontignan, though made in the neighbourhood of Cette. You know it is famous all over Europe, and so are the *liqueurs* or drams of various sorts, compounded and distilled at Montpelier. Cette is the sea port, about four leagues from that city: but the canal of Languedoc comes up within a mile of it; and is indeed a great curiosity; a work in all respects worthy of a Colbert, under whose auspices it was finished. When I find such a general tribute of respect and veneration paid to the memory of that great man, I am astonished to see so few monuments of public utility left by other ministers. One would imagine, that even the desire of praise would prompt a much greater number to exert themselves for the glory and advantage of their country; yet, in my opinion, the French have been ungrateful to Colbert, in the same proportion as they have over-rated the character of his master. Through all France one meets with statues and triumphal arches erected to Louis XIV. in consequence of his victories, by which, likewise, he acquired the title of Louis le Grand. But how were these victories obtained? Not by any personal merit of Louis. It was Colbert who improved his finances, and enabled him to pay his army. It was Lavois that provided all the necessaries of war. It was a Condé, a Turenne, a Luxemberg, a Vendome, who fought his battles; and his first conquests, for which he was deified by the pen of adulation, were obtained almost without bloodshed, over weak, dispirited, divided, and defenceless nations. It was Colbert that improved the marine, instituted manufactures, encouraged commerce, undertook works of public utility, and patronized the arts and sciences. But Louis (you will say) had the merit of choosing and supporting those ministers and those generals. I answer, no. He found Colbert and Lavois already chosen: he found Condé and Turenne in the very zenith of military reputation. Luxemberg was Condé's pupil; and Vendome, a prince of the blood, who at first obtained the command of armies in consequence of his high

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birth, and happened to turn out a man of genius. The same Louis had the sagacity to revoke the edict of Nantz; to intrust his armies to a Tallard, a Villeroy, and a Marsin. He had the humanity to ravage the country, burn the towns, and massacre the people of the Palatinate. He had the patriotism to impoverish and depopulate his own kingdom, in order to prosecute schemes of the most lawless ambition. He had the consolation to beg a peace from those he had provoked to war by the most outrageous insolence; and he had the glory to espouse Mrs Maintenon in her old age, the widow of the buffoon Scarron. Without all doubt, it was from irony he acquired the title *Le Grand*.

Having received a favourable answer from Mr B——, the English consul at Nice, and recommended the care of my heavy baggage to Mr Ray, who undertook to send it by sea from Cette to Villefranche, I hired a coach and mules for seven louis-d'ores, and set out from Montpelier on the 13th of November, the weather being agreeable, though the air was cold and frosty. In other respects there were no signs of winter: the olives were now ripe, and appeared on each side of the road as black as sloes; and the corn was already half a foot high. On the second day of our journey, we passed the Rhone on a bridge of boats at Buecaire, and lay on the other side at Tarrascone. Next day we put up at a wretched place called Organ, where, however, we were regaled with an excellent supper, and among other delicacies with a dish of green pease. Provence is a pleasant country, well cultivated; but the inns are not so good here as in Languedoc, and few of them are provided with a certain convenience which an English traveller can very ill dispense with. Those you find are generally on the tops of houses, exceedingly nasty; and so much exposed to the weather, that a valetudinarian cannot use them without hazard of his life. At Nismes in Languedoc, where we found the temple of Cloacina in a most shocking condition, the servant maid told me her mistress had caused it to be made on purpose for the English travellers; but now she was very sorry for what she had done, as all the French who had frequented

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her house, instead of using the seat, left their offerings on the floor, which she was obliged to have cleaned three or four times a-day. This is a degree of beastliness, which would appear detestable even in the capital of North Britain. On the fourth day of our pilgrimage, we lay in the suburbs of Aix, but did not enter the city, which I had a great curiosity to see. The villanous asthma baulked me of that satisfaction. I was pinched with the cold, and impatient to reach a warmer climate. Our next stage was at a paltry village, where we were poorly entertained. I looked so ill in the morning, that the good woman of the house, who was big with child, took me by the hand at parting, and even shed tears, praying fervently that God would restore me to my health. This was the only instance of sympathy, compassion, or goodness of heart, that I had met with among the publicans of France. Indeed, at Valencia, our landlady, understanding I was travelling to Montpelier for my health, would have dissuaded me from going thither; and exhorted me, in particular, to beware of the physicians, who were all a pack of assassins. She advised me to eat fricassees of chickens, and white meat, and to take a good *bouillon* every morning.

A *bouillon* is an universal remedy among the good people of France; insomuch, that they have no idea of any persons dying, after having swallowed *un bon bouillon*. One of the English gentlemen, who were robbed and murdered about thirty years ago, between Calais and Boulogne, being brought to the post-house of Boulogne, with some signs of life, this remedy was immediately administered. 'What surprised me greatly,' said the post-master, speaking of this melancholy story to a friend of mine, two years after it happened, 'I made an excellent *bouillon*, and poured it down his throat with my own hands, and yet he did not recover.' Now, in all probability, this *bouillon* it was that stopped his breath. When I was a very young man, I remember to have seen a person suffocated by such impertinent officiousness. A young man of uncommon parts and erudition, very well esteemed at the university of G——ow, was

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found early one morning in a subterranean vault among the ruins of an old archiepiscopal palace, with his throat cut from ear to ear. Being conveyed to a public-house in the neighbourhood, he made signs for pen, ink, and paper, and, in all probability, would have explained the cause of this terrible catastrophe, when an old woman, seeing the windpipe, which was cut, sticking out of the wound, and mistaking it for the gullet, by way of giving him a cordial to support his spirits, poured into it, through a small funnel, a glass of burnt brandy, which strangled him in the tenth part of a minute. The gash was so hideous, and formed by so many repeated strokes of a razor, that the surgeons believed he could not possibly be the perpetrator himself; nèvertheless, this was certainly the case.

At Brignolles, where we dined, I was obliged to quarrel with the landlady, and threaten to leave her house, before she would indulge us with any sort of flesh-meat. It was meagre day, and she had made her provision accordingly. She even hinted some dissatisfaction at having heretics in her house: but, as I was not disposed to eat stinking fish, with ragouts of eggs and onions, I insisted upon a leg of mutton, and a brace of fine partridges, which I found in the larder. Next day, when we set out in the morning from Luc, it blew a north-westerly wind, so extremely cold and biting, that even a flannel wrapper could not keep me tolerably warm in the coach. Whether the cold had put our coachman in a bad humour, or he had some other cause of resentment against himself, I know not; but we had not gone above a quarter of mile, when he drove the carriage full against the corner of a garden wall, and broke the axletree, so that we were obliged to return to the inn on foot, and wait a whole day, until a new piece could be made and adjusted. The wind that blew is called *maestral*, in the provincial dialect, and indeed is the severest that ever I felt.

At this inn we met with a young French officer, who had been a prisoner in England, and spoke our language pretty well. He told me that such a wind did not blow above twice or three times in a winter, and was never of long continu-

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ance: that, in general, the weather was very mild and agreeable during the winter months; that living was very cheap in this part of Provence, which afforded great plenty of game. Here, too, I found a young Irish recollect, in his way from Rome to his own country. He complained that he was almost starved by the inhospitable disposition of the French people; and that the regular clergy, in particular, had treated him with the most cruel disdain. I relieved his necessities, and gave him a letter to a gentleman of his own country at Montpelier. When I rose in the morning, and opened a window that looked into the garden, I thought myself either in a dream or bewitched. All the trees were clothed with snow, and all the country covered, at least, a foot thick. 'This cannot be the south of France,' said I to myself, 'it must be the Highlands of Scotland!' At a wretched town called Muy, where we dined, I had a warm dispute with our landlord, which, however, did not terminate to my satisfaction. I sent on the mules before, to the next stage, resolving to take post-horses, and bespoke them accordingly of the aubergiste, who was, at the same time, innkeeper and postmaster. We were ushered into the common eating-room, and had a very indifferent dinner; after which, I sent a louis-d'ore to be changed, in order to pay the reckoning. The landlord, instead of giving the full change, deducted three livres a head for dinner, and sent in the rest of the money by my servant. Provoked more at his ill manners than at his extortion, I ferreted him out of a bedchamber, where he had concealed himself, and obliged him to restore the full change, from which I paid him at the rate of two livres a head. He refused to take the money, which I threw down on the table; and the horses being ready, stepped into the coach, ordering the postilions to drive on. Here I had certainly reckoned without my host. The fellows declared they would not budge, until I should pay their master; and, as I threatened them with manual chastisement, they alighted, and disappeared in a twinkling. I was now so incensed, that though I could hardly breathe, though the afternoon was far advanced, and the street covered with

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wet snow, I walked to the consul of the town, and made my complaint in form. This magistrate, who seemed to be a tailor, accompanied me to the inn, where, by this time, the whole town was assembled, and endeavoured to persuade me to compromise the affair. I said, as he was the magistrate, I would stand to his award. He answered,—'that he would not presume to determine what I was to pay.' I have already paid him a reasonable price for his dinner (said I), and now I demand post-horses according to the king's ordonnance. The aubergiste said the horses were ready, but the guides were run away; and he could not find others to go in their place. I argued with great vehemence, offering to leave a louis-d'ore for the poor of the parish, provided the consul would oblige the rascal to do his duty. The consul shrugged up his shoulders, and declared it was not in his power. This was a lie; but I perceived he had no mind to disoblige the publican. If the mules had not been sent away, I should certainly have not only paid what I thought proper, but corrected the landlord into the bargain for his insolence and extortion; but now I was entirely at his mercy, and as the consul continued to exhort me in very humble terms to comply with his demands, I thought proper to acquiesce. Then the postilions immediately appeared: the crowd seemed to exult in the triumph of the aubergiste; and I was obliged to travel in the night, in very severe weather, after all the fatigue and mortification I had undergone.

We lay at Frejus, which was the *Forum Julianum* of the ancients, and still boasts of some remains of antiquity, particularly the ruins of an amphitheatre and an aqueduct. The first we passed in the dark; and next morning the weather was so cold, that I could not walk abroad to see it. The town is at present very inconsiderable, and indeed in a ruinous condition. Nevertheless, we were very well lodged at the post-house, and treated with more politeness than we had met with in any other part of France.

As we had a very high mountain to ascend in the morning, I ordered the mules on before to the next post, and hired six horses for the coach. At the east end of Frejus, we saw,

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close to the road, on our left hand, the arcades of the ancient aqueduct, and the ruins of some Roman edifices, which seemed to have been temples. There was nothing striking in the architecture of the acqueduct. The arches are small and low, without either grace or ornament, and seem to have been calculated for mere utility.

The mountain of Esterelles, which is eight miles over, was formerly frequented by a gang of desperate banditti, who are now happily exterminated: the road is very good, but in some places very steep, and bordered by precipices. The mountain is covered with pines, and the *laurus cerasus*, the fruit of which being now ripe, made a most romantic appearance through the snow that lay upon the branches. The cherries were so large, that I at first mistook them for dwarf oranges. I think they are counted poisonous in England, but here the people eat them without hesitation. In the middle of the mountain is the post-house, where we dined in a room so cold, that the bare remembrance of it makes my teeth chatter. After dinner, I chanced to look into another chamber that fronted the south, where the sun shone; and opening a window, perceived, within a yard of my hand, a large tree loaded with oranges, many of which were ripe. You may judge what my astonishment was, to find Winter in all its rigour reigning on one side of the house, and Summer in all her glory on the other. Certain it is, the middle of this mountain seemed to be the boundary of the cold weather. As we proceeded slowly in the afternoon, we were quite enchanted. This side of the hill is a natural plantation of the most agreeable evergreens, pines, firs, laurel, cypress, sweet myrtle, tamarisc, box, and juniper, interspersed with sweet marjoram, lavender, thyme, wild thyme, and sage. On the right hand, the ground shoots up into agreeable cones, between which you have delightful vistas of the Mediterranean, which washes the foot of the rock; and between two divisions of the mountains, there is a bottom watered by a charming stream, which greatly adds to the rural beauties of the scene.

This night we passed at Cannes, a little fishing town,

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agreeably situated on the beach of the sea, and in the same place lodged Monsieur Nadeau d'Etreuil, the unfortunate French governor of Guadaloupe, condemned to be imprisoned for life in one of the isles of Mauguerite, which lie within a mile of this coast.

Next day we journeyed by the way of Antibes, a small maritime town, tolerably well fortified; and passing the little river Loup, over a stone bridge, arrived about noon at the village of St Laurent, the extremity of France, where we passed the Var, after our baggage had undergone examination. From Cannes to this village, the road lies along the sea-side; and sure nothing can be more delightful. Though in the morning there was a frost upon the ground, the sun was as warm as it is in May in England. The sea was quite smooth, and the beach formed of white polished pebbles; on the left hand the country was covered with green olives, and the side of the road planted with large trees of sweet myrtle growing wild like the hawthorns in England. From Antibes we had the first view of Nice, lying on the opposite side of the bay, and making a very agreeable appearance. The author of the Grand Tour says, that from Antibes to Nice the roads are very bad, through rugged mountains bordered with precipices on the left, and by the sea to the right; whereas, in fact, there is neither precipice nor mountain near it.

The Var, which divides the country of Nice from Provence, is no other than a torrent fed chiefly by the snow that melts on the Maritime Alps, from which it takes its origin. In the summer it is swelled to a dangerous height, and this is also the case after heavy rains; but at present the middle of it is quite dry, and the water divided into two or three narrow streams, which, however, are both deep and rapid. This river has been, absurdly enough, by some supposed the Rubicon, in all probability from the description of that river in the Pharsalia of Lucan, who makes it the boundary betwixt Gaul and Italy—

——— et Gallica certus
Limes ab Ausonius disterminat arva colonis;

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whereas, in fact, the Rubicon, now called Pisatello, runs between Ravenna and Rimini.—But to return to the Var. At the village of St Laurent, famous for its muscadine wines, there is a set of guides always in attendance to conduct you in your passage over the river. Six of those fellows, tucked up above the middle, with long poles in their hands, took charge of our coach, and by many windings guided it safe to the opposite shore. Indeed there was no occasion for any; but it is a sort of a perquisite, and I did not choose to run any risk, how small soever it might be, for the sake of saving half-a-crown, with which they were satisfied. If you do not gratify the searchers at St Laurent with the same sum, they will rummage your trunks, and turn all your clothes topsy-turvy. And here, once for all, I would advise every traveller, who consults his own ease and convenience, to be liberal of his money to all that sort of people; and even to wink at the imposition of aubergistes on the road, unless it be very flagrant. So sure as you enter into disputes with them, you will be put to a great deal of trouble, and fret yourself to no manner of purpose. I have travelled with economists in England, who declared they would rather give away a crown than allow themselves to be cheated of a farthing. This is a good maxim, but requires a great share of resolution and self-denial to put in practice. In one excursion, my fellow-traveller was in a passion, and of consequence very bad company, from one end of the journey to the other. He was incessantly scolding either at landlords, landladies, waiters, hostlers, or postilions. We had bad horses and bad chaises; set out from every stage with the curses of the people; and at this expense I saved about ten shillings in a journey of a hundred and fifty miles. For such a paltry consideration, he was contented to be miserable himself, and to make every other person unhappy with whom he had any concern. When I came last from Bath, it rained so hard, that the postilion who drove the chaise was wet to the skin before we had gone a couple of miles. When we arrived at the Devizes, I gave him two shillings instead of one, out of pure compas-

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sion. The consequence of this liberality was, that in the next stage we seemed rather to fly than to travel upon solid ground. I continued my bounty to the second driver, and indeed through the whole journey, and found myself accommodated in a very different manner from what I had experienced before. I had elegant chaises, with excellent horses; and the postilions, of their own accord, used such diligence, that, although the roads were broken by the rain, I travelled at the rate of twelve miles an hour; and my extraordinary expense from Bath to London amounted precisely to six shillings.

The river Var falls into the Mediterranean a little below St Laurent, about four miles to the westward of Nice. Within the memory of persons now living, there have been three wooden bridges thrown over it, and as often destroyed, in consequence of the jealousy subsisting between the kings of France and Sardinia, this river being the boundary of their dominions on the side of Provence. However, this is a consideration that ought not to interfere with the other advantages that would accrue to both kingdoms from such a convenience. If there was a bridge over the Var, and a post-road made from Nice to Genoa, I am very confident that all those strangers who now pass the Alps in their way to and from Italy, would choose this road, as infinitely more safe, commodious, and agreeable. This would also be the case with all those who hire feluccas from Marseilles or Antibes, and expose themselves to the dangers and inconveniencies of travelling by sea in an open boat.

In the afternoon we arrived at Nice, where we found Mr M——e, the English gentleman whom I had seen at Boulogne, and advised to come hither. He had followed my advice, and reached Nice about a month before my arrival, with his lady, child, and an old gouvernante. He had travelled with his own post-chaise and horses, and is now lodged just without one of the gates of the city, in the house of the count de V——n, for which he pays five louis-d'ors a-month. I could hire one much better in the neighbourhood of London for the same money. Unless you will submit to

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this extortion, and hire a whole house for a length of time, you will find no ready-furnished lodgings at Nice. After having stewed a week in a paltry inn, I have taken a ground floor for ten months, at the rate of four hundred livres a-year, that is, precisely twenty pounds Sterling; for the Piedmontese livre is exactly an English shilling. The apartments are large, lofty, and commodious enough, with two small gardens, in which there is plenty of sallad, and a great number of oranges and lemons: but as it required some time to provide furniture, our consul Mr B——d, one of the best natured and most friendly men in the world, has lent me his lodgings, which are charmingly situated by the sea-side, and open upon a terrace, that runs parallel to the beach, forming part of the town wall. Mr B——d himself lives at Villa Franca, which is divided from Nice by a single mountain, on the top of which there is a small fort, called the castle of Montalban. Immediately after our arrival, we were visited by one Mr de Martines, a most agreeable young fellow, a lieutenant in the Swiss regiment, which is here in garrison. He is a protestant, extremely fond of our nation, and understands our language tolerably well. He was particularly recommended to our acquaintance by General P—— and his lady. We are happy in his conversation, find him wonderfully obliging, and extremely serviceable on many occasions. We have likewise made acquaintance with some other individuals, particularly with Mr St Pierre junior, who is a considerable merchant, and consul for Naples. He is a well-bred sensible young man, speaks English, is an excellent performer on the lute and mandolin, and has a pretty collection of books. In a word, I hope we shall pass the winter agreeably enough, especially if Mr M——e should hold out; but I am afraid he is too far gone in a consumption to recover. He spent the last winter at Nismes, and consulted F—— at Montpelier. I was impatient to see the prescription, and found it almost verbatim the same he had sent to me, although I am persuaded there is a very essential difference between our disorders. Mr M——e has been long afflicted with violent spasms, colliquative sweats, prostration

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of appetite, and a disorder in his bowels. He is likewise jaundiced all over, and I am confident his liver is unsound. He tried the tortoise soup, which he said in a fortnight stuffed him up with phlegm. This gentleman has got a smattering of physic, and I am afraid tampers with his own constitution, by means of Brooke's Practice of Physic, and some dispensatories, which he is continually poring over. I beg pardon for this tedious epistle, and am, very sincerely, dear Sir, your affectionate humble servant.

LETTER XIII.

DEAR SIR, *Nice, January 15, 1764.*

I AM at last settled at Nice, and have leisure to give you some account of this very remarkable place. The county of Nice extends about fourscore miles in length, and in some places it is thirty miles broad. It contains several small towns, and a great number of villages; all of which, this capital excepted, are situated among mountains, the most extensive plain of the whole country being this where I now am, in the neighbourhood of Nice. The length of it does not exceed two miles, nor is the breadth of it in any part above one. It is bounded by the Mediterranean on the south. From the sea-shore, the Maritime Alps begin with hills of a gentle ascent, rising into mountains, that form a sweep or amphitheatre, ending at Montalban, which overhangs the town of Villa Franca. On the west side of this mountain, and in the eastern extremity of the amphitheatre, stands the city of Nice, wedged in between a steep rock and the little river Paglion, which descends from the mountains, and, washing the town-walls on the west side, falls into the sea, after having filled some canals for the use of the inhabitants. There is a stone bridge of three arches over it, by which those who come from Provence enter the city. The channel of it is very broad, but generally dry in many places, the water (as in the Var) dividing itself into several small streams. The Paglion, being fed by melted snow and rain in the mountains, is quite dry in summer; but it is sometimes swelled by sudden rains to a very formidable tor-

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rent. This was the case in the year 1744, when the French and Spanish armies attacked eighteen Piedmontese battalions, which were posted on the side of Montalban. The assailants were repulsed with the loss of four thousand men, some hundreds of whom perished in repassing the Paglion, which had swelled to a surprising degree during the battle, in consequence of a heavy continued rain. This rain was of great service to the Piedmontese, as it prevented one half of the enemy from passing the river to sustain the other. Five hundred were taken prisoners; but the Piedmontese, foreseeing they should be surrounded next day by the French, who had penetrated behind them by a pass in the mountains, retired in the night. Being received on board the English fleet, which lay at Villa Franca, they were conveyed to Oneglia. In examining the bodies of those that were killed in the battle, the inhabitants of Nice perceived that a great number of the Spanish soldiers were circumcised; a circumstance from which they concluded that a great many Jews engage in the service of his catholic majesty. I am of a different opinion. The Jews are the least of any people that I know addicted to a military life. I rather imagine they were of the Moorish race, who have subsisted in Spain since the expulsion of their brethren; and, though they conform externally to the rites of the catholic religion, still retain in private their attachment to the law of Mahomet.

The city of Nice is built in form of an irregular isosceles triangle, the base of which fronts the sea. On the west side it is surrounded by a wall and rampart; on the east it is overhung by a rock, on which we see the ruins of an old castle, which, before the invention of artillery, was counted impregnable. It was taken and dismantled by Mareschal Catinat, in the time of Victor Amadæus, the father of his Sardinian majesty. It was afterwards finally demolished by the duke of Berwick, towards the latter end of Queen Anne's war. To repair it would be a very unnecessary expense, as it is commanded by Montalban, and several other eminences.

The town of Nice is altogether indefensible, and therefore without fortifications. There are only two iron guns upon

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a bastion that fronts the beach; and here the French had formed a considerable battery against the English cruisers in the war of 1744, when the Mareschal Duke de Belleisle had his head-quarters at Nice. This little town, situated in the bay of Antibes, is almost equidistant from Marseilles, Turin, and Genoa, the first and last being about thirty leagues from hence by sea, and the capital of Piedmont at the same distance to the northward, over the mountains. It lies exactly opposite to Capo di Ferro, on the coast of Barbary; and the islands of Sardinia and Corsica are laid down about two degrees to the eastward, almost exactly in a line with Genoa. This little town, hardly a mile in circumference, is said to contain twelve thousand inhabitants. The streets are narrow, the houses are built of stone, and the windows in general are fitted with paper instead of glass. This expedient would not answer in a country subject to rain and storms; but here, where there is very little of either, the paper lozenges answer tolerably well. The bourgeois, however, begin to have their houses sashed with glass. Between the town-wall and the sea, the fishermen haul up their boats upon the open beach; but on the other side of the rock, where the castle stood, is the port or harbour of Nice, upon which some money has been expended. It is a small bason, defended to seaward by a mole of free-stone, which is much better contrived than executed; for the sea has already made three breaches in it; and, in all probability, in another winter, the extremity of it will be carried quite away. It would require the talents of a very skilful architect to lay the foundation of a good mole on an open beach like this, exposed to the swell of the whole Mediterranean, without any island or rock in the offing to break the force of the waves. Besides, the shore is bold, and the bottom foul. There are seventeen feet of water in the bason, sufficient to float vessels of one hundred and fifty tons; and this is chiefly supplied by a small stream of very fine water; another great convenience for shipping. On the side of the mole there is a constant guard of soldiers, and a battery of seven cannon, pointing to the sea. On the other side there is a curious manufacture for twisting or reeling silk, a ta-

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vern, a coffee-house, and several other buildings, for the convenience of the seafaring people. Without the harbour is a lazaretto, where persons coming from infected places are obliged to perform quarantine. The harbour has been declared a free port; and it is generally full of tartans, polacres, and other small vessels, that come from Sardinia, Ivica, Italy, and Spain, loaded with salt, wine, and other commodities; but here is no trade of any great consequence.

The city of Nice is provided with a senate, which administers justice under the auspices of an *avocat-general*, sent hither by the king. The internal economy of the town is managed by four consuls; one for the noblesse, another for the merchants, a third for the bourgeois, and a fourth for the peasants. These are chosen annually from the town-council. They keep the streets and markets in order, and superintend the public works. There is also an intendant, who takes care of his majesty's revenue: but there is a discretionary power lodged in the person of the commandant, who is always an officer of rank in the service, and has under his immediate command the regiment which is here in garrison. That which is here now is a Swiss battalion, of which the king has five or six in his service. There is likewise a regiment of militia, which is exercised once a-year. But of all these particulars, I shall speak more fully on another occasion.

When I stand upon the rampart, and look around me, I can scarce help thinking myself enchanted. The small extent of country which I see, is all cultivated like a garden. Indeed, the plain presents nothing but gardens, full of green trees, loaded with oranges, lemons, citrons, and bergamots, which make a delightful appearance. If you examine them more nearly, you will find plantations of green pease ready to gather; all sorts of sallading and pot-herbs in perfection; and plats of roses, carnations, ranunculas, anemonies, and daffodils, blowing in full glory, with such beauty, vigour, and perfume, as no flower in England ever exhibited.

I must tell you, that presents of carnations are sent from hence in the winter to Turin and Paris; nay, sometimes as far as London by the post, They are packed up in a wooden

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box, without any sort of preparation, one pressed upon another: the person who receives them, cuts off a little bit of the stalk, and steeps them for two hours in vinegar and water, when they recover their full bloom and beauty. Then he places them in water bottles, in an apartment where they are screened from the severities of the weather; and they will continue fresh and unfaded the best part of a month.

Amidst the plantations in the neighbourhood of Nice, appear a vast number of white *bastides*, or country-houses, which make a dazzling show. Some few of these are good villas, belonging to the noblesse of this country; and even some of the bourgeois are provided with pretty lodgeable *casines*; but, in general, they are the habitations of the peasants, and contain nothing but misery and vermine. They are all built square, and, being whitened with lime or plaster, contribute greatly to the richness of the view. The hills are shaded to the tops with olive trees, which are always green; and those hills are overtopped by more distant mountains, covered with snow. When I turn myself towards the sea, the view is bounded by the horizon; yet, in a clear morning, one can perceive the high lands of Corsica. On the right hand, it is terminated by Antibes, and the mountain of Esterelles, which I described in my last. As for the weather, you will conclude, from what I have said of the oranges, flowers, &c. that it must be wonderfully mild and serene: but of the climate I shall speak hereafter. Let me only observe, *en passant*, that the houses in general have no chimneys, but in their kitchens; and that many people, even of condition, at Nice, have no fire in their chambers during the whole winter. When the weather happens to be a little more sharp than usual, they warm their apartments with a *brasier* of charcoal.

Though Nice itself retains few marks of ancient splendour, there are considerable monuments of antiquity in its neighbourhood. About two short miles from the town, upon the summit of a pretty high hill, we find the ruins of the ancient city Cemenelion, now called Cimia, which was once the metropolis of the Maritime Alps, and the seat of a Roman president. With respect to situation, nothing could

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be more agreeable or salubrious. It stood upon the gentle ascent and summit of a hill fronting the Mediterranean, from the shore of which it is distant about half a league; and, on the other side, it overlooked a bottom or narrow vale, through which the Paglion (anciently called Paulo) runs towards the walls of Nice. It was inhabited by a people, whom Ptolemy and Pliny call the *Velantii*: but these were undoubtedly mixed with a Roman colony, as appears by the monuments which still remain; I mean the ruins of an amphitheatre, a temple of Apollo, baths, aqueducts, sepulchral and other stones, with inscriptions, and a great number of medals, which the peasants have found by accident, in digging and labouring the vineyards and cornfields, which now cover the ground where the city stood. Touching this city, very little is to be learned from the ancient historians; but that it was the seat of a Roman preses, is proved by the two following inscriptions, which are still extant.

P. ÆLIO. SEVERINO,
V. E. P.
PRÆSIDI. OPTIMO.
ORDO. CEMEN.
PATRONO.

This is now in the possession of the Count de Gubernatis, who has a country-house upon the spot. The other, found near the same place, is in praise of the preses Marcus Aurelius Masculus.

M. AVRELIO. MASCVLO.
V. E.
OB. EXIMIAM. PRÆSIDATVS.
EIVS. INTEGRITATEM. ET
EGREGIAM. AD OMNES HOMINES
MANSVETVDINEM. ET. VRGENTIS
ANNONÆ. SINCERAM. PRÆBITIONEM.
AC. MVNIFICENTIAM. ET. QVOD. AQVÆ.
VSVM. VETVSTATE. LAPSVM REQVI-
SITVM. AC. REPERTVM. SÆCVLI
FELICITATE. CVRSVI. PRISTINO
REDDIDERIT.
COLLEG. III.
QVIB. EX. SCC. P. EST.
PATRONO. DIGNISS.

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This president well deserved such a mark of respect from a people whom he had assisted in two such essential articles, as their corn and their water. You know, the preses of a Roman province had the *jus figendi clavi*, the privilege of wearing the *latus clavus*, the *gladius*, *infula*, *prætexta*, *purpura*, *et annulus aureus*: he had his *vasa*, *vehicula*, *apparitores*, *scipio eburneus*, *et sella curulis*.

I shall give you one more sepulchral inscription on a marble, which is now placed over the gate of the church belonging to the convent of St Pont, a venerable building, which stands at the bottom of the hill fronting the north side of the town of Nice. This St Pont, or Pontius, was a Roman convert to christianity, who suffered martyrdom at Cemenelion in the year 261, during the reigns of the emperors Valerian and Galienus. The legends recount some ridiculous miracles wrought in favour of this saint, both before and after his death. Charles V. emperor of Germany and king of Spain, caused this monastery to be built on the spot where Pontius suffered decapitation. But, to return to the inscription; it appears in these words;

M. M. A.
FLAVIÆ. BASILLÆ. CONIVG. CARISSIM.
DOM. ROMA. MIRÆ. ERGA. MARITVM. AMORIS.
ADQ. CASTITAT. FÆMINÆ. QVÆ VIXIT
ANN. XXXV. M. III. DIEB. XII. AVRELIVS
RHODISMANVS. AVG. LIB. COMMEM. ALP.
MART. ET. AVRELIA. ROMVLA. FILIA.
IMPATIENTISSIM. DOLOR. EIVS. AFFLICTI.
ADQ. DESOLATI. CARISSIM. AC. MERENT. FERET.
FEC. ET. DED.

The amphitheatre of Cemenelion is but very small compared to that of Nismes. The arena is ploughed up, and bears corn: some of the seats remain, and part of two opposite porticos; but all the columns and the external façade of the building are taken away; so that it is impossible to judge of the architecture: all that we can perceive is, that it was built in an oval form. About one hundred paces from the amphitheatre stood an ancient temple, supposed to have been dedicated to Apollo. The original roof is demolished, as well as the portico; the vestiges of which may still be traced. The

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part called the Basilica, and about one half of the Cella Sanctior, remain, and are converted into the dwelling-house and stable of the peasant who takes care of the count de Gubernatis's garden, in which this monument stands. In the Cella Sanctior, I found a lean cow, a he-goat, and a jack-ass; the very same conjunction of animals which I had seen drawing a plough in Burgundy. Several mutilated statues have been dug up from the ruins of this temple; and a great number of medals have been found in the different vineyards which now occupy the space upon which stood the ancient city of Cemenelion. These were of gold, silver, and brass. Many of them were presented to Charles Emanuel I. duke of Savoy. The prince of Monaco has a good number of them in his collection; and the rest are in private hands. The peasants, in digging, have likewise found many urns, lachrymatories, and sepulchral stones, with epitaphs, which are now dispersed among different convents and private houses. All this ground is a rich mine of antiquities, which, if properly worked, would produce a great number of valuable curiosities. Just by the temple of Apollo were the ruins of a bath, composed of great blocks of marble, which have been taken away for the purposes of modern building. In all probability, many other noble monuments of this city have been dilapidated by the same barbarous economy. There are some subterranean vaults, through which the water was conducted to this bath, still extant in the garden of the count de Gubernatis. Of the aqueduct that conveyed water to the town, I can say very little, but that it was scooped through a mountain; that this subterranean passage was discovered some years ago, by removing the rubbish which choked it up; that the people penetrating a considerable way, by the help of lighted torches, found a very plentiful stream of water flowing in an aqueduct as high as an ordinary man, arched over head, and lined with a sort of cement. They could not, however, trace this stream to its source; and it is again stopped up with earth and rubbish. There is not a soul in this country who has either spirit or understanding to conduct an inquiry of this kind. Hard by the amphitheatre is a convent of *Recollets*,

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built in a very romantic situation, on the brink of a precipice. On one side of their garden, they ascend to a kind of esplanade, which they say was part of the citadel of Cemenelion. They have planted it with cypress-trees and flowering shrubs. One of the monks told me, that it is vaulted below, as they can plainly perceive by the sound of their instruments used in hoeing the ground. A very small expense would bring the secrets of this cavern to light. They have nothing to do but to make a breach in the wall, which appears uncovered towards the garden.

The city of Cemenelion was first sacked by the Longobards, who made an irruption into Provence, under their king Alboinus, about the middle of the sixth century. It was afterwards totally destroyed by the Saracens, who at different times ravaged this whole coast. The remains of the people are supposed to have changed their habitation, and formed a coalition with the inhabitants of Nice.

What further I have to say of Nice, you shall know in good time; but at present I have nothing to add, but what you very well know, that I am always your affectionate humble servant.

LETTER XIV.

DEAR SIR, *Nice, January* 20, 1764.

LAST Sunday I crossed Montalban on horseback with some Swiss officers, on a visit to our consul Mr B——d, who lives at Ville Franche, about half a league from Nice. It is a small town, built upon the side of a rock, at the bottom of the harbour, which is a fine bason, surrounded with hills on every side, except to the south, where it lies open to the sea. If there was a small island in the mouth of it, to break off the force of the waves, when the wind is southerly, it would be one of the finest harbours in the world; for the ground is exceeding good for anchorage: there is a sufficient depth of water, and room enough for the whole navy of England. On the right hand, as you enter the port, there is an elegant *fanal*, or light-house, kept in good repair; but in all the charts of this coast which I have seen,

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this lanthorn is laid down to the westward of the harbour; an error equally absurd and dangerous, as it may mislead the navigator, and induce him to run his ship among the rocks to the eastward of the light-house, where it would undoubtedly perish. Opposite to the mouth of the harbour is the fort, which can be of no service but in defending the shipping and the town by sea; for, by land, it is commanded by Montalban, and all the hills in the neighbourhood. In the war of 1744, it was taken and retaken. At present it is in tolerable good repair. On the left of the fort is the bason for the galleys, with a kind of dock, in which they are built, and occasionally laid up to be refitted. This bason is formed by a pretty stone mole; and here his Sardinian majesty's two galleys lie perfectly secure, moored with their sterns close to the jetté. I went on board one of these vessels, and saw about two hundred miserable wretches chained to the banks, on which they sit and row when the galley is at sea. This is a sight which a British subject, sensible of the blessing he enjoys, cannot behold without horror and compassion. Not but that if we consider the nature of the case with coolness and deliberation, we must acknowledge the justice and even sagacity of employing for the service of the public those malefactors who have forfeited their title to the privileges of the community. Among the slaves at Ville Franche is a Piedmontese count, condemned to the galleys for life, in consequence of having been convicted of forgery.

He is permitted to live on shore; and gets money by employing the other slaves to knit stockings for sale. He appears always in the Turkish habit, and is in a fair way of raising a better fortune than that which he has forfeited. It is a great pity, however, and a manifest outrage against the law of nations, as well as of humanity, to mix with those banditti, the Moorish and Turkish prisoners, who are taken in the prosecution of open war. It is certainly no justification of this barbarous practice, that the christian prisoners are treated as cruelly at Tunis and Algiers. It would be for the honour of Christendom, to set an example of generosity

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to the Turks; and if they would not follow it, to join their naval forces, and extirpate at once those nests of pirates who have so long infested the Mediterranean. Certainly nothing can be more shameful than the treaties which France and the maritime powers have concluded with those barbarians. They supply them with artillery, arms, and ammunition, to disturb their neighbours. They even pay them a sort of tribute, under the denomination of presents; and often put up with insults tamely, for the sordid consideration of a little gain in the way of commerce. They know that Spain, Sardinia, and almost all the catholic powers in the Mediterranean, Adriatic, and Levant, are at perpetual war with those Mahometans; that while Algiers, Tunis, and Sallee, maintain armed cruisers at sea, those christian powers will not run the risk of trading in their own bottoms, but rather employ as carriers the maritime nations who are at peace with the infidels. It is for our share of this advantage that we cultivate the piratical states of Barbary, and meanly purchase passports of them, thus acknowledging them masters of the Mediterranean.

The Sardinian galleys are mounted each with five-and-twenty oars, and six guns, six pounders of a side, and a large piece of artillery a-midships, pointing a-head; which (so far as I am able to judge) can never be used point blank, without demolishing the head or prow of the galley. The accommodation on board for the officers is wretched. There is a paltry cabin in the poop for the commander; but all the other officers lie below the slaves, in a dungeon, where they have neither light, air, nor any degree of quiet; half suffocated by the heat of the place; tormented by fleas, bugs, and lice; and disturbed by the incessant noise over head. The slaves lie upon the naked banks, without any other covering than a tilt. This, however, is no great hardship, in a climate where there is scarce any winter. They are fed with a very scanty allowance of bread, and about fourteen beans a-day; and twice a-week they have a little rice or cheese: but most of them, while they are in harbour, knit stockings, or do some other kind of work, which enables

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them to make some addition to this wretched allowance. When they happen to be at sea in bad weather, their situation is truly deplorable. Every wave breaks over the vessel, and not only keeps them continually wet, but comes with such force, that they are dashed against the banks with surprising violence; sometimes their limbs are broke, and sometimes their brains dashed out. It is impossible (they say) to keep such a number of desperate people under any regular command, without exercising such severities as must shock humanity. It is almost equally impossible to maintain any tolerable degree of cleanliness, where such a number of wretches are crowded together without conveniencies, or even the necessaries of life. They are ordered twice a-week to strip, clean, and bathe themselves in the sea; but notwithstanding all the precautions of discipline, they swarm with vermin, and the vessel smells like an hospital, or crowded jail. They seem, nevertheless, quite insensible of their misery: like so many convicts in Newgate, they laugh, and sing, and swear, and get drunk when they can. When you enter by the stern, you are welcomed by a band of music selected from the slaves; and these expect a gratification. If you walk forwards, you must take care of your pockets. You will be accosted by one or other of the slaves, with a brush and blacking-ball for cleaning your shoes; and if you undergo this operation, it is ten to one but your pocket is picked. If you decline his service, and keep aloof, you will find it almost impossible to avoid a colony of vermin, which these fellows have a very dexterous method of conveying to strangers. Some of the Turkish prisoners, whose ransom or exchange is expected, are allowed to go ashore, under proper inspection; and those *forcats*, who have served the best part of the time for which they were condemned, are employed in public works, under a guard of soldiers. At the harbour of Nice they are hired by shipmasters to bring ballast, and have a small proportion of what they earn for their own use: the rest belongs to the king. They are distinguished by an iron shackle about one of their legs. The road from Nice to Ville Franche is scarce passable on

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horseback; a circumstance the more extraordinary, as those slaves, in the space of two or three months, might even make it fit for a carriage, and the king would not be one farthing out of pocket; for they are quite idle the greatest part of the year.

The galleys go to sea only in the summer. In tempestuous weather, they could not live out of port. Indeed, they are good for nothing but in smooth water, during a calm, when, by dint of rowing, they make good way. The king of Sardinia is so sensible of their inutility, that he intends to let his galleys rot; and, in lieu of them, has purchased two large frigates in England, one of fifty, and another of thirty guns, which are now in the harbour of Ville Franche. He has also procured an English officer, one Mr A——, who is second in command on board of one of them, and has the title of captain *consulteur*, that is, instructor to the first captain, the marquis de M——i, who knows as little of seamanship as I do of Arabic.

The king, it is said, intends to have two or three more frigates, and then he will be more than a match for the Barbary corsairs, provided care be taken to man his fleet in a proper manner: but this will never be done, unless he invites foreigners into his service, officers as well as seamen; for his own dominions produce neither at present. If he is really determined to make the most of the maritime situation of his dominions, as well as of his alliance with Great Britain, he ought to supply his ships with English mariners, and put a British commander at the head of his fleet. He ought to erect magazines and docks at Villa Franca; or if there is not conveniency for building, he may at least have pits and wharfs for heaving down and careening; and these ought to be under the direction of Englishmen, who best understand all the particulars of marine economy. Without all doubt, he will not be able to engage foreigners, without giving them liberal appointments; and their being engaged in his service will give umbrage to his own subjects: but when the business is to establish a maritime power, these considerations ought to be sacrificed to reasons of public

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utility. Nothing can be more absurd and unreasonable than the murmurs of the Piedmontese officers at the preferment of foreigners, who execute those things for the advantage of their country, of which they know themselves incapable. When Mr P——n was first promoted in the service of his Sardinian majesty, he met with great opposition, and numberless mortifications, from the jealousy of the Piedmontese officers, and was obliged to hazard his life in many rencounters with them, before they would be quiet. Being a man of uncommon spirit, he never suffered the least insult or affront to pass unchastised. He had repeated opportunities of signalizing his valour against the Turks; and, by dint of extraordinary merit, and long services, not only attained the chief command of the galleys, with the rank of lieutenant-general, but also acquired a very considerable share of the king's favour, and was appointed commandant of Nice. His Sardinian majesty found his account more ways than one, in thus promoting Mr P——n. He made the acquisition of an excellent officer, of tried courage and fidelity, by whose advice he conducted his marine affairs. This gentleman was perfectly well esteemed at the court of London. In the war of 1744, he lived in the utmost harmony with the British admirals who commanded our fleet in the Mediterranean. In consequence of this good understanding, a thousand occasional services were performed by the English ships, for the benefit of his master, which otherwise could not have been done without a formal application to our ministry; in which case the opportunities would have been lost. I know our admirals had general orders and instructions to co-operate in all things with his Sardinian majesty; but I know also, by experience, how little these general instructions avail, when the admiral is not cordially interested in the service. Were the king of Sardinia at present engaged with England in a new war against France, and a British squadron stationed upon this coast, as formerly, he would find a great difference in this particular. He should therefore carefully avoid having at Nice a Savoyard commandant, utterly ignorant of sea affairs; unacquainted

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with the true interest of his master; proud and arbitrary; reserved to strangers, from a prejudice of national jealousy; and particularly averse to the English.

With respect to the ancient name of Villa Franca, there is a dispute among antiquarians. It is not at all mentioned in the *Itinerarium* of Antoninus, unless it is meant as the port of Nice. But it is more surprising, that the accurate Strabo, in describing this coast, mentions no such harbour. Some people imagine it is the Portus Herculis Monæci. But this is undoubtedly what is now called Monaco, the harbour of which exactly tallies with what Strabo says of the Portus Monæci——*neque magnas neque multas capit naves.* Ptolemy, indeed, seems to mention it under the name of Herculis Portus, different from the Portus Monæci. His words are these.—*Post Vari ostium ad Ligustrium mare, Massiliensium sunt* Nicæa, *Herculis Portus, Trophæa Augusti, Monæci Portus.* In that case, Hercules was worshipped both here and at Monaco, and gave his name to both places. But on this subject I shall perhaps speak more fully in another letter, after I have seen the *Trophæa Augusti*, now called Tourbia, and the town of Monaco, which last is about three leagues from Nice. Here I cannot help taking notice of the following elegant description from the Pharsalia, which seems to have been intended for this very harbour.

Finis et Hesperiæ promoto milite varus,
Quaque sub Herculeo sacratus numine Portus
Urget rupe cava Pelagus, non Corus in illum
Jus habet, aut Zephyrus, solus sua littora turbat
Circius, et tuta prohibet statione Monæci.

The present town of Villa Franca was built and settled in the thirteenth century, by order of Charles II. king of the Sicilies, and count of Provence, in order to defend the harbour from the descents of the Saracens, who, at that time, infested the coast. The inhabitants were removed hither from another town, situated on the top of a mountain in the neighbourhood, which those pirates had destroyed. Some ruins of the old town are still extant. In order to secure the harbour still more effectually, Emmanuel Philibert, duke of Savoy, built the fort in the beginning of the last century,

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together with the mole where the galleys are moored. As I said before, Villa Franca is built on the face of a barren rock, washed by the sea; and there is not an acre of plain ground within a mile of it. In summer, the reflection of the sun from the rocks must make it intolerably hot; for even at this time of the year, I walked myself into a profuse sweat, by going about a quarter of a mile to see the galleys.

Pray, remember me to our friends at A——'s, and believe me to be ever yours.

LETTER XV.

MADAM, *Nice, January 3, 1764.*

In your favour which I received by Mr M——l, you remind me of my promise, to communicate the remarks I have still to make on the French nation; and at the same time you signify your opinion, that I am too severe in my former observations. You even hint a suspicion, that this severity is owing to some personal cause of resentment; but, I protest, I have no particular cause of animosity against an individual of that country. I have neither obligation to, nor quarrel with, any subject of France; and when I meet with a Frenchman worthy of my esteem, I can receive him into my friendship with as much cordiality, as I could feel for any fellow-citizen of the same merit. I even respect the nation for the number of great men it has produced in all the arts and sciences. I respect the French officers, in particular, for their gallantry and valour; and especially for that generous humanity which they exercise towards their enemies, even amidst the horrors of war. This liberal spirit is the only circumstance of ancient chivalry, which I think was worth preserving. It had formerly flourished in England, but was almost extinguished in a succession of civil wars, which are always productive of cruelty and rancour. It was Henry IV. of France (a real knight-errant) who revived it in Europe. He possessed that greatness of mind which can forgive injuries of the deepest dye; and as he had also the faculty of distinguishing characters, he found his account in favouring with his friendship and confidence some of those who had

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opposed him in the field with the most inveterate perseverance. I know not whether he did more service to mankind in general, by reviving the practice of treating his prisoners with generosity, than he prejudiced his own country, by patronising the absurd and pernicious custom of duelling, and establishing a *punto*, founded in diametrical opposition to common sense and humanity.

I have often heard it observed, that a French officer is generally an agreeable companion, when he is turned of fifty. Without all doubt, by that time, the fire of his vivacity, which makes him so troublesome in his youth, will be considerably abated, and, in other respects, he must be improved by his experience. But there is a fundamental error in the first principles of his education, which time rather confirms than removes. Early prejudices are for the most part converted into habits of thinking; and, accordingly, you will find the old officers in the French service more bigoted than their juniors to the punctilios of false honour.

A lad of a good family no sooner enters into the service than he thinks it incumbent upon him to shew his courage in a rencounter. His natural vivacity prompts him to hazard in company every thing that comes uppermost, without any respect to his seniors or betters; and ten to one but he says something which he finds it necessary to maintain with his sword. The old officer, instead of checking his petulance, either by rebuke ro silent disapprobation, seems to be pleased with his impertinence, and encourages every sally of his presumption. Should a quarrel ensue, and the parties go out, he makes no efforts to compromise the dispute; but sits with a pleasing expectation to learn the issue of the rencounter. If the young man is wounded, he kisses him with transport, extols his bravery, puts him into the hands of the surgeon, and visits him with great tenderness every day until he is cured. If he is killed on the spot, he shrugs up his shoulders, says,—'*Quelle dommage! c'étoit un aimable enfant! ah, patience!*' and in three hours the defunct is forgotten. You know, in France, duels are forbid, on pain of death; but this law is easily evaded. The person insulted

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walks out; the antagonist understands the hint, and follows him into the street, where they justle as if by accident, draw their swords, and one of them is either killed or disabled, before any effectual means can be used to part them. Whatever may be the issue of the combat, the magistrate takes no cognizance of it; at least, it is interpreted into an accidental rencounter, and no penalty is incurred on either side. Thus the purpose of the law is entirely defeated by a most ridiculous and cruel connivance. The merest trifles in conversation, a rash word, a distant hint, even a look or smile of contempt, is sufficient to produce one of these combats; but injuries of a deeper dye, such as terms of reproach, the lie direct, a blow, or even the menace of a blow, must be discussed with more formality. In any of these cases, the parties agree to meet in the dominions of another prince, where they can murder each other without fear of punishment. An officer who is struck, or even threatened with a blow, must not be quiet, until he either kills his antagonist, or loses his own life. A friend of mine (a Nissard), who was in the service of France, told me, that some years ago, one of their captains, in the heat of passion, struck his lieutenant. They fought immediately; the lieutenant was wounded and disarmed. As it was an affront that could not be made up, he no sooner recovered of his wounds, than he called out the captain a second time. In a word, they fought five times before the combat proved decisive; at last the lieutenant was left dead on the spot. This was an event that sufficiently proved the absurdity of the punctilio which gave rise to it. The poor gentleman who was insulted, and outraged by the brutality of the aggressor, found himself under the necessity of giving him a further occasion to take away his life. Another adventure of the same kind happened a few years ago in this place. A French officer having threatened to strike another, a formal challenge ensued; and it being agreed that they should fight until one of them dropped, each provided himself with a couple of pioneers to dig his grave on the spot. They engaged just without one of the gates of Nice, in presence of a great number of spectators,

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and fought with surprising fury, until the ground was drenched with their blood. At length one of them stumbled and fell; upon which the other, who found himself mortally wounded, advancing, and dropping his point, said,—'*Je te donne ce que tu m'as oté.*' 'I give thee that which thou hast taken from me.' So saying he dropped dead upon the field. The other, who had been the person insulted, was so dangerously wounded, that he could not rise. Some of the spectators carried him forthwith to the beach, and putting him into a boat, conveyed him by sea to Antibes. The body of his antagonist was denied christian burial, as he died without absolution, and every body allowed that his soul went to hell; but the gentlemen of the army declared, that he died like a man of honour. Should a man be never so well inclined to make atonement in a peaceable manner, for an insult given in the heat of passion, or in the fury of intoxication, it cannot be received. Even an involuntary trespass, from ignorance or absence of mind, must be cleansed with blood. A certain noble lord of our country, when he was yet a commoner, on his travels, involved himself in a dilemma of this sort at the court of Lorrain. He had been riding out, and, strolling along a public walk, in a brown study, with his horse-whip in his hand, perceived a caterpillar crawling on the back of a marquis, who chanced to be before him. He never thought of the *petit maître;* but lifting up his whip, in order to kill the insect, laid it across his shoulders with a crack, that alarmed all the company in the walk. The marquis's sword was produced in a moment, and the aggressor in great hazard of his life, as he had no weapon of defence. He was no sooner waked from his reverie than he begged pardon, and offered to make all proper concessions for what he had done through mere inadvertency. The marquis would have admitted his excuses, had there been any precedent of such an affront washed away without blood. A conclave of honour was immediately assembled; and, after long disputes, they agreed that an involuntary offence, especially from *such a kind of man,* '*d'un tel homme,*' might be atoned by concessions. That you may have some

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idea of the small beginning from which many of those gigantic quarrels arise, I shall recount one that lately happened at Lyons, as I had it from the mouth of a person who was an ear and eye-witness of the transaction. Two Frenchmen, at a public ordinary, stunned the rest of the company with their loquacity. At length one of them, with a supercilious air, asked the other's name. 'I never tell my name,' said he, 'but in a whisper.' 'You may have very good reasons for keeping it a secret,' replied the first. 'I will tell you,' resumed the other: with these words he rose; and going round to him, pronounced, loud enough to be heard by the whole company,—'*Je m'appelle Pierre Pasan; et vous etes un impertinent.*' So saying, he walked out: the interrogator followed him into the street, where they jostled, drew their swords, and engaged. He who asked the question was run through the body; but his relations were so powerful, that the victor was obliged to fly his country. He was tried and condemned in his absence; his goods were confiscated; his wife broke her heart; his children were reduced to beggary; and he himself is now starving in exile. In England, we have not yet adopted all the implacability of the punctilio. A gentleman may be insulted even with a blow, and survive, after having once hazarded his life against the aggressor. The laws of honour in our country do not oblige him either to slay the person from whom he received the injury, or even to fight to the last drop of his blood. One finds no examples of duels among the Romans, who were certainly as brave and as delicate in their notions of honour as the French. Cornelius Nepos tells us, that a famous Athenian general, having a dispute with his colleague, who was of Sparta, a man of a fiery disposition, this last lifted up his cane to strike him. Had this happened to a French *petit maitre*, death must have ensued: but mark what followed—the Athenian, far from reseating the outrage in what is now called a gentleman-like manner, said,—'Do strike if you please; but hear me.' He never dreamed of cutting the Lacedemonian's throat; but bore with his passionate temper, as the infirmity of a friend, who had a thousand good qualities to overbalance that defect.

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I need not expatiate upon the folly and the mischief which are countenanced and promoted by the modern practice of duelling. I need not give examples of friends who have murdered each other, in obedience to this savage custom, even while their hearts were melting with mutual tenderness; nor will I particularise the instances which I myself know, of whole familes ruined, of women and children made widows and orphans, of parents deprived of only sons, and of valuable lives lost to the community, by duels, which had been produced by one unguarded expression, uttered without intention of offence, in the heat of dispute and altercation. I shall not insist upon the hardship of a worthy man's being obliged to devote himself to death, because it is his misfortune to be insulted by a brute, a bully, a drunkard, or a madman: neither will I enlarge upon this side of the absurdity, which, indeed, amounts to a contradiction in terms; I mean the dilemma to which a gentleman in the army is reduced when he receives an affront: if he does not challenge and fight his antagonist, he is broke with infamy by a court-martial; if he fights and kills him, he is tried by the civil power, convicted of murder, and, if the royal mercy does not interpose, he is infallibly hanged; all this, exclusive of the risk of his own life in the duel, and his conscience being burthened with the blood of a man, whom, perhaps, he has sacrificed to a false punctilio, even contrary to his own judgment. These are reflections which I know your own good sense will suggest; but I will make bold to propose a remedy for this gigantic evil, which seems to gain ground every day; let a court be instituted for taking cognizance of all breaches of honour, with power to punish by fine, pillory, sentence of infamy, outlawry, and exile, by virtue of an act of parliament made for this purpose; and all persons insulted shall have recourse to this tribunal: let every man who seeks personal reparation with sword, pistol, or other instrument of death, be declared infamous, and banished the kingdom: let every man convicted of having used a sword or pistol, or other mortal weapon, against another, either in duel or rencounter, occasioned

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by any previous quarrel, be subject to the same penalties: if any man is killed in a duel, let his body be hanged upon a public gibbet for a certain time, and then given to the surgeons: let his antagonist be hanged as a murderer, and dissected also; and some mark of infamy be set on the memory of both. I apprehend such regulations would put an effectual stop to the practice of duelling, which nothing but the fear of infamy can support; for I am persuaded that no being capable of reflection would prosecute the trade of assassination at the risk of his own life, if this hazard was at the same time reinforced by the certain prospect of infamy and ruin. Every person of sentiment would, in that case, allow, that an officer, who in a duel robs a deserving woman of her husband, a number of children of their father, a family of its support, and the community of a fellow-citizen, has as little merit to plead from exposing his own person, as a highwayman or housebreaker, who every day risks his life to rob or plunder that which is not of half the importance to society. I think it was from the buccaneers of America, that the English have learned to abolish one solecism in the practice of duelling: those adventurers decided their personal quarrels with pistols; and this improvement has been adopted in Great Britain with good success; though in France, and other parts of the continent, it is looked upon as a proof of their barbarity. It is, however, the only circumstance of duelling which savours of common sense, as it puts all mankind upon a level, the old with the young, the weak with the strong, the unwieldy with the nimble, and the man who knows not how to hold a sword with the *spadassin*, who has practised fencing from the cradle. What glory is there in a man's vanquishing an adversary over whom he has a manifest advantage? To abide the issue of a combat in this case, does not even require that moderate share of resolution which nature has indulged to her common children. Accordingly, we have seen many instances of a coward's provoking a man of honour to battle. In the reign of our Second Charles, when duels flourished in all their absurdity, and the seconds

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fought while their principals were engaged, Villiers, duke of Buckingham, not content with having debauched the countess of Shrewsbury, and publishing her shame, took all opportunities of provoking the earl to single combat, hoping he should have an easy conquest, his lordship being a puny little creature, quiet, inoffensive, and every way unfit for such personal contests. He ridiculed him on all occasions; and at last declared in public company, that there was no glory in cuckolding Shrewsbury, who had not spirit to resent the injury. This was an insult which could not be overlooked. The earl sent him a challenge; and they agreed to fight, at Barns Elms, in presence of two gentlemen, whom they chose for their seconds. All the four engaged at the same time: the first thrust was fatal to the earl of Shrewsbury; and his friend killed the duke's second at the same instant. Buckingham, elated with his exploit, set out immediately for the earl's seat at Cliefden, where he lay with his wife, after having boasted of the murder of her husband, whose blood he showed her upon his sword, as a trophy of his prowess. But this very duke of Buckingham was little better than a poltroon at bottom. When the gallant earl of Osory challenged him to fight in Chelsea fields, he crossed the water to Battersea, where he pretended to wait for his lordship; and then complained to the house of lords, that Ossory had given him the rendezvous, and did not keep his appointment. He knew the house would interpose in the quarrel, and he was not disappointed. Their lordships obliged them both to give their word of honour, that their quarrel should have no other consequences.

I ought to make an apology for having troubled a lady with so many observations on a subject so unsuitable to the softness of the fair sex; but I know you cannot be indifferent to any thing that so nearly affects the interests of humanity, which I can safely aver have alone suggested every thing which has been said by, madam, your very humble servant.

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LETTER XVI.

DEAR DOCTOR, *Nice, May 2, 1764.*

A FEW days ago, I rode out with two gentlemen of this country, to see a stream of water which was formerly conveyed in an aqueduct to the ancient city of Cemenelion, from whence this place is distant about a mile, though separated by abrupt rocks and deep hollows, which last are here honoured with the name of valleys. The water, which is exquisitely cool, and light, and pure, gushes from the middle of a rock by a hole which leads to a subterranean aqueduct carried through the middle of the mountain. This is a Roman work, and the more I considered it, appeared the more stupendous. A peasant who lives upon the spot, told us, he had entered by this hole at eight in the morning, and advanced so far, that it was four in the afternoon before he came out. He said he walked in the water, through a regular canal formed of hard stone, lined with a kind of cement, and vaulted over head; but so high in most parts, he could stand upright; yet, in others, the bed of the canal was so filled with earth and stones, that he was obliged to stoop in passing. He said, that there were air-holes at certain distances (and, indeed, I saw one of these not far from the present issue); that there were some openings and stone seats on the sides, and here and there figures of men formed of stone, with hammers and working tools in their hands. I am apt to believe the fellow romanced a little, in order to render his adventure the more marvellous; but I am certainly informed, that several persons have entered this passage, and proceeded a considerable way by the light of torches, without arriving at the source, which, if we may believe the tradition of the country, is at the distance of eight leagues from this opening; but this is altogether incredible. The stream is now called *La Fontaine de Muraille*, and is carefully conducted by different branches into the adjacent vineyards and gardens for watering the ground. On the side of the same mountain, more southerly, at the distance of half a mile, there is another still more

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copious discharge of the same kind of water, called *La Source du Temple.* It was conveyed through the same kind of passage, and put to the same use as the other; and I should imagine they are both from the same source, which, though hitherto undiscovered, must be at a considerable distance, as the mountain is continued for several leagues to the westward, without exhibiting the least signs of water in any other part. But, exclusive of the subterranean conduits, both these streams must have been conveyed through aqueducts extending from hence to Cemenelion over steep rocks and deep ravines, at a prodigious expense. The water from this *Source du Temple* issues from a stone building which covers the passage in the rock. It serves to turn several olive, corn, and paper mills, being conveyed through a modern aqueduct, raised upon a paltry arcade, at the expense of the public, and afterwards is branched off in very small streams, for the benefit of this parched and barren country. The Romans were so used to bathing, that they could not exist without a great quantity of water; and this, I imagine, is one reason that induced them to spare no labour and expense in bringing it from a distance, when they had not plenty of it at home. But, besides this motive, they had another: they were so nice and delicate in their taste of water, that they took great pains to supply themselves with the purest and lightest from afar, for drinking and culinary uses, even while they had plenty of an inferior sort for their baths, and other domestic purposes. There are springs of good water on the spot where Cemenelion stood; but there is a hardness in all well-water, which quality is deposited in running a long course, especially if exposed to the influence of the sun and air. The Romans, therefore, had good reason to soften and meliorate this element, by conveying it a good length of way in open aqueducts. What was used in the baths of Cemenelion they probably brought in leaden pipes, some of which have been dug up very lately by accident. You must know, I made a second excursion to these ancient ruins, and measured the arena of the amphitheatre with packthread. It is an

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oval figure, the longest diameter extending to about one hundred and thirteen feet, and the shortest to eighty-eight; but I will not answer for the exactness of the measurement. In the centre of it, there was a square stone with an iron ring, to which I suppose the wild beasts were tied, to prevent their springing upon the spectators. Some of the seats remain, with two opposite entrances, consisting each of one large gate, and two lateral smaller doors, arched: there is also a considerable portion of the external wall, but no columns or other ornaments of architecture. Hard by, in the garden of the count de Gubernatis, I saw the remains of a bath, fronting the portal of the temple, which I have described in a former letter; and here were some shafts of marble pillars, particularly a capital of the Corinthian order, beautifully cut, of white alabaster. Here the count found a large quantity of fine marble, which he has converted to various uses; and some mutilated statues, bronze as well as marble. The peasant showed me some brass and silver medals which he has picked up at different times in labouring the ground; together with several oblong beads of coloured glass, which were used as ear-rings by the Roman ladies; and a small seal of agate, very much defaced. Two of the medals were of Maximian and Gallienus; the rest were so consumed, that I could not read the legend. You know, that on public occasions, such as games, and certain sacrifices, handfuls of medals were thrown among the people; a practice which accounts for the great number which have been already found in this district. I saw some subterranean passages, which seemed to have been common sewers; and a great number of old walls still standing along the brink of a precipice which overhangs the Paglion. The peasants tell me, that they never dig above a yard in depth, without finding vaults or cavities. All the vineyards and garden-grounds, for a considerable extent, are vaulted underneath; and all the ground that produces their grapes, fruit, and garden-stuff, is no more than the crumbled lime and rubbish of old Roman buildings, mixed with manure brought from Nice. This ancient town commanded a most

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noble prospect of the sea; but is altogether inaccessible by any kind of wheel-carriage. If you make shift to climb to it on horseback, you cannot descend to the plain again, without running the risk of breaking your neck.

About seven or eight miles on the other side of Nice are the remains of another Roman monument, which has greatly suffered from the barbarity of successive ages. It was a trophy erected by the senate of Rome in honour of Augustus Cæsar, when he had totally subdued all the ferocious nations of these Maritime Alps; such as the Trumpilini Camuni, Vennonetes, Isnarci, Breuni, &c. It stands upon the top of a mountain which overlooks the town of Monaco, and now exhibits the appearance of an old ruined tower. There is a description of what it was in an Italian manuscript, by which it appears to have been a beautiful edifice of two stories, adorned with columns and trophies in alto relievo, with a statue of Augustus Cæsar on the top. On one of the sides was an inscription, some words of which are still legible, upon the fragment of a marble found close to the old building; but the whole is preserved in Pliny, who gives it in these words, lib. iii. cap. 20.

IMPERATORI CÆSARI DIVI. F. AVG. PONT.
MAX. IMP. XIV. TRIBVNIC. POTEST. XVIII.
S. P. Q. R.
QUOD EIVS DVCTV, AVSPICIISQ. GENTES ALPINÆ
OMNES, QVÆ A MARI SVPERO AD INFERUM PERTI-
-NEBANT, SVB IMPERIVM PO. RO. SVNT REDAC.
GENTES ALPINÆ DEVICTÆ. TRUMPILINI CAMV-
NI, VENNONETES, ISNARCI, BREVNI, NAVNES,
FOCVNATES, VINDELICORVM GENTES QVATVOR,
CONSVANETES, VIRVCINATES, LICATES, CATE-
-NATES, ABISONTES, RVGVSCI, SVANETES, CA-
-LVCONES, BRIXENTES, LEPONTII, VIBERI, NAM-
TVATES, SEDVNI, VERAGRI, SALASSI, ACITAVONES,
MEDVLLI, VCINI, CATVRIGES, BRIGIANI, SOGI-
-VNTII, EBRODVNTII, NEMALONES, EDENETES,
ESVBIANI, VEAMINI, GALLITÆ, TRIULLATI,
ECTINI, VERGVNNI, EGVITVRI, NEMENTVRI,
ORATELLI, NERUSCI, VELAVNI, SVETRI.

Pliny, however, is mistaken in placing this inscription on a trophy near the *Augusta prætoria*, now called *Aosta*,

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in Piedmont, where, indeed, there is a triumphal arch, but no inscription. This noble monument of antiquity was first of all destroyed by fire, and afterwards, in Gothic times, converted into a kind of fortification. The marbles belonging to it were either employed in adorning the church of the adjoining village *, which is called Turbia, a corruption of Trophæa, or converted into tomb-stones, or carried off to be preserved in one or two churches of Nice. At present the work has the appearance of a ruinous watch-tower, with Gothic battlements; and as such stands undistinguished by those who travel by sea from hence to Genoa and other ports of Italy. I think I have now described all the antiquities in the neighbourhood of Nice, except some catacombs or caverns, dug in a rock at St Hospice, which Busching, in his geography, has described as a strong town and sea-port, though in fact there is not the least vestige either of town or village. It is a point of land almost opposite to the tower of Turbia, with the mountains of which it forms a bay, where there is a great and curious fishery of the tunny fish, farmed off the king of Sardinia. Upon this point there is a watch-tower still kept in repair, to give notice to the people in the neighbourhood, in case any Barbary corsairs should appear on the coast. The catacombs were in all probability dug, in former times, as places of retreat for the inhabitants upon sudden descents of the Saracens, who greatly infested these seas for several successive centuries. Many curious persons have entered them, and proceeded a considerable way by torch-light without arriving at the further extremity; and the tradition of the country is, that they reach as far as the ancient city of Cemenelion; but this is an idle supposition, almost as ridiculous as that which ascribes them

* This was formerly a considerable town called Villa Martis, and pretends to the honour of having given birth to Aulus Helvius, who succeeded Commodus as emperor of Rome, by the name of Pertinax, which he acquired from his obstinate refusal of that dignity when it was forced upon him by the senate. You know, this man, though of very low birth, possessed many excellent qualities, and was basely murdered by the prætorian guards, at the instigation of Didius Julianus. For my part, I could never read without emotion that celebrated eulogium of the senate, who exclaimed, after his death, *Pertinace imperante, securi viximus, neminem timuimus, patre pio, patre senatus, patre omnium bonorum.*

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to the labour and ingenuity of the fairies. They consist of narrow subterraneous passages, vaulted with stone, and lined with cement. Here and there one finds detached apartments like small chambers, where I suppose the people remained concealed till the danger was over. Diodorus Siculus tells us, that the ancient inhabitants of this country usually lived under ground. '*Ligurus in terrâ cubant ut plurimum; plures ad cava saxa speluncasque ab naturâ factas, ubi tegantur corpora, divertunt.*' This was likewise the custom of the Troglodytæ, a people bordering upon Æthiopia, who, according to Ælian, lived in subterranean caverns; from whence, indeed, they took their name, Τρωγλαι, signifying a cavern. And Virgil, in his Georgics, describes them thus:

> Ipsi in defossis specubus, secura sub alta
> Ocia agunt terra.——

These are dry subjects, but such as the country affords. If we have not white paper, we must snow with brown. Even that which I am now scrawling may be useful, if not entertaining: it is therefore the more confidently offered by, dear Sir, yours affectionately.

LETTER XVII.

DEAR SIR, *Nice, July 2, 1764.*

NICE was originally a colony from Marseilles. You know the Phocians (if we may believe Justin and Polybius) settled in Gaul, and built Marseilles, during the reign of Tarquinius Priscus at Rome. This city flourished to such a degree, that, long before the Romans were in a condition to extend their dominions, it sent forth colonies, and established them along the coast of Liguria. Of these, Nice, or Nicæa, was one of the most remarkable; so called, in all probability, from the Greek word Νικη, signifying *Victoria*, in consequence of some important victory obtained over the Salii and Ligures, who were the ancient inhabitants of this country. Nice, with its mother city, being in the sequel subdued by the Romans, fell afterwards successively under the dominion of the Goths, Burgundians, and Franks, the kings of Arles, and the kings of Naples, as counts of Pro-

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vence. In the year 1388, the city and county of Nice being but ill protected by the family of Durazzo, voluntarily surrendered themselves to Amadæus, surnamed the Red, duke of Savoy; and since that period they have continued as part of that potentate's dominions, except at such times as they have been over-run and possessed by the power of France, which hath always been a troublesome neighbour to this country. The castle was begun by the Arragonian counts of Provence, and afterwards enlarged by several successive dukes of Savoy, so as to be deemed impregnable, until the modern method of besieging began to take place. A fruitless attempt was made upon it in the year 1543 by the French and Turks in conjunction; but it was reduced several times after that period, and is now in ruins. The celebrated engineer Vauban being commanded by Louis XIV. to give in a plan for fortifying Nice, proposed that the river Paglion should be turned into a new channel, so as to surround the town to the north, and fall into the harbour; that where the Paglion now runs to the westward of the city walls, there should be a deep ditch to be filled with sea-water, and that the fortress should be built to the westward of this fosse. These particulars might be executed at no very great expense; but I apprehend they would be ineffectual, as the town is commanded by every hill in the neighbourhood; and the exhalations from stagnating sea-water would infallibly render the air unwholesome. Notwithstanding the undoubted antiquity of Nice, very few monuments of that antiquity now remain. The inhabitants say they were either destroyed by the Saracens in their successive descents upon the coast, by the barbarous nations in their repeated incursions, or used in fortifying the castle, as well as in building other edifices. The city of Cemenelion, however, was subject to the same disasters, and even entirely ruined; nevertheless, we still find remains of its ancient splendour. There have been likewise a few stones found at Nice with ancient inscriptions; but there is nothing of this kind standing, unless we give the name of antiquity to a marble cross on the road to Provence, about half a mile from the city.

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It stands upon a pretty high pedestal with steps, under a pretty stone cupola or dome, supported by four Ionic pillars, on the spot where Charles V. emperor of Germany, Francis I. of France, and Pope Paul II. agreed to have a conference, in order to determine all their disputes. The emperor came hither by sea, with a powerful fleet, and the French king by land, at the head of a numerous army. All the endeavours of his holiness, however, could not effect a peace; but they agreed to a truce of ten years. Mezerai affirms, that these two great princes never saw one another on this occasion; and that this shyness was owing to the management of the pope, whose private designs might have been frustrated had they come to a personal interview. In the front of the colonnade there is a small stone, with an inscription in Latin, which is so high, and so much defaced, that I cannot read it.

In the sixteenth century there was a college erected at Nice by Emanuel Philibert, duke of Savoy, for granting degrees to students of law; and in the year 1614, Charles Emanuel I. instituted the senate of Nice, consisting of a president and a certain number of senators, who are distinguished by their purple robes and other ensigns of authority. They administer justice, having the power of life and death, not only through the whole county of Nice, but causes are evoked from Oneglia, and some other places, to their tribunal, which is the *dernier resort*, from whence there is no appeal. The commandant, however, by virtue of his military power and unrestricted authority, takes upon him to punish individuals by imprisonment, corporal pains, and banishment, without consulting the senate, or indeed observing any form of trial. The only redress against any unjust exercise of this absolute power is by complaint to the king; and you know what chance a poor man has for being redressed in this manner.

With respect to religion, I may safely say, that here superstition reigns under the darkest shades of ignorance and prejudice. I think there are ten convents and three nunneries within and without the walls of Nice; and among

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them all I never could hear of one man who had made any tolerable advances in any kind of human learning. All ecclesiastics are exempted from any exertion of civil power, being under the immediate protection and authority of the bishop or his vicar. The bishop of Nice is suffragan of the archbishop of Ambrun in France; and the revenues of the see amount to between five and six hundred pounds sterling. We have likewise an office of the inquisition, though I do not hear that it presumes to execute any acts of jurisdiction without the king's special permission. All the churches are sanctuaries for all kinds of criminals, except those guilty of high treason; and the priests are extremely jealous of their privileges in this particular. They receive, with open arms, murderers, robbers, smugglers, fraudulent bankrupts, and felons of every denomination; and never give them up until after having stipulated for their lives and liberty. I need not enlarge upon the pernicious consequences of this infamous prerogative, calculated to raise and extend the power and influence of the Roman church on the ruins of morality and good order. I saw a fellow, who had three days before murdered his wife in the last month of pregnancy, taking the air with great composure and serenity on the steps of a church in Florence; and nothing is more common than to see the most execrable villains diverting themselves in the cloisters of some convents at Rome.

Nice abounds with noblesse, marquisses, counts, and barons. Of these, three or four families are really respectable: the rest are *novi homines*, sprung from bourgeois, who have saved a little money by their different occupations, and raised themselves to the rank of noblesse by purchase. One is descended from an *avocat;* another from an apothecary; a third from a retailer of wine; a fourth from a dealer in anchovies; and, I am told, there is actually a count at Ville Franche, whose father sold macaroni in the streets. A man in this country may buy a marquisite, or a county, for the value of three or four hundred pounds sterling, and the title follows the fief: but he may purchase *lettres de noblesse* for about thirty or forty guineas. In Savoy, there are six hun-

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dred families of noblesse; the greater part of which have not above one hundred crowns a-year to maintain their dignity. In the mountains of Piedmont, and even in this county of Nice, there are some representatives of very ancient and noble families, reduced to the condition of common peasants; but they still retain the ancient pride of their houses, and boast of the noble blood that runs in their veins. A gentleman told me, that, in travelling through the mountains, he was obliged to pass a night in the cottage of one of these rusticated nobles, who called to his son in the evening, '*Chevalier, as tu donné a manger aux cochons.*' This, however, is not the case with the noblesse of Nice. Two or three of them have about four or five hundred a-year: the rest, in general, may have about one hundred pistoles, arising from the silk, oil, wine, and oranges produced in their small plantations, where they have also country houses. Some few of these are well built, commodious, and agreeably situated; but, for the most part, they are miserable enough. Our noblesse, notwithstanding their origin, and the cheap rate at which their titles have been obtained, are nevertheless extremely tenacious of their privileges, very delicate in maintaining the *etiquette*, and keep at a very stately distance from the bourgeois. How they live in their families, I do not choose to inquire; but, in public, madame appears in her robe of gold, or silver stuff, with her powder and frisure, her perfumes, her paint, and her patches; while Monsieur le Compte struts about in his lace and embroidery. Rouge and farde are more peculiary necessary in this country, where the complexion and skin are naturally swarthy and yellow. I have likewise observed, that most of the females are pot-bellied; a circumstance owing, I believe, to the great quantity of vegetable trash which they eat. All the horses, mules, asses, and cattle, which feed upon grass, have the same distension. This kind of food produces such acid juices in the stomach, as excite a perpetual sense of hunger. I have been often amazed at the voracious appetites of these people. You must not expect that I should describe the tables and the hospitality of our Nissard gentry.

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Our consul, who is a very honest man, told me, he had lived four-and-thirty years in the country, without having once eat or drank in any of their houses.

The noblesse of Nice cannot leave the country without express leave from the king: and this leave, when obtained, is for a limited time, which they dare not exceed, on pain of incurring his majesty's displeasure. They must, therefore, endeavour to find amusements at home; and this, I apprehend, would be no easy task for people of an active spirit or restless disposition. True it is, the religion of the country supplies a never-failing fund of pastime to those who have any relish for devotion; and this is here a prevailing taste. We have had transient visits of a puppet-show, strolling musicians, and rope-dancers; but they did not like their quarters, and decamped without beat of drum. In the summer, about eight or nine at night, part of the noblesse may be seen assembled in a place called the Park; which is, indeed, a sort of a street formed by a row of very paltry houses on one side, and on the other, by part of the town-wall, which screens it from a prospect of the sea, the only object that could render it agreeable. Here you may perceive the noblesse stretched in pairs upon logs of wood, like so many seals upon the rocks by moon-light, each dame with her *cicisbeo:* for, you must understand, this Italian fashion prevails at Nice among all ranks of people; and there is not such a passion as jealousy known. The husband and the *cicisbeo* live together as sworn brothers; and the wife and the mistress embrace each other with marks of the warmest affection. I do not choose to enter into particulars. I cannot open the scandalous chronicle of Nice without hazard of contamination. With respect to delicacy and decorum, you may peruse Dean Swift's description of the Yahoos, and then you will have some idea of the *sporcherie* that distinguishes the gallantry of Nice. But the Park is not the only place of public resort for our noblesse in a summer's evening. Just without one of our gates, you will find them seated in ditches on the highway side, serenaded with the croaking of frogs, and the bells and braying of mules and asses continu-

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ally passing in a perpetual cloud of dust. Besides these amusements, there is a public *conversazione* every evening at the commandant's house, called the government, where those noble personages play at cards for farthings. In carnival time, there is also at this same government a ball twice or thrice a-week, carried on by subscription. At this assembly every person, without distinction, is permitted to dance in masquerade; but after dancing, they are obliged to unmask, and if bourgeois, to retire. No individual can give a ball, without obtaining a permission and guard of the commandant; and then his house is open to all masks, without distinction, who are provided with tickets, which tickets are sold by the commandant's secretary, at five sols a-piece, and delivered to the guard at the door. If I have a mind to entertain my particular friends, I cannot have more than a couple of violins; and, in that case, it is called a *conversazione*.

Though the king of Sardinia takes all opportunities to distinguish the subjects of Great Britain with particular marks of respect, I have seen enough to be convinced, that our nation is looked upon with an evil eye by the people of Nice; and this arises partly from religious prejudices, and partly from envy, occasioned by a ridiculous notion of our superior wealth. For my own part, I owe them nothing on the score of civilities; and therefore I shall say nothing more on the subject, lest I should be tempted to deviate from that temperance and impartiality, which I would fain hope have hitherto characterised the remarks of, dear Sir, your faithful humble servant.

LETTER XVIII.

DEAR DOCTOR, *Nice, May 2, 1764.*

I WROTE in May to Mr B—— at Geneva, and gave him what information he desired to have touching the conveniences of Nice. I shall now enter into the same detail, for the benefit of such of your friends or patients as may have occasion to try this climate.

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The journey from Calais to Nice, of four persons in a coach, or two post-chaises, with a servant on horseback, travelling post, may be performed with ease for about one hundred and twenty pounds, including every expense. Either at Calais, or at Paris, you will always find a travelling coach or berlin, which you may buy for thirty or forty guineas, and this will serve very well to reconvey you to your own country.

In the town of Nice you will find no ready furnished lodgings for a whole family. Just without one of the gates, there are two houses to be let ready furnished, for about five louis-d'ors per month. As for the country houses in this neighbourhood, they are damp in winter, and generally without chimneys; and in summer they are rendered uninhabitable by the heat and the vermin. If you hire a tenement in Nice, you must take it for a year certain; and this will cost you about twenty pounds sterling. For this price I have a ground floor paved with brick, consisting of a kitchen, two large halls, a couple of good rooms with chimneys, three large closets that serve for bed-chambers and dressing-rooms, a butler's room, and three apartments for servant's, lumber, or stores, to which we ascend by narrow wooden stairs. I have likewise two small gardens, well stocked with oranges, lemons, peaches, figs, grapes, corinths, sallad, and pot-herbs. It is supplied with a draw-well of good water, and there is another in the vestibule of the house, which is cool, large, and magnificent. You may hire furniture for such a tenement for about two guineas a month; but I chose rather to buy what was necessary; and this cost me about sixty pounds. I suppose it will fetch me about half the money when I leave the place. It is very difficult to find a tolerable cook at Nice. A common maid, who serves the people of the country, for three or four livres a month, will not live with an English family under eight or ten. They are all slovenly, slothful, and unconscionable cheats. The markets at Nice are tolerably well supplied. Their beef, which comes from Piedmont, is pretty good, and we have it all the year. In the winter, we have like-

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wise excellent pork and delicate lamb; but the mutton is indifferent. Piedmont also affords us delicious capons, fed with maize; and this country produces excellent turkeys, but very few geese. Chickens and pullets are extremely meagre. I have tried to fatten them without success. In summer they are subject to the pip, and die in great numbers. Autumn and winter are the seasons for game; hares, partridges, quails, wild pigeons, woodcocks, snipes, thrushes, beccaficas, and ortolans. Wild boar is sometimes found in the mountains: it has a delicious taste, not unlike that of the wild hog in Jamaica; and would make an excellent barbecue, about the beginning of winter, when it is in good case: but, when meagre, the head only is presented at tables. Pheasants are very scarce. As for the heath game, I never saw but one cock, which my servant bought in the market, and brought home; but the commandant's cook came into my kitchen, and carried it off, after it was half plucked, saying his master had company to dinner. The hares are large, plump, and juicy. The patridges are generally of the red sort; large as pullets, and of a good flavour: there are also some grey partridges in the mountains; and another sort of a white colour, that weigh four or five pounds each. Beccaficas are smaller than sparrows, but very fat, and they are generally eaten half raw. The best way of dressing them is to stuff them into a roll, scooped of its crum; to baste them well with butter, and roast them until they are brown and crisp. The ortolans are kept in cages, and crammed until they die of fat, then eaten as dainties. The thrush is presented with the trail, because the bird feeds on olives. They may as well eat the trail of a sheep, because it feeds on the aromatic herbs of the mountain. In the summer we have beef, veal, and mutton, chicken, and ducks; which last are very fat and very flabby. All the meat is tough in this season, because the excessive heat and great number of flies will not admit of its being kept any time after it is killed. Butter and milk, though not very delicate, we have all the year. Our tea and fine sugar come from Marseilles, at a very reasonable price.

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Nice is not without variety of fish; though they are not counted so good in their kinds as those of the ocean. Soals and flat fish, in general, are scarce. Here are some mullets, both grey and red. We sometimes see the dory, which is called *St Pietro;* with rock fish, bonita, and mackarel. The gurnard appears pretty often; and there is plenty of a kind of large whiting, which eats pretty well; but has not the delicacy of that which is caught on our coast. One of the best fish of this country is called *le loup*, about two or three pounds in weight; white, firm, and well-flavoured. Another, no way inferior to it, is the *moustle*, about the same size, of a dark grey colour, and short blunt snout, growing thinner and flatter from the shoulder downwards, so as to resemble a soal at the tail. This cannot be the *mustela* of the ancients, which is supposed to be the sea lamprey. Here too are found the *vyvre*, or, as we call it, weaver; remarkable for its long sharp spines, so dangerous to the fingers of the fishermen. We have abundance of the *sepie*, or cuttle-fish, of which the people in this country make a delicate ragout; as also of the *polype de mer*, which is an ugly animal, with long feelers, like tails, which they often wind about the legs of the fishermen. They are stewed with onions, and eat something like cow-heel. The market sometimes affords the *ecrivisse de mer*, which is a lobster without claws, of a sweetish taste; and there are a few rock oysters, very small, aud very rank. Sometimes the fishermen find, under water, pieces of a very hard cement, like plaster of Paris, which contain a kind of mussel, called *la datte*, from its resemblance to a date. These petrefactions are commonly of a triangular form, and may weigh about twelve or fifteen pounds each, and one of them may contain a dozen of these mussels, which have nothing extraordinary in the taste or flavour, though extremely curious, as found alive and juicy, in the heart of a rock, almost as hard as marble, without any visible communication with the air or water. I take it for granted, however, that the inclosing cement is porous, and admits the finer parts of the surrounding fluid. In order to reach the mussels, this ce-

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ment must be broke with large hammers; and it may be truly said, the kernel is not worth the trouble of cracking the shell. Among the fish of this country, there is a very ugly animal of the eel species, which might pass for a serpent: it is of a dusky black colour, marked with spots of yellow, about eighteen inches or two feet long. The Italians call it *murena*; but whether it is the fish which had the same name among the ancient Romans, I cannot pretend to determine. The ancient murena was counted a great delicacy, and was kept in ponds for extraordinary occasions. Julius Cæsar borrowed six thousand for one entertainment: but I imagine this was the river lamprey. The murena of this country is in no esteem, and only eaten by the poor people. Craw-fish and trout are rarely found in the rivers among the mountains. The sword-fish is much esteemed in Nice, and called *l'empereur*, about six or seven feet long; but I have never seen it *. They are very scarce; and when taken are generally concealed; because the head belongs to the commandant, who has likewise the privilege of buying the best fish at a very low price. For which reason the choice pieces are concealed by the fishermen, and sent privately to Piedmont or Genoa. But the chief fisheries on this coast are of the sardines, anchovies, and tunny. These are taken in small quantities all the year; but spring and summer is the season when they mostly abound. In June and July, a fleet of about fifty fishing-boats put to sea every evening about eight o'clock, and catch anchovies in immense quantities. One small boat sometimes takes in one night twenty-five rup, amounting to six hundred weight; but it must be observed, that the pound here, as well as in other parts of Italy, consists but of twelve ounces. Anchovies, besides their making a considerable article in the commerce of Nice, are a great resource in all families. The noblesse and bourgeois sup on sallad and anchovies, which are eaten on all their meagre days. The fishermen and mariners all along this coast have scarce any other food but dry bread,

* Since I wrote the above letter, I have eaten several times of this fish, which is as white as the finest veal, and extremely delicate. The emperor associates with the tunny fish, and is always taken in their company.

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with a few pickled anchovies; and when the fish is eaten, they rub their crusts with the brine. Nothing can be more delicious than fresh anchovies fried in oil: I prefer them to the smelts of the Thames. I need not mention, that the sardines and anchovies are caught in nets; salted, barrelled, and exported into all the different kingdoms and states of Europe. The sardines, however, are largest and fattest in the month of September. A company of adventurers have farmed the tunny fishery of the king for six years; a monopoly for which they pay about three thousand pounds sterling. They are at a very considerable expense for nets, boats, and attendance. Their nets are disposed in a very curious manner across the small bay of St Hospice, in this neighbourhood, where the fish chiefly resort. They are never removed, except in the winter, and when they want repair; but there are avenues for the fish to enter, and pass from one inclosure to another. There is a man in a boat, who constantly keeps watch. When he perceives they are fairly entered, he has a method of shutting all the passes, and confining the fish to one apartment of the net, which is lifted up into the boat, and the prisoners are taken and secured. The tunny fish generally runs from fifty to one hundred weight; but some of them are much larger. They are immediately gutted, boiled, and cut in slices. The guts and head afford oil: the slices are partly dried, to be eaten occasionally with oil and vinegar, or barrelled up in oil, to be exported. It is counted a delicacy in Italy and Piedmont, and tastes not unlike sturgeon. The famous pickle of the ancients, called garum, was made of the gills and blood of the tunny or thynnus. There is a much more considerable fishery of it in Sardinia, where it is said to employ four hundred persons; but this belongs to the duc de St Pierre. In the neighbourhood of Villa Franca, there are people always employed in fishing for coral and sponge, which grow adhering to the rocks under water. Their methods do not savour much of ingenuity. For the coral, they lower down a swab, composed of what is called spun yarn on board our ships of war, hanging in distinct threads, and sunk by

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means of a great weight, which striking against the coral in its descent, disengages it from the rocks; and some of the pieces being entangled among the threads of the swab, are brought up with it above water. The sponge is got by means of a cross stick, fitted with hooks, which being lowered down, fastens upon it, and tears it from the rocks. In some parts of the Adriatic and Archipelago, these substances are gathered by divers, who can remain five minutes below water. But I will not detain you one minute longer; though I must observe that there is plenty of fine samphire growing along all these rocks, neglected and unknown. Adieu.

LETTER XIX.

DEAR SIR, *Nice, October* 10, 1764.

Before I tell you the price of provisions at Nice, it will be necessary to say something of the money. The gold coin of Sardinia consists of the doppia di Savoia, value twenty-four livres Piedmontese, about the size of a louis-d'or; and the mezzo doppia, or piece of twelve livres. In silver, there is the scudo of six livres, the mezzo scudo of three; and the quarto, or pezza di trento soldi: but all these are very scarce. We seldom see any gold and silver coin, but the louis-d'or, and the six and three livre pieces of France; a sure sign that the French suffer by their contraband commerce with the Nissards. The coin chiefly used at market is a piece of copper silvered, that passes for seven sols and a half; another of the same sort, value two sols and a half. They have on one side the impression of the king's head; and on the other, the arms of Savoy, with a ducal crown, inscribed with his name and titles. There are of genuine copper pieces of one sol, stamped on one side with a cross fleuree; and on the reverse with the king's cypher and crown, inscribed as the others: finally, there is another small copper piece called Piccalon, the sixth part of a sol, with a plain cross, and, on the reverse, a slip knot surmounted with a crown; the legend as above. The impression and legend on the gold and silver coins are the same as those on the pieces of seven sols and a half. The livre of Piedmont consists of

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twenty sols, and is very near of the same value as an English shilling; ten sols therefore are equal to six pence sterling. Butcher's meat in general sells at Nice for three sols a pound; and veal is something dearer; but then there are but twelve ounces in the pound, which being allowed for, sixteen ounces come for something less than two pence halfpenny English. Fish commonly sells for four sols the twelve ounces, or five for the English pound; and these five are equivalent to three pence of our money; but sometimes we are obliged to pay five and even six sols for the Piedmontese pound of fish. A turkey that would sell for five or six shillings at the London market, costs me but three at Nice. I can buy a good capon for thirty sols, or eighteen pence; and the same price I pay for a brace of partridges, or a good hare. I can have a woodcock for twenty-four sols; but the pigeons are dearer than in London. Rabbits are very rare; and there is scarce a goose to be seen in the whole county of Nice. Wild ducks and teal are sometimes to be had in the winter; and now I am speaking of sea-fowl, it may not be amiss to tell you what I know of the halcyon or kingsfisher. It is a bird, though very rare in this country, about the size of a pigeon, the body brown, and the belly white; by a wonderful instinct it makes its nest upon the surface of the sea, and lays its eggs in the month of November, when the Mediterranean is always calm and smooth as a millpond. The people here call them martinets, because they begin to hatch about martinmas. Their nests are sometimes seen floating near the shore, and generally become the prize of the boys, who are very alert in catching them.

You know all sea-birds are allowed by the church of Rome to be eaten on meagre days, as a kind of fish; and the monks especially do not fail to make use of this permission. Sea-turtle, or tortoises, are often found at sea by the mariners, in these latitudes; but they are not the green sort, so much in request among the aldermen of London. All the Mediterranean turtle are of the kind called loggerhead, which in the West Indies are eaten by none but hungry seamen, negroes, and the lowest class of people. One of

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these, weighing about two hundred pounds, was lately brought on shore by the fishermen of Nice, who found it floating asleep on the surface of the sea. The whole town was alarmed at sight of such a monster, the nature of which they could not comprehend. However, the monks, called *minims*, of St Francisco di Paolo, guided by a sure instinct, marked it as their prey, and surrounded it accordingly. The friars of other convents, not quite so hungry, crowding down to the beach, declared it should not be eaten; dropped some hints about the possibility of its being something preternatural and diabolical, and even proposed exorcisms and aspersions with holy water. The populace were divided according to their attachment to this or that convent; a mighty clamour arose; and the police, in order to remove the cause of their contention, ordered the tortoise to be recommitted to the waves; a sentence which the franciscans saw executed, not without sighs and lamentation. The land-turtle, or terrapin, is much better known at Nice, as being a native of this country; yet the best are brought from the island of Sardinia. The soup, or *bouillon* of this animal, is always prescribed here as a great restorative to consumptive patients. The bread of Nice is very indifferent, and, I am persuaded, very unwholesome. The flour is generally musty, and not quite free of sand. This is either owing to the particles of the mill-stone rubbed off in grinding, or to what adheres to the corn itself in being thrashed upon the common ground; for there are no thrashing-floors in this country. I shall not take notice of the vegetables of Nice. In the winter we have green pease, asparagus, artichokes, cauliflower, beans, French beans, celery, and endive; cabbage, coleworts, radishes, turnips, carrots, betteraves, sorrel, lettuce, onions, garlic, and chalot. We have potatoes from the mountains, mushrooms, champignons, and truffles. Piedmont affords white truffles, counted the most delicious in the world; they sell for about three livres the pound. The fruits of this season are pickled olives, oranges, lemons, citrons, citronelles, dried figs, grapes, apples, pears, almonds, chesnuts, walnuts, filberts, medlars, pomegrenates, and a fruit called azerolles, about

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the size of a nutmeg, of an oblong shape, red colour, and agreeable acid taste. I might likewise add the cherry of the *laurus cerasus*, which is sold in the market; very beautiful to the eye, but insipid to the palate. In summer we have all those vegetables in perfection. There is also a kind of small courge, or gourd, of which the people of the country make a very savoury ragout, with the help of eggs, cheese, and fresh anchovies. Another is made of the bad-enjeen, which the Spaniards call berengena; it is much eaten in Spain and the Levant, as well as by the Moors in Barbary. It is about the size and shape of a hen's egg, inclosed in a cup like an acorn; when ripe, of a faint purple colour. It grows on a stalk about a foot high, with long spines or prickles. The people here have different ways of slicing and dressing it, by broiling, boiling, and stewing, with other ingredients; but it is at best an insipid dish. There are some caper bushes in this neighbourhood, which grow wild in holes of garden walls, and require no sort of cultivation; in one or two gardens, there are palm trees; but the dates never ripen. In my register of the weather, I have marked the seasons of the principal fruits in this country. In May we have strawberries, which continue in season two or three months. These are of the wood kind; very grateful, and of a good flavour; but the scarlets and hautboys are not known at Nice. In the beginning of June, and even sooner, the cherries begin to be ripe. They are a kind of bleeding hearts; large, fleshy, and high flavoured, though rather too luscious. I have likewise seen a few of those we call Kentish cherries, which are much more cool, acid, and agreeable, especially in this hot climate. The cherries are succeeded by the apricots and peaches, which are all standards, and of consequence better flavoured than what we call wall-fruit. The trees, as well as almonds, grow and bear without care and cultivation, and may be seen in the open fields about Nice; but without proper culture, the fruit degenerates. The best peaches I have seen at Nice are the almberges, of a yellow hue, and oblong shape, about the size of a small lemon. Their consistence is much more solid

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than that of our English peaches, and their taste more delicious. Several trees of this kind I have in my own garden. Here is likewise plenty of other sorts; but no nectarines. We have little choice of plums. Neither do I admire the pears or apples of this country; but the most agreeable apples I ever tasted come from Final, and are called pomi carli. The greatest fault I find with most fruits in this climate is, that they are too sweet and luscious, and want that agreeable acid which is so cooling and so grateful in a hot country. This, too, is the case with our grapes, of which there is great plenty and variety, plump and juicy, and large as plums. Nature, however, has not neglected to provide other agreeable vegetable juices, to cool the human body. During the whole summer, we have plenty of musk-melons. I can buy one as large as my head for the value of an English penny; but one of the best and largest, weighing ten or twelve pounds, I can have for twelve sols, or about eight pence sterling. From Antibes and Sardinia, we have another fruit called a water-melon, which is well known in Jamaica, and some of our other colonies. Those from Antibes are about the size of an ordinary bomb-shell; but the Sardinian and Jamaica water-melons are four times as large. The skin is green, smooth, and thin. The inside is a purple pulp, studded with broad, flat, black seeds, and impregnated with a juice the most cool, delicate, and refreshing, that can well be conceived. One would imagine the pulp itself dissolved in the stomach; for you may eat of it until you are filled up to the tongue, without feeling the least inconvenience. It is so friendly to the constitution, that, in ardent inflammatory fevers, it is drank as the best emulsion. At Genoa, Florence, and Rome, it is sold in the streets, ready cut in slices; and the porters, sweating under their burdens, buy and eat them as they pass. A porter of London quenches his thirst with a draught of strong beer; a porter of Rome or Naples, refreshes himself with a slice of water-melon, or a glass of iced-water. The one costs three halfpence; the last, half a farthing—which of them is most effectual? I am sure the men are equally

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pleased. It is commonly remarked, that beer strengthens as well as refreshes. But the porters of Constantinople, who never drink any thing stronger than water, and eat very little animal food, will lift and carry heavier burdens than any other porters in the known world. If we may believe the most respectable travellers, a Turk will carry a load of seven hundred weight, which is more (I believe) than any English porter ever attempted to raise.

Among the refreshments of these warm countries, I ought not to forget mentioning the sorbettes, which are sold in coffeehouses and places of public resort. They are iced froth, made with juice of oranges, apricots, or peaches; very agreeable to the palate, and so extremely cold, that I was afraid to swallow them in this hot country, until I found, from information and experience, that they may be taken in moderation without any bad consequence.

Another considerable article in housekeeping is wine, which we have here good and reasonable. The wine of Tavelle in Languedoc is very near as good as Burgundy, and may be had at Nice at the rate of sixpence a bottle. The sweet wine of St Laurent, counted equal to that of Frontignan, costs about eight or nine pence a quart; pretty good Malaga may be had for half the money. Those who make their own wine choose the grapes from different vineyards, and have them picked, pressed, and fermented at home. That which is made by the peasants, both red and white, is generally genuine; but the wine merchants of Nice brew and balderdash, and even mix it with pigeon's dung and quicklime. It cannot be supposed, that a stranger and sojourner should buy his own grapes, and make his own provision of wine; but he may buy it, by recommendation from the peasants, for about eighteen or twenty livres the charge, consisting of eleven rup five pounds; in other words, of two hundred and eighty pounds of this country, so as to bring it for something less than three pence a quart. The Nice wine, when mixed with water, makes an agreeable beverage. There is an inferior sort for servants, drank by the common people, which, in the cabaret, does not cost

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above a penny a bottle. The people here are not so nice as the English in the management of their wine. It is kept in flacons, or large flasks, without corks, having a little oil at top. It is not deemed the worse for having been opened a day or two before; and they expose it to the hot sun, and all kinds of weather, without hesitation. Certain it is, this treatment has little or no effect upon its taste, flavour, and transparency.

The brandy of Nice is very indifferent; and the *liqueurs* are so sweetened with coarse sugar, that they scarce retain the taste or flavour of any other ingredient.

The last article of domestic economy which I shall mention is fuel, or wood for firing, which I buy for eleven sols (a little more than sixpence halfpenny) a quintal, consisting of one hundred and fifty pounds, Nice weight. The best, which is of oak, comes from Sardinia. The common sort is olive, which being cut with the sap in it, ought to be laid in during the summer, otherwise it will make a very uncomfortable fire. In my kitchen and two chambers, I burned fifteen thousand weight of wood in four weeks, exclusive of charcoal for the kitchen stoves, and of pine-tops for lighting the fires. These last are as large as pine-apples, which they greatly resemble in shape, and to which indeed they give their name; and being full of turpentine, make a wonderful blaze. For the same purpose, the people of these countries use the sarments, or cuttings of the vines, which they sell made up in small fascines. This great consumption of wood is owing to the large fires used in roasting pieces of beef, and joints, in the English manner. The roasts of this country seldom exceed two or three pounds of meat; and their other *plats* are made over stove holes. But it is now high time to conduct you from the kitchen, where you have been too long detained by your humble servant.

P. S. I have mentioned the prices of almost all the articles in housekeeping, as they are paid by the English; but, exclusive of butcher's meat, I am certain the natives do not pay so much by thirty per cent. Their imposition on us is

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not only a proof of their own villany and hatred, but a scandal on their government, which ought to interfere in favour of the subjects of a nation to which they are so much bound in point of policy as well as gratitude.

LETTER XX.

SIR, *Nice, October 22, 1764.*

As I have nothing else to do but to satisfy my own curiosity, and that of my friends, I obey your injunctions with pleasure; though not without some apprehension that my inquiries will afford you very little entertainment. The place where I am is of very little importance or consequence as a state or community; neither is there any thing curious or interesting in the character or economy of its inhabitants.

There are some few merchants in Nice said to be in good circumstances. I know one of them who deals to a considerable extent, and goes twice a-year to London to attend the sales of the East India company. He buys up a very large quantity of muslins and other India goods, and freights a ship in the river to transport them to Villa Franca. Some of these are sent to Switzerland; but I believe the greater part is smuggled into France by virtue of counterfeit stamps, which are here used without any ceremony. Indeed, the chief commerce of this place is a contraband traffic carried on to the disadvantage of France; and I am told that the farmers of the Levant company in that kingdom find their account in conniving at it. Certain it is, a great quantity of merchandize is brought hither every week by mules from Turin and other parts in Piedmont, and afterwards conveyed to the other side of the Var either by land or water. The mules of Piedmont are exceeding strong and hardy. One of them will carry a burden of near six hundred weight. They are easily nourished, and require no other respite from their labour but the night's repose. They are the only carriage that can be used in crossing the mountains, being very sure-footed; and it is observed, that in choosing their steps they always march upon the brink

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of the precipice. You must let them take their own way, otherwise you will be in danger of losing your life; for they are obstinate even to desperation. It is very dangerous to meet those animals on horseback: they have such an aversion to horses, that they will attack them with incredible fury, so as even to tear them and their riders in pieces; and the best method for avoiding this fate is to clap spurs to your beast, and seek your safety in flight. I have been more than once obliged to fly before them. They always give you warning, by raising a hideous braying as soon as they perceive the horse at a distance. The mules of Provence are not so mischievous, because they are more used to the sight and society of horses; but those of Piedmont are by far the largest and the strongest I have seen.

Some very feasible schemes for improving the commerce of Nice have been presented to the ministry of Turin; but hitherto without success. The English import annually between two and three thousand bales of raw silk, the growth of Piedmont; and this is embarked either at Genoa or Leghorn. We likewise take a considerable quantity of fruit and oil at Oneglia, St Remo, and other places in this neighbourhood. All these commodities might be embarked at a smaller expense at Nice, which is a free port, where no duties are paid by the exporter. Besides, the country of Nice itself produces a considerable quantity of hemp, oranges, lemons, and very good oil and anchovies, with some silk and wine, which last is better than that of Languedoc, and far excels the port drank in England. This wine is of a strong body, a good flavour, keeps very well, and improves by sea-carriage. I am told that some of the wine merchants here transport French wine from Languedoc and Provence, and enter it in England as the produce of Nice or Italy. If the merchants of Nice would establish magazines of raw silk, oil, wine, &c. at Nice, and their correspondents at London send hither ships at stated periods, laden with India goods, hardware, and other manufactures of England, which would find a vent in this country, in Piedmont, Savoy, Switzerland, and Provence, then the com-

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merce of this town would flourish, more especially if the king would lay out the necessary expense for rendering the harbour more commodious and secure. But this is not a matter of very great consequence, as there is an excellent harbour at Ville Franche, which is not more than a mile and a half from that of Nice. But the great objection to the improvement of commerce at Nice, is the want of money, industry, and character. The natives themselves are in general such dirty knaves, that no foreigners will trust them in the way of trade. They have been known to fill their oil casks half full of water, and their anchovy barrels with stinking heads of that fish, in order to cheat their correspondents.

The shopkeepers of this place are generally poor, greedy, and over-reaching. Many of them are bankrupts of Marseilles, Genoa, and other countries, who have fled from their creditors to Nice; which being a free port, affords an asylum to foreign cheats and sharpers of every denomination. Here is likewise a pretty considerable number of Jews, who live together in a street appropriated for their use, which is shut up every night. They act as brokers; but are generally poor, and deal in frippery, remnants, old clothes, and old household furniture. There is another branch of traffic engrossed by the monks. Some convents have such a number of masses bequeathed to them, that they find it impossible to execute the will of the donors. In this case they agree by the lump with the friars of poorer convents, who say the masses for less money than has been allowed by the defunct, and their employers pocket the difference: for example, my grandfather bequeaths a sum of money to a certain convent, to have such a number of masses said for the repose of his soul, at the price of ten sols each; and this convent not having time to perform them, bargains with the friars of another to say them for six sols a-piece, so that they gain four sols upon every mass; for it matters not to the soul of the deceased where they are said, so they be properly authenticated. A poor gentleman of Nice, who piques himself much on the noble blood that runs in his veins, though

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he has not a pair of whole breeches to wear, complained to me that his great-grandmother had founded a perpetual mass for the repose of her own soul, at the rate of fifteen sols (ninepence English) a-day, which indeed was all that now remained of the family estate. He said, what made the hardship the greater on him, she had been dead above fifty years, and in all probability her soul had got out of purgatory long ago; therefore the continuance of the mass was an unnecessary expense. I told him, I thought, in such a case, the defunct should appear before the civil magistrate, and make affidavit of her being at peace, for the advantage of the family. He mused a little, and shrugging up his shoulders, replied, that where the interest of the church was at stake, he did not believe a spirit's declaration would be held legal evidence. In some parts of France, the *curé* of the parish, on All Soul's day, which is called *le jour des morts*, says a *libera domine* for two sols, at every grave in the burying-ground, for the release of the soul whose body is there interred.

The artisans of Nice are very lazy, and very needy, very awkward, and void of all ingenuity. The price of their labour is very near as high as at London or Paris. Rather than work for moderate profit, arising from constant employment, which would comfortably maintain them and their families, they choose to starve at home, to lounge about the ramparts, bask themselves in the sun, or play at bowls in the streets from morning till night.

The lowest class of people consists of fishermen, day-labourers, porters, and peasants: these last are distributed chiefly in the small cassines in the neighbourhood of the city, and are said to amount to twelve thousand. They are employed in labouring the ground, and have all the outward signs of extreme misery. They are all diminutive, meagre, withered, dirty, and half naked; in their complexions, not barely swarthy, but as black as Moors; and I believe in my conscience many of them are descendants of that people. They are very hard favoured; and their women in general have the coarsest features I have ever seen: it must be owned,

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however, they have the finest teeth in the world. The nourishment of those poor creatures consists of the refuse of the garden, very coarse bread, a kind of meal called *polenta*, made of Indian corn, which is very nourishing and agreeable, and a little oil; but even in these particulars they seem to be stinted to very scanty meals. I have known a peasant feed his family with the skins of boiled beans. Their hogs are much better fed than their children. 'Tis pity they have no cows, which would yield milk, butter, and cheese, for the sustenance of their families. With all this wretchedness, one of these peasants will not work in your garden for less than eighteen sols, about eleven pence sterling, *per diem*; and then he does not half the work of an English labourer. If there is fruit in it, or any thing he can convey, he will infallibly steal it, if you do not keep a very watchful eye over him. All the common people are thieves and beggars; and I believe this is always the case with people who are extremely indigent and miserable. In other respects, they are seldom guilty of excesses. They are remarkably respectful and submissive to their superiors. The populace of Nice are very quiet and orderly. They are little addicted to drunkenness. I have never heard of one riot since I lived among them; and murder and robbery are altogether unknown. A man may walk alone over the county of Nice, at midnight, without danger of insult. The police is very well regulated. No man is permitted to wear a pistol or dagger, on pain of being sent to the galleys. I am informed, that both murder and robbery are very frequent in some parts of Piedmont. Even here, when the peasants quarrel in their cups (which very seldom happens), they draw their knives, and the one infallibly stabs the other. To such extremities, however, they never proceed, except when there is a woman in the case; and mutual jealousy co-operates with the liquor they have drank, to inflame their passions. In Nice, the common people retire to their lodgings at eight o'clock in winter, and nine in summer. Every person found in the streets after these hours is apprehended by the patrole; and, if he cannot give a good account of himself,

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sent to prison. At nine in winter, and ten in summer, there is a curfew-bell rung, warning the people to put out their lights and go to bed. This is a very necessary precaution in towns subject to conflagrations; but of small use in Nice, where there is very little combustible in the houses.

The punishments inflicted upon malefactors and delinquents at Nice are, hanging for capital crimes; slavery on board the galleys for a limited term, or for life, according to the nature of the transgression; flagellation, and the strappado. This last is performed by hoisting up the criminal by his hands tied behind his back, on a pulley about two stories high; from whence the rope being suddenly slackened, he falls to within a yard or two of the ground, where he is stopped with a violent shock, arising from the weight of his body, and the velocity of his descent, which generally dislocates his shoulders, with incredible pain. This dreadful execution is sometimes repeated in a few minutes on the same delinquent; so that the very ligaments are tore from his joints, and his arms are rendered useless for life.

The poverty of the people in this country, as well as in the south of France, may be conjectured from the appearance of their domestic animals. The draught horses, mules, and asses of the peasants, are so meagre as to excite compassion. There is not a dog to be seen in tolerable case; and the cats are so many emblems of famine, frightfully thin, and dangerously rapacious. I wonder the dogs and they do not devour young children. Another proof of the indigence which reigns among the common people, is this.—You may pass through the whole south of France, as well as the county of Nice, where there is no want of groves, woods, and plantations, without hearing the song of blackbird, thrush, linnet, goldfinch, or any other bird whatsoever. All is silent and solitary. The poor birds are destroyed or driven for refuge into other countries by the savage persecution of the people, who spare no pains to kill and catch them for their own subsistence. Scarce a sparrow, red-breast, tom-tit, or wren, can escape the guns and snares of those indefatigable fowlers. Even the noblesse make

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parties to go *à la chasse*; that is, to kill those little birds, which they eat as *gibier*.

The great poverty of the people here is owing to their religion. Half of their time is lost in observing the great number of festivals; and half of their substance is given to mendicant friars and parish priests. But if the church occasions their indigence, it likewise in some measure alleviates the horrors of it, by amusing them with shows, processions, and even those very feasts which afford a recess from labour in a country where the climate disposes them to idleness. If the peasants in the neighbourhood of any chapel, dedicated to a saint whose day is to be celebrated, have a mind to make a *festin*, in other words, a fair, they apply to the commandant of Nice for a licence, which costs them about a French crown. This being obtained, they assemble after service, men and women in their best apparel, and dance to the music of fiddles, and pipe and tabor, or rather pipe and drum. There are hucksters stands, with pedlary ware, and knick-knacks for presents; cakes and bread, *liqueurs* and wine; and thither generally resort all the company of Nice. I have seen our whole noblesse at one of these *festins*, kept on the highway in summer, mingled with an immense crowd of peasants, mules, and asses, covered with dust, and sweating at every pore with the excessive heat of the weather. I should be much puzzled to tell whence their enjoyment arises on such occasions; or to explain their motives for going thither, unless they are prescribed it for penance, as a foretaste to purgatory.

Now I am speaking of religious institutions, I cannot help observing, that the ancient Romans were still more superstitious than the modern Italians; and that the number of their religious feasts, sacrifices, fasts, and holidays, was even greater than those of the christian church of Rome. They had their *festi* and *profesti*, their *feriæ stativæ* and *conceptivæ*, their fixed and moveable feasts, their *escuriales* or fasting days, and their *precidaneæ* or vigils. The *agonales* were celebrated in January, the *carmentales* in January and February, the *lupercales* and *matronales* in March, the *floralia*

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in May; the *saturnalia*, *robigalia*, *venalia*, *vertumnalia*, *fornacalia*, *palilia*, and *laralia*. They had their *latinæ*, their *paganales*, their *sementinæ*, their *compitales*, and their *imperativæ*, such as the *novemdalia*, instituted by the senate, on account of a supposed shower of stones. Besides, every private family had a number of *feriæ*, kept either by way of rejoicing for some benefit, or mourning for some calamity. Every time it thundered, the day was kept holy. Every ninth day was a holiday, thence called *nundinæ*, *quasi novendinæ*. There was the *dies denominalis*, which was the fourth of the kalends, nones, and ides, of every month, over and above the anniversary of every great defeat which the republic had sustained, particularly the *dies aliensis*, or fifteenth of the kalends of December, on which the Romans were totally defeated by the Gauls and Veientes; as Lucan says—*et damnata diu Romanis allia fastis*. The vast variety of their deities, said to amount to thirty thousand, with their respective rights of adoration, could not fail to introduce such a number of ceremonies, shows, sacrifices, lustrations, and public processions, as must have employed the people almost constantly from one end of the year to the other. This continual dissipation must have been a great enemy to industry, and the people must have been idle and effeminate. I think it would be no difficult matter to prove, that there is very little difference, in point of character, between the ancient and modern inhabitants of Rome; and that the great figure which this empire made of old, was not so much owing to the intrinsic virtue of its citizens, as to the barbarism, ignorance, and imbecility, of the nations they subdued. Instances of public and private virtue I find as frequent and as striking in the history of other nations, as in the annals of ancient Rome; and now that the kingdoms and states of Europe are pretty equally enlightened, and balanced in the scale of political power, I am of opinion, that, if the most fortunate generals of the Roman commonwealth were again placed at the head of the very armies they once commanded, instead of extending their conquests over all Europe and Asia, they would hardy be able to subdue and retain under their dominion all the petty republics that subsist in Italy.

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But I am tired with writing, and I believe you will be tired with reading, this long letter, notwithstanding all your prepossession in favour of your very humble servant.

LETTER XXI.

DEAR DOCTOR, *Nice, Nov.* 10, 1764.

In my inquiries about the revenues of Nice, I am obliged to trust to the information of the inhabitants, who are much given to exaggerate. They tell me the revenues of this town amount to one hundred thousand livres, or five thousand pounds sterling, of which I would strike off at least one fourth, as an addition of their own vanity; perhaps if we deduct a third, it will be nearer the truth: for I cannot find out any other funds they have but the butchery and the bakery, which they farm at so much a-year to the best bidder, and the *droits d'entrée*, or duties upon provision brought into the city; but these are very small. The king is said to draw from Nice one hundred thousand livres annually, arising from a free gift, amounting to seven hundred pounds sterling, in lieu of the taille, from which this town and country are exempted; an inconsiderable duty upon wine sold in public-houses; and the *droits du port*. These last consist of anchorage, paid by all vessels in proportion to their tonnage, when they enter the harbour of Nice and Villa Franca. Besides, all foreign vessels, under a certain stipulated burden, that pass between the island of Sardinia and this coast, are obliged, in going to the eastward, to enter and pay a certain regulated imposition, on pain of being taken and made prize. The prince of Monaco exacts a talliage of the same kind, and both he and the king of Sardinia maintain armed cruisers to assert this prerogative; from which, however, the English and French are exempted by treaty, in consequence of having paid a sum of money at once. In all probability, it was originally given as a consideration for maintaining lights on the shore, for the benefit of navigators, like the toll paid for passing the Sound in the Baltic. The *fanal*, or lanthorn, to the eastward of Villa Franca, is kept in good repair,

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and still lighted in the winter. The toll, however, is a very troublesome tax upon feluccas and other small craft, which are greatly retarded in their voyages, and often lose the benefit of a fair wind, by being obliged to run on shore, and enter those harbours. The tobacco, which is mostly from the Levant, the king manufactures at his own expense, and sells for his own profit, at a very high price; and every person convicted of selling this commodity in secret is sent to the galleys for life. The salt comes chiefly from Sardinia, and is stored up in the king's magazine; from whence it is exported to Piedmont, and other parts of his inland dominions. And here it may not be amiss to observe, that Sardinia produces very good horses, well shaped, though small; strong, hardy, full of mettle, and easily fed. The whole county of Nice is said to yield the king half a million of livres, about twenty-five thousand pounds sterling, arising from a small donative made by every town and village; for the lands pay no tax or imposition but the tithes to the church. His revenue then flows from the *gabelle* on salt and wine, and these free gifts; so that we may strike off one fifth of the sum at which the whole is estimated, and conclude, that the king draws from the county of Nice about four hundred thousand livres, or twenty thousand pounds sterling. That his revenues from Nice are not great, appears from the smallness of the appointment allowed to his officers. The president has about three hundred pounds per annum, and the attendant about two. The pay of the commandant does not exceed three hundred and fifty pounds; but he has certain privileges called the *tour du baton*, some of which a man of spirit would not insist upon. He who commands at present, having no estate of his own, enjoys a small commandery, which, being added to his appointments at Nice, make the whole amount to about five hundred pounds sterling.

If we may believe the politicians of Nice, the king of Sardinia's whole revenue does not fall short of twenty millions of Piedmontese livres, being about one million of our money. It must be owned that there is no country in Christendom

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less taxed than that of Nice; and as the soil produces the necessaries of life, the inhabitants, with a little industry, might renew the golden age in this happy climate, among their groves, woods, and mountains, beautified with fountains, brooks, rivers, torrents, and cascades. In the midst of these pastoral advantages, the peasants are poor and miserable: they have no stock to begin the world with; they have no leases of the lands they cultivate; but entirely depend from year to year on the pleasure of the arbitrary landholder, who may turn them out at a minute's warning; and they are oppressed by the mendicant friars and parish priests, who rob them of the best fruits of their labour. After all, the ground is too scanty for the number of families which are crowded on it.

You desire to know the state of the arts and sciences at Nice, which indeed is almost a total blank. I know not what men of talents this place may have formerly produced; but, at present, it seems to be consecrated to the reign of dulness and superstition. It is very surprising to see a people established between two enlightened nations, so devoid of taste and literature. Here are no tolerable pictures, busts, statues, nor edifices: the very ornaments of the churches are wretchedly conceived, and worse executed. They have no public nor private libraries that afford any thing worth perusing. There is not even a bookseller in Nice. Though they value themselves upon their being natives of Italy, they are unacquainted with music. The few that play upon instruments attend only to the execution. They have no genius nor taste, nor any knowledge of harmony and composition. Among the French, a Nissard piques himself on being Provençal; but in Florence, Milan, or Rome, he claims the honour of being born a native of Italy. The people of condition here speak both languages equally well, or rather equally ill; for they use a low uncouth phraseology, and their pronunciation is extremely vicious. Their vernacular tongue is what they call *Patois;* though, in so calling it, they do it injustice. *Patois,* from the Latin word *patavinitas,* means no more than a provin-

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cial accent or dialect. It takes its name from *Patavium*, or Padua, which was the birth-place of Livy, who, with all his merit as a writer, has admitted into his history some provincial expressions of his own country. The *Patois*, or native tongue of Nice, is no other than the ancient Provençal, from which the Italian, Spanish, and French languages have been formed. This is the language that rose upon the ruins of the Latin tongue, after the irruptions of the Goths, Vandals, Huns, and Burgundians, by whom the Roman empire was destroyed. It was spoke all over Italy, Spain, and the southern parts of France, until the thirteenth century, when the Italians began to polish it into the language which they now call their own. The Spaniards and French likewise improved it into their respective tongues. From its great affinity to the Latin, it was called *Romance*, a name which the Spaniards still give to their own language. As the first legends of knight-errantry were written in Provençal, all subsequent performances of the same kind have derived from it the name of romance; and as those annals of chivalry contained extravagant adventures of knights, giants, and necromancers, every improbable story or fiction is to this day called a romance. Mr Walpole, in his Catalogue of royal and noble authors, has produced two sonnets in the ancient Provençal, written by our King Richard I. surnamed *Cœur de Lion;* and Voltaire, in his Historical Tracts, has favoured the world with some specimens of the same language. The *Patois* of Nice must, without doubt, have undergone changes and corruptions in the course of so many ages, especially as no pains have been taken to preserve its original purity, either in orthography or pronunciation. It is neglected as the language of the vulgar; and scarce any body here knows either its origin or constitution. I have, in vain, endeavoured to procure some pieces in the ancient Provençal, that I might compare them with the modern *Patois:* but I can find no person to give me the least information on the subject. The shades of ignorance, sloth, and stupidity, are impenetrable. Almost every word of the *Patois* may still be found in the Italian, Spanish, and

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French languages, with a small change in the pronunciation. *Cavallo*, signifying a *horse* in Italian and Spanish, is called *cavao; maison*, the French word for a *house*, is changed into *maion; agua*, which means *water* in Spanish, the Nissards call *daigua;* to express *what a stop is here!* they say *acco fa lac aqui*, which is a sentence composed of two Italian words, one French and one Spanish. This is nearly the proportion in which these three languages will be found mingled in the *Patois* of Nice; which, with some variation, extends over all Provence, Languedoc, and Gascony. I will now treat you with two or three stanzas of a *canzon*, or hymn in this language, to the Virgin Mary, which was lately printed at Nice.

1.	1.
Vierge, maire de Dieu,	Virgin, mother of God,
Nuostro buono avocado,	Our good advocate,
Embel car uvostre fieu,	With your dear son,
En Fenestro † adourado,	In Fenestro adored,
Jeu vous saludi,	I salute you,
E demandi en socours;	And ask his assistance;
E senso autre preludi	And without further prelude
Cauti lous uvostre honours.	I sing your honours.
2.	2.
Qu' ario de Paradis!	What air of Paradise!
Que maesta divino!	What majesty divine!
Salamon es d'advis,	Solomon is of opinion,
Giugiar de uvostro mino;	To judge of your appearance;
Vous dis plus bello:	Says you are the fairest:
E lou dis beu soven	And it is often said
De toutoi lei femello,	Of all females,
E non s'engano ren.	And we are not at all deceived.
3.	3.
Qu' ario de Paradis!	What air of Paradise!
Que maesta divino!	What majesty divine!
La bellezzo eblovis;	The beauty dazzles!
La bonta l'ueigl raffino.	The goodness purifies the eye:
Sias couronado:	You are crowned:
Tenes lou monde en man:	You hold the world in your hand:
'Sus del trono assettado,	Seated on the throne,
Riges lou uvostre enfan.	You support your child.

You see I have not chosen this *canzon* for the beauty and elegance of thought and expression; but give it you as the only printed specimen I could find of the modern Provençal.

† Fenestro is the name of a place in this neighbourhood, where there is a supposed miraculous sanctuary or chapel of the Virgin Mary.

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If you have any curiosity to be further acquainted with the *Patois*, I will endeavour to procure you satisfaction. Meanwhile, I am, in plain English, dear Sir, ever yours.

LETTER XXII.

DEAR SIR, *Nice, November* 10, 1764.

I HAD once thoughts of writing a complete natural history of this town and country; but I found myself altogether unequal to the task. I have neither health, strength, nor opportunity, to make proper collections of the mineral, vegetable, and animal productions. I am not much conversant with these branches of natural philosophy. I have no books to direct my inquiries. I can find no person capable of giving me the least information or assistance; and I am strangely puzzled by the barbarous names they give to many different species, the descriptions of which I have read under other appellations; and which, as I have never seen them before, I cannot pretend to distinguish by the eye. You must, therefore, be contented with such imperfect intelligence as my opportunities can afford.

The useful arts practised at Nice are these: gardening and agriculture, with their consequences, the making of wine, oil, and cordage; the rearing of silk worms, with the subsequent management and manufacture of that production; and the fishing, which I have already described.

Nothing can be more unpromising than the natural soil of this territory, except in a very few narrow bottoms, where there is a stiff clay, which, when carefully watered, yields tolerable pasturage. In every other part, the soil consists of a light sand mixed with pebbles, which serves well enough for the culture of vines and olives; but the ground laid out for the kitchen herbs, as well as for other fruit, must be manured with great care and attention. They have no black cattle to afford such compost as our farmers use in England. The dung of mules and asses, which are their only beasts of burden, is of very little value for this purpose; and the natural sterility of their ground requires something highly im-

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pregnated with nitre and volatile salts. They have recourse, therefore, to pigeon's dung and ordure, which fully answer their expectations. Every peasant opens, at one corner of his wall, a public house of office for the reception of passengers; and in the town of Nice, every tenement is provided with one of these receptacles, the contents of which are carefully preserved for sale. The peasant comes with his asses and casks to carry it off before day, and pays for it according to its quality, which he examines and investigates by the taste and flavour. The jakes of a protestant family, who eat *gras* every day, bears a much higher price than the privy of a good catholic, who lives *maigre* one half of the year. The vaults belonging to the convent of Minims are not worth emptying.

The ground here is not delved with spades as in England, but laboured with a broad sharp hoe, with a short horizontal handle; and the climate is so hot and dry in the summer, that the plants must be watered every morning and evening, especially where it is not shaded by trees. It is surprising to see how the productions of the earth are crowded together. One would imagine they would rob one another of nourishment; and moreover be stifled for want of air; and, doubtless, this is the case. Olive, and other fruit trees, are planted in rows, very close to each other. These are connected by vines, and the interstices between the rows are filled with corn. The gardens that supply the town with sallad and pot-herbs lie all on the side of Provence by the highway. They are surrounded with high stone walls or ditches, planted with a kind of cane or large reed, which answers many purposes in this country: the leaves of it afford sustenance to the asses, and the canes not only serve as fences to the inclosures, but are used to prop the vines and pease: they are formed into arbours, and wore as walking-staves. All these gardens are watered by little rills that come from the mountains, particularly by the small branches of the two sources which I have described, in a former letter, as issuing from the two sides of a mountain, under the names of *Fontaine de Maurailli* and *Fontaine du Temple*.

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In the neighbourhood of Nice, they raise a considerable quantity of hemp, the largest and strongest I ever saw. Part of this, when dressed, is exported to other countries; and part is manufactured into cordage. However profitable it may be to the grower, it is certainly a great nuisance in the summer. When taken out of the pits where it has been put to rot, the stench it raises is quite insupportable, and must undoubtedly be unwholesome.

There is such a want of land in this neighbourhood, that terraces are built over one another with loose stones on the faces of bare rocks; and these being covered with earth, and manured, are planted with olives, vines, and corn. The same shift was practised all over Palestine, which was rocky and barren, and much more populous than the county of Nice.

Notwithstanding the small extent of this territory, there are some pleasant meadows in the skirts of Nice, that produce excellent clover; and the corn which is sown in open fields, where it has the full benefit of the soil, sun, and air, grows to a surprising height. I have seen rye seven or eight feet high. All vegetables have a wonderful growth in this climate. Besides wheat, rye, barley, and oats, this country produces a good deal of Meliga, or Turkish wheat, which is what we call Indian corn. I have, in a former letter, observed, that the meal of this grain goes by the name of *Polenta*, and makes excellent hasty-pudding, being very nourishing, and counted an admirable pectoral. The pods and stalks are used for fuel; and the leaves are much preferable to common straw for making *paillasses*.

The pease and beans in the garden appear in the winter like beautiful plantations of young trees in blossom, and perfume the air. Myrtle, sweet-brier, sweet-marjoram, sage, thyme, lavender, rosemary, with many other aromatic herbs and flowers, which with us require the most careful cultivation, are here found wild in the mountains.

It is not many years since the Nissards learned the culture of silk worms, of their neighbours the Piedmontese; and hitherto the progress they have made is not very consider-

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able: the whole county of Nice produces about one hundred and thirty-three bales, of three hundred pounds each, amounting in value to four hundred thousand livres.

In the beginning of April, when the mulberry leaves begin to put forth, the eggs or grains that produce the silk worm are hatched. The grains are washed in wine, and those that swim on the top are thrown away as good for nothing. The rest being deposited in small bags of linen, are worn by women in their bosoms, until the worms begin to appear: then they are placed in shallow wooden boxes, covered with a piece of white paper, cut into little holes, through which the worms ascend as they are hatched, to feed on the young mulberry leaves, of which there is a layer above the paper. These boxes are kept for warmth between two matresses, and visited every day. Fresh leaves are laid in, and the worms that feed are removed successively to the other place prepared for their reception. This is an habitation consisting of two or three stories, about twenty inches from each other, raised upon four wooden posts. The floors are made of canes, and strewed with fresh mulberry leaves: the corner posts, and other occasional props, for sustaining the different floors, are covered with a coat of loose heath, which is twisted round the wood. The worms when hatched are laid upon the floors; and here you may see them in all the different stages of moulting, or casting the slough, a change which they undergo three times successively before they begin to work. The silk worm is an animal of such acute and delicate sensations, that too much care cannot be taken to keep its habitation clean, and to refresh it from time to time with pure air. I have seen them languish and die in scores, in consequence of an accidental bad smell. The soiled leaves and the filth which they necessarily produce should be carefully shifted every day; and it would not be amiss to purify the air sometimes with fumes of vinegar, rose, or orange-flower water. These niceties, however, are but little observed. They commonly lie in heaps as thick as shrimps in a plate, some feeding on the leaves, some new hatched, some entranced in the agonies of casting their

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skin, some languishing, and some actually dead, with a litter of half-eaten faded leaves about them, in a close room, crowded with women and children, not at all remarkable for their cleanliness. I am assured by some persons of credit, that, if they are touched, or even approached, by a woman in her catamenia, they infallibly expire. This, however, must be understood of those females whose skins have naturally a very rank flavour, which is generally heightened at such periods. The mulberry leaves used in this country are of the tree which bears a small white fruit not larger than a damascene. They are planted on purpose, and the leaves are sold at so much a pound. By the middle of June, all the mulberry trees are stripped; but new leaves succeed, and in a few weeks they are clothed again with fresh verdure. In about ten days after the last moulting, the silk worm climbs upon the props of his house, and, choosing a situation among the heath, begins to spin in a most curious manner, until he is quite inclosed, and the cocon or pod of silk, about the size of a pigeon's egg, which he has produced, remains suspended by several filaments. It is not unusual to see double cocons, spun by two worms included under a common cover. There must be an infinite number of worms to yield any considerable quantity of silk. One ounce of eggs or grains produces four rup, or one hundred Nice pounds of cocons; and one rup, or twenty-five pounds of cocons, if they are rich, gives three pounds of raw silk; that is, twelve pounds of silk are got from one ounce of grains, which ounce of grains is produced by as many worms as are inclosed in one pound, or twelve ounces of cocons. In preserving the cocons for breed, you must choose an equal number of males and females; and these are very easily distinguished by the shape of the cocons; that which contains the male is sharp, and the other obtuse, at the two ends. In ten or twelve days after the cocon is finished, the worm makes its way through it, in the form of a very ugly, unwieldy, awkward butterfly; and as the different sexes are placed by one another on paper or linen, they immediately engender. The female lays her eggs, which are carefully preserved;

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but neither she nor her mate takes any nourishment, and in eight or ten days after they quit the cocons, they generally die. The silk of these cocons cannot be wound, because the animals, in piercing through them, have destroyed the continuity of the filaments. It is, therefore, first boiled, and then picked and carded like wool; and being afterwards spun, is used in the coarser stuffs of the silk manufacture. The other cocons, which yield the best silk, are managed in a different manner. Before the inclosed worm has time to penetrate, the silk is reeled off with equal care and ingenuity. A handful of the cocons are thrown into a kettle of boiling water, which not only kills the animal, but dissolves the glutinous substance by which the fine filaments of the silk cohere or stick together, so that they are easily wound off without breaking. Six or seven of these small filaments being joined together, are passed over a kind of twisting iron, and fixed to the wheel, which one girl turns, while another, with her hands in the boiling water, disentangles the threads, joins them when they chance to break, and supplies fresh cocons with admirable dexterity and dispatch. There is a manufacture of this kind just without one of the gates of Nice, where forty or fifty of these wheels are worked together, and give employment for some weeks to double the number of young women. Those who manage the pods that float in the boiling water must be very alert, otherwise they will scald their fingers. The smell that comes from the boiling cocons is extremely offensive. Hard by the harbour, there is a very curious mill for twisting the silk, which goes by water. There is in the town of Nice a well regulated hospital for poor orphans of both sexes, where above one hundred of them are employed in dressing, dyeing, spinning, and weaving the silk. In the villages of Provence, you see the poor women in the streets spinning raw silk upon distaves; but here the same instrument is only used for spinning hemp and flax; which last, however, is not of the growth of Nice.—But, lest I should spin this letter to a tedious length, I will now wind up my bottom, and bid you heartily farewel.

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LETTER XXIII.

SIR, *Nice, December* 19, 1764.

In my last I gave you a succinct account of the silk worm, and the management of that curious insect in this country. I shall now proceed to describe the methods of making wine and oil.

The vintage begins in September. The grapes being chosen and carefully picked, are put into a large vat, where they are pressed by a man's naked feet, and the juices drawn off by a cock below. When no more is procured by this operation, the bruised grapes are put into the press, and yield still more liquor. The juice obtained by this double pressure being put in casks, with their bungs open, begins to ferment and discharge its impurities at the openings. The waste occasioned by this discharge is constantly supplied with fresh wine; so that the casks are always full. The fermentation continues for twelve, fifteen, or twenty days, according to the strength and vigour of the grape. In about a month the wine is fit for drinking. When the grapes are of a bad meagre kind, the wine-dealers mix the juice with pigeon's dung or quicklime, in order to give it a spirit which nature has denied; but this is a very mischievous adulteration.

The process for making oil is equally simple. The best olives are those that grow wild; but the quantity of them is very inconsiderable. Olives begin to ripen and drop in the beginning of November; but some remain on the trees till February, and even till April, and these are accounted the most valuable. When the olives are gathered, they must be manufactured immediately, before they fade and grow wrinkled, otherwise they will produce bad oil. They are first of all ground into a paste by a millstone set edge-ways in a circular stone trough, and turned by water. This paste is put into circular cases made of grass woven, having a round hole at top and bottom; when filled, they resemble in shape our Cheshire cheeses. A number of these, placed

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one upon another, are put in a press, and being squeezed, the oil, with all its impurities, runs into a receptacle below, fixed in the ground. From hence it is laded into a wooden vat, half filled with water. The sordes or dirt falls to the bottom; the oil swims a-top; and being skimmed off, is barrelled up in small oblong casks. What remains in the vat is thrown into a large stone cistern with water, and after being often stirred, and standing twelve or fourteen days, yields a coarser oil used for lamps and manufactures. After these processes, they extract an oil still more coarse and fetid from the refuse of the whole. Sometimes, in order to make the olives grind the more easily into a paste, and part with more oil, they are mixed with a little hot water; but the oil thus procured is apt to grow rancid. The very finest, called virgin oil, is made chiefly of green olives, and sold at a very high price, because a great quantity is required to produce a very little oil. Even the stuff that is left after all these operations, consisting of the dried pulp, is sold for fuel, and used in *brasieres*, for warming apartments which have no chimney.

I have now specified all the manufactures of Nice which are worth mentioning. True it is, there is some coarse paper made in this neighbourhood; there are also people here who dress skins and make leather for the use of the inhabitants; but this business is very ill performed. The gloves and shoes are generally rotten as they come from the hands of the maker. Carpenters, joiners, and blacksmiths work, is very coarsely and clumsily done. There are no chairs to be had at Nice, but crazy things made of a few sticks, with rush bottoms, which are sold for twelve livres a dozen. Nothing can be more contemptible than the hardware made in this place; such as knives, scissars, and candle-snuffers. All utensils in brass and copper are very ill made and finished. The silversmiths make nothing but spoons, forks, paltry rings, and crosses for the necks of the women.

The houses are built of a ragged stone dug from the mountains, and the interstices are filled with rubble; so that

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the walls would appear very ugly, if they were not covered with plaster, which has a good effect. They generally consist of three stories, and are covered with tiles. The apartments of the better sort are large and lofty, the floors paved with brick, the roof covered with a thick coat of stucco, and the walls white-washed. People of distinction hang their chambers with damask, striped silk, painted cloths, tapestry, or printed linen. All the doors, as well as the windows, consist of folding leaves. As there is no wainscot in the rooms, which are divided by stone partitions, and the floors and ceiling are covered with brick and stucco, fires are of much less dreadful consequences here than in our country. Wainscot would afford harbour for bugs; besides, white walls have a better effect in this hot climate. The beds commonly used in this place, and all over Italy, consist of a *pailasse*, with one or two matresses, laid upon planks, supported by two wooden benches. Instead of curtains, there is a *couviniere*, or mosquito net, made of a kind of gauze, that opens and contracts occasionally, and incloses the place where you lie; persons of condition, however, have also bed-steads and curtains; but these last are never used in the summer.

In these countries people of all ranks dine exactly at noon; and this is the time I seize in winter for making my daily tour of the streets and ramparts, which, at all other hours of the day, are crowded with men, women, children, and beasts of burden. The rampart is the common road for carriages of all kinds. I think there are two private coaches in Nice, besides that of the commandant; but there are sedan chairs, which may be had at a reasonable rate. When I bathed in the summer, I paid thirty sols, equal to eighteen pence, for being carried to and from the bathing place, which was a mile from my own house. Now I am speaking of bathing, it may not be amiss to inform you, that, though there is a fine open beach, extending several miles to the westward of Nice, those who cannot swim ought to bathe with great precaution, as the sea is very deep, and the descent very abrupt, from within a yard or two of the

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water's edge. The people here were much surprised when I began to bathe in the beginning of May. They thought it very strange that a man, seemingly consumptive, should plunge into the sea, especially when the weather was so cold; and some of the doctors prognosticated immediate death. But when it was perceived that I grew better in consequence of the bath, some of the Swiss officers tried the same experiment, and, in a few days, our example was followed by several inhabitants of Nice. There is, however, no convenience for this operation, from the benefit of which the fair sex must be entirely excluded, unless they lay aside all regard to decorum; for the shore is always lined with fishing boats, and crowded with people. If a lady should be at the expense of having a tent pitched on the beach, where she might put on and off her bathing dress, she could not pretend to go into the sea, without proper attendants; nor could she possibly plunge headlong into the water, which is the most effectual and least dangerous way of bathing. All that she can do is, to have the sea-water brought into her house, and make use of a bathing-tub, which may be made according to her own or physician's direction.

What further I have to say of this climate and country, you shall have in my next; and then you will be released from a subject, which I am afraid has been but too circumstantially handled by, Sir, your very humble servant.

LETTER XXIV.

DEAR SIR, *Nice, January 4, 1765.*

The constitution of this climate may be pretty well ascertained from the inclosed register of the weather, which I kept with all possible care and attention. From a perusal of it you will see there is less wind and rain at Nice than in any other part of the world that I know; and such is the serenity of the air, that you see nothing above your head for several months together, but a charming blue expanse, without cloud or speck. Whatever clouds may be formed by evaporation from the sea, they seldom or never hover over this small territory; but, in all probability, are at-

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tracted by the mountains that surround it, and there fall in rain or snow; as for those that gather from other quarters, I suppose their progress hitherward is obstructed by those very Alps which rise one over another, to an extent of many leagues. This air being dry, pure, heavy, and elastic, must be agreeable to the constitution of those who labour under disorders arising from weak nerves, obstructed perspiration, relaxed fibres, a viscidity of lymph, and a languid circulation. In other respects, it encourages the scurvy, the atmosphere being undoubtedly impregnated with sea salt. Ever since my arrival at Nice, I have had a scorbutical eruption on my right hand, which diminishes and increases according to the state of my health. One day last summer, when there was a strong breeze from the sea, the surface of our bodies was covered with a salt brine, very perceptible to the taste; my gums, as well as those of another person in my family, began to swell, and grow painful, though this had never happened before; and I was seized with violent pains in the joints of my knees. I was then at a country-house fronting the sea, and particularly exposed to the marine air. The swelling of our gums subsided as the wind fell; but what was very remarkable, the scurvy spot on my hand disappeared, and did not return for a whole month. It is affirmed, that sea-salt will dissolve and render the blood so fluid, that it will exude through the coats of the vessels. Perhaps the sea-scurvy is a partial dissolution of it, by that mineral absorbed from the air by the lymphatics on the surface of the body, and by those of the lungs in respiration. Certain it is, in the last stages of the sea-scurvy the blood often bursts from the pores; and this phenomenon is imputed to a high degree of putrefaction; sure enough it is attended with putrefaction. We know that a certain quantity of salt is required to preserve the animal juices from growing putrid; but how a greater quantity should produce putrefaction, I leave to wiser heads to explain. Many people here have scorbutical complaints, though their teeth are not effected. They are subject to eruptions on the skin, putrid gums, pains in the bones,

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lassitude, indigestion, and low spirits; but the reigning distemper is a *marasmus*, or consumption, which proceeds gradually, without any pulmonary complaint, the complexion growing more and more florid, till the very last scene of the tragedy. This I would impute to the effects of a very dry, saline atmosphere, upon a thin habit, in which there is an extraordinary waste by perspiration. The air is remarkably salt in this district, because the mountains that hem it in prevent its communication with the circumambient atmosphere, in which the saline particles would otherwise be diffused; and there is no rain nor dew to precipitate or dissolve them. Such an air as I have described should have no bad effect upon a moist phlegmatic constitution, such as mine; and yet it must be owned, I have been visibly wasting since I came hither, though this decay I considered as the progress of the *tabes* which began in England. But the air of Nice has had a still more sensible effect upon Mr Sc——z, who laboured under nervous complaints to such a degree, that life was a burden to him. He had also a fixed pain in his breast, for which complaint he had formerly tried the air of Naples, where he resided some considerable time, and in a great measure recovered; but this returning with weakness, faintness, low spirits, and entire loss of appetite, he was advised to come hither; and the success of his journey has greatly exceeded his expectation. Though the weather has been remarkably bad for this climate, he has enjoyed perfect health. Since he arrived at Nice, the pain in his breast vanished; he eats heartily, sleeps well, is in high spirits, and so strong, that he is never off his legs in the day-time. He can walk to the Var, and back again, before dinner; and he has climbed to the tops of all the mountains in this neighbourhood. I never saw before such sudden and happy effects from the change of air. I must also acknowledge, that ever since my arrival at Nice, I have breathed more freely than I had done for some years, and my spirits have been more alert. The father of my *œconome*, who was a dancing-master, had been so afflicted with an atshmatic disorder, that he could not live in France,

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Spain, or Italy; but found the air of Nice so agreeable to his lungs, that he was enabled to exercise his profession for above twenty years, and died last spring turned of seventy. Another advantage I have reaped from this climate, is my being, in a great measure, delivered from a slow fever which used to hang about me, and render life a burden. Neither am I so apt to catch cold as I used to be in England and France; and the colds I do catch are not of the same continuance and consequence, as those to which I was formerly subject. The air of Nice is so dry, that in summer, and even in winter, except in wet weather, you may pass the evening, and indeed the whole night, *sub dio*, without feeling the least dew or moisture; and as for fogs, they are never seen in this district. In summer, the air is cooled by a regular sea-breeze blowing from the east, like that of the West Indies. It begins in the forenoon, and increases with the heat of the day. It dies away about six or seven; and immediately after sun-set, is succeeded by an agreeable land-breeze from the mountains. The sea-breeze from the eastward, however, is not so constant here as in the West Indies, between the tropics, because the sun, which produces it, is not so powerful. This country lies nearer the region of variable winds, and is surrounded by mountains, capes, and straits, which often influence the constitution and current of the air. About the winter solstice, the people of Nice expect wind and rain, which generally lasts, with intervals, till the beginning of February: but even during this, their worst weather, the sun breaks out occasionally, and you may take the air either a-foot or on horseback every day; for the moisture is immediately absorbed by the earth, which is naturally dry. They likewise lay their account with being visited by showers of rain and gusts of wind in April. A week's rain in the middle of August makes them happy. It not only refreshes the parched ground, and plumps up the grapes and other fruit, but it cools the air and assuages the heats, which then begin to grow very troublesome; but the rainy season is about the autumnal equinox, or rather something later. It continues about

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twelve days or a fortnight, and is extremely welcome to the natives of this country. This rainy season is often delayed till the latter end of November, and sometimes till the month of December: in which case, the rest of the winter is generally dry. The heavy rains in this country generally come with a south-west wind, which was the *creberque procellis Africus* of the ancients. It is here called *lebeche*, a corruption of *Lybicus*: it generally blows high for a day or two, and rolls the Mediterranean before it in huge waves, that often enter the town of Nice. It likewise drives before it all the clouds which had been formed above the surface of the Mediterranean. These being expended in rain, fair weather naturally ensues. For this reason, the Nissards observe *le Lebeche raccommode le tems*. During the rains of this season, however, the winds have been variable. From the sixteenth of November till the fourth of January, we have had two-and-twenty days of heavy rain: a very extraordinary visitation in this country: but the seasons seem to be more irregular than formerly, all over Europe. In the month of July, the mercury in Fahrenheit's thermometer rose to eighty-four at Rome, the highest degree at which it was ever known in that country; and the very next day the Sabine mountains were covered with snow. The same phenomenon happened on the eleventh of August, and the thirtieth of September. The consequence of these sudden variations of weather was this: putrid fevers were less frequent than usual; but the sudden check of perspiration, from the cold, produced colds, inflammatory sore throats, and the rheumatism. I know instances of some English valetudinarians, who have passed the winter at Aix, on the supposition that there was little or no difference between that air and the climate of Nice: but this is a very great mistake, which may be attended with fatal consequences. Aix is altogether exposed to the north and north-west winds, which blow as cold in Provence as ever I felt them on the mountains of Scotland: whereas Nice is altogether screened from these winds by the Maritime Alps, which form an amphitheatre to the land-side around this little territory:

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but another incontestible proof of the mildness of this climate is deduced from the oranges, lemons, citrons, roses, narcissuses, july-flowers, and jonquilles, which ripen and blow in the middle of winter.

I have described the agreeable side of this climate; and now I will point out its inconveniences. In the winter, but especially in the spring, the sun is so hot, that one can hardly take exercise of any sort abroad, without being thrown into a breathing sweat; and the wind at this season is so cold and piercing, that it often produces a mischievous effect on the pores thus opened. If the heat rarefies the blood and juices, while the cold air constringes the fibres, and obstructs the perspiration, inflammatory disorders must ensue. Accordingly, the people are then subject to colds, pleurisies, peripneumonies, and ardent fevers. An old count advised me to stay within doors in March, *car alors les humeurs commencent a se remuer*. During the heats of summer, some few persons of gross habits have, in consequence of violent exercise and excess, been seized with putrid fevers, attended with exanthemata, erisypelatous, and miliary eruptions, which commonly prove fatal: but the people in general are healthy, even those that take very little exercise: a strong presumption in favour of the climate! As to medicine, I know nothing of the practice of the Nice physicians. Here are eleven in all; but four or five make shift to live by the profession. They receive, by way of fee, ten sols (an English six pence) a visit, and this but ill paid; so you may guess whether they are in a condition to support the dignity of physic; and whether any man of a liberal education would bury himself at Nice on such terms. I am acquainted with an Italian physician settled at Villa Franca, a very good sort of a man, who practises for a certain salary, raised by annual contribution among the better sort of people; and an allowance from the king for visiting the sick belonging to to the garrison and the galleys. The whole may amount to near thirty pounds.

Among the inconveniences of this climate, the vermin form no inconsiderable article. Vipers and snakes are found

in the mountains. Our gardens swarm with lizards, and there are some few scorpions; but as yet I have seen but one of this species. In summer, notwithstanding all the care and precautions we can take, we are pestered with incredible swarms of flies, fleas, and bugs; but the gnats, or *cousins*, are more intolerable than all the rest. In the day-time, it is impossible to keep the flies out of your mouth, nostrils, eyes, and ears. They crowd into your milk, tea, chocolate, soup, wine, and water; they soil your sugar, contaminate your victuals, and devour your fruit; they cover and defile your furniture, floors, ceilings, and indeed your whole body. As soon as candles are lighted, the *cousins* begin to buzz about your ears in myriads, and torment you with their stings; so that you have no rest nor respite till you get into bed, where you are secured by your musquito net. This inclosure is very disagreeable in hot weather, and very inconvenient to those, who, like me, are subject to a cough and spitting. It is moreover ineffectual; for some of those cursed insects insinuate themselves within it almost every night, and half a dozen of them are sufficient to disturb you till morning. This is a plague that continues all the year; but in summer it is intolerable. During this season likewise, the moths are so mischievous, that it requires the utmost care to preserve woollen cloths from being destroyed. From the month of May till the beginning of October, the heat is so violent that you cannnot stir abroad after six in the morning till eight at night, so that you are entirely deprived of the benefit of exercise. There is no shaded walk in or near the town; and there is neither coach nor chaise to hire, unless you travel post. Indeed, there is no road fit for any wheel-carriage but the common highway to the Var, in which you are scorched by the reflection of the sun from the sand and stones, and at the same time half stifled with dust. If you ride out in the cool of the evening, you will have the disadvantage of returning in the dark.

Among the demerits of Nice, I must also mention the water which is used in the city. It is drawn from wells; and for the most part so hard that it curdles with soap

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There are many fountains and streams in the neighbourhood that afford excellent water, which at no great charge might be conveyed into the town, so as to form conduits in all the public streets; but the inhabitants are either destitute of public spirit, or cannot afford the expense. I have a draw-well in my porch, and another in my garden, which supply tolerable water for culinary uses; but what we drink is fetched from a well belonging to a convent of Dominicans in this neighbourhood. Our linen is washed in the river Paglion; and when that is dry, in the brook called Limpia, which runs into the harbour.

In mentioning the water of this neighbourhood, I ought not to omit the baths of Rocabiliare, a small town among the mountains, about five-and-twenty miles from Nice. There are three sources, each warmer than the other; the warmest being nearly equal to the heat of the king's bath, at Bath in Somersetshire, as far as I can judge from information. I have perused a Latin manuscript which treats of these baths at Rocabiliare, written by the duke of Savoy's first physician, about sixty years ago. He talks much of the sulphur and the nitre which they contain; but I apprehend their efficacy is owing to the same volatile vitriolic principle which characterises the waters at Bath. They are attenuating and deobstruent, consequently of service in disorders arising from a languid circulation, a viscidity of the juices, a lax fibre, and obstructed viscera. The road from hence to Rocabiliare is in some parts very dangerous, lying along the brink of precipices, impassable to any other carriage but a mule. The town itself affords bad lodging and accommodation, and little or no society. The waters are at the distance of a mile and a half from the town: there are no baths nor shelter, nor any sort of convenience, for those that drink them; and the best part of their efficacy is lost unless they are drank at the fountain-head. If these objections were in some measure removed, I would advise valetudinarians who come hither for the benefit of this climate, to pass the heats of summer at Rocabiliare, which being situated among mountains, enjoys a cool temperate air all the

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summer. This would be a salutary respite from the salt air of Nice, to those who labour under scorbutical complaints; and they would return with fresh vigour and spirits, to pass the winter in this place, where no severity of weather is known. Last June, when I found myself so ill at my *cassine*, I had determined to go to Rocabiliare, and even to erect a hut at the spring for my own convenience. A gentleman of Nice undertook to procure me a tolerable lodging in the house of the *curé*, who was his relation. He assured me there was no want of fresh butter, good poultry, excellent veal, and delicate trout; and that the articles of living might be had at Rocabiliare for half the price we paid at Nice: but finding myself grow better immediately on my return from the *cassine* to my own house, I would not put myself to the trouble and expense of a further removal.

I think I have now communicated all the particulars relating to Nice that are worth knowing, and perhaps many more than you desire to know; but in such cases I would rather be thought prolix and unentertaining, than deficient in that regard and attention with which I am, very sincerely, your friend and servant.

LETTER XXV.

DEAR SIR, *Nice, January* 1, 1765.

IT was in deference to your opinion, reinforced by my own inclination, and the repeated advice of other friends, that I resolved upon my late excursion to Italy. I could plainly perceive, from the anxious solicitude and pressing exhortations contained in all the letters I had lately received from my correspondents in Britain, that you had all despaired of my recovery. You advised me to make a pilgrimage among the Alps, and the advice was good. In scrambling among those mountains, I should have benefited by the exercise, and at the same time have breathed a cool, pure, salubrious air, which, in all probability, would have expelled the slow fever arising in a great measure from the heat of this climate. But I wanted a companion and fellow-traveller, whose con-

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versation and society could alleviate the horrors of solitude. Besides, I was not strong enough to encounter the want of conveniences, and even of necessaries, to which I must have been exposed in the course of such an expedition. My worthy friend Dr A—— earnestly entreated me to try the effect of a sea-voyage, which you know has been of wonderful efficacy in consumptive cases. After some deliberation, I resolved upon the scheme, which I have now happily executed. I had a most eager curiosity to see the antiquities of Florence and Rome: I longed impatiently to view those wonderful edifices, statues, and pictures, which I had so often admired in prints and descriptions. I felt an enthusiastic ardour to tread that very classical ground which had been the scene of so many great achievements; and I could not bear the thought of returning to England from the very skirts of Italy, without having penetrated to the capital of that renowned country. With regard to my health, I knew I could manage matters so as to enjoy all the benefits that could be expected from the united energy of a voyage by sea, a journey by land, and a change of climate.

Rome is betwixt four and five hundred miles distant from Nice, and one half of the way I was resolved to travel by water. Indeed there is no other way of going from hence to Genoa, unless you take a mule, and clamber along the mountains at the rate of two miles an hour, and at the risk of breaking your neck every minute. The Appenine mountains, which are no other than a continuation of the Maritime Alps, form an almost continued precipice from Ville Franche to Lerici, which is almost forty-five miles on the other side of Genoa; and as they are generally washed by the sea, there is no beach or shore, consequently the road is carried along the face of the rocks, except at certain small intervals, which are occupied by towns and villages. But as there is a road for mules and foot-passengers, it might certainly be enlarged and improved so as to render it practicable by chaises and other wheel-carriages, and a toll might be exacted, which in a little time would defray the expense; for certainly no person who travels to Italy from England,

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Holland, France, or Spain, would make a troublesome circuit to pass the Alps by the way of Savoy and Piedmont, if he could have the convenience of going post by the way of Aix, Antibes, and Nice, along the side of the Mediterranean, and through the Riviera of Genoa, which from the sea affords the most agreeable and amazing prospect I ever beheld. What pity it is they cannot restore the celebrated *Via Aurelia*, mentioned in the Itinerarium of Antoninus, which extended from Rome by the way of Genoa, and through this country as far as Arles upon the Rhone. It was said to have been made by the emperor Marcus Aurelius; and some of the vestiges of it are still to be seen in Provence. The truth is, the nobility of Genoa, who are all merchants, from a low, selfish, and absurd policy, take all methods to keep their subjects of the Riviera in poverty and dependence. With this view, they carefully avoid all steps towards rendering that country accessible by land; and at the same time discourage their trade by sea, lest it should interfere with the commerce of their capital, in which they themselves are personally concerned.

Those who either will not or cannot bear the sea, and are equally averse to riding, may be carried in a common chair, provided with a foot-board, on men's shoulders: this is the way of travelling practised by the ladies of Nice in crossing the mountains to Turin; but it is very tedious and expensive, as the men must be often relieved.

The most agreeable carriage from hence to Genoa is a felucca, or open boat, rowed by ten or twelve stout mariners. Though none of these boats belong to Nice, they are to be found every day in our harbour waiting for a fare to Genoa; and they are seen passing and repassing continually, with merchandise or passengers, between Marseilles, Antibes, and the Genoese territories. A felucca is large enough to take in a post-chaise; and there is a tilt over the stern sheets, where the passengers sit, to protect them from the rain: between the seats one person may lie commodiously upon a matress, which is commonly supplied by the patron. A man in good health may put up with any thing; but I would advise every

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valetudinarian who travels this way, to provide his own chaise, matress, and bed-linen, otherwise he will pass his time very uncomfortably. If you go as a simple passenger in a felucca, you pay about a louis-d'or for your place, and you must be entirely under the direction of the patron, who, while he can bear the sea, will prosecute his voyage by night as well as by day, and expose you to many other inconveniences: but for eight sequins, or four louis-d'ors, you can have a whole felucca to yourself, from Nice to Genoa, and the master shall be obliged to put ashore every evening. If you would have it still more at your command, you may hire it at so much per day, and in that case go on shore as often, and stay as long, as you please. This is the method I should take were I to make the voyage again; for I am persuaded I should find it very near as cheap, and much more agreeable than any other.

The distance between this place and Genoa, when measured on the carte, does not exceed ninety miles; but the people of the feluccas insist upon its being one hundred and twenty. If they creep along shore round the bottoms of all the bays, this computation may be true; but, except when the sea is rough, they stretch directly from one head-land to another; and even when the wind is contrary, provided the gale is not fresh, they perform the voyage in two days and a half, by dint of rowing: when the wind is favourable, they will sail it easily in fourteen hours.

A man who has nothing but expedition in view, may go with the courier, who has always a light boat well manned, and will be glad to accommodate a traveller for a reasonable gratification. I know an English gentleman who always travels with the courier in Italy, both by sea and land. In posting by land, he is always sure of having part of a good calash, and the best horses that can be found; and as the expense of both is defrayed by the public, it costs him nothing but a present to his companion, which does not amount to one fourth part of the expense he would incur by travelling alone. These opportunities may be had every week in all the towns of Italy.

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For my own part, I hired a gondola from hence to Genoa. This is a boat smaller than a felucca, rowed by four men, and steered by the patron; but the price was nine zequins, rather more than I should have paid for a felucca of ten oars. I was assured, that, being very light, it would make great way; and the master was particularly recommended to me as an honest man and an able mariner. I was accompanied in this voyage by my wife and Miss C——, together with one Mr R——, a native of Nice, whom I treated with the jaunt, in hopes that, as he was acquainted with the customs of the country, and the different ways of travelling in it, he would save us much trouble and some expense; but I was much disappointed. Some persons at Nice offered to lay wagers that he would return by himself from Italy, but they were also disappointed.

We embarked in the beginning of September, attended by one servant. The heats, which render travelling dangerous in Italy, begin to abate at this season. The weather was extremely agreeable; and, if I had postponed my voyage a little longer, I foresaw that I should not be able to return before winter; in which case I might have found the sea too rough, and the weather too cold, for a voyage of one hundred and thirty-five miles in an open boat.

Having therefore provided myself with a proper pass, signed and sealed by our consul, as well as with letters of recommendation from him to the English consuls at Genoa and Leghorn, a precaution which I would advise all travellers to take, in case of meeting with accidents on the road, we went on board about ten in the morning, stopped about half an hour at a friend's country-house in the bay of St Hospice, and about noon entered the harbour of Monaco, where the patron was obliged to pay toll, according to the regulation which I have explained in a former letter. This small town, containing about eight or nine hundred souls, besides the garrison, is built on a rock, which projects into the sea, and makes a very romantic appearance. The prince's palace stands in the most conspicuous part, with a walk of trees before it. The apartments are elegantly furnished, and

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adorned with some good pictures. The fortifications are in good repair, and the place is garrisoned by two French battalions. The present prince of Monaco is a Frenchman, son of the duke de Matignon, who married the heiress of Monaco, whose name was Grimaldi. The harbour is well sheltered from the wind, but has not water sufficient to admit vessels of any great burden. Towards the north, the king of Sardinia's territories extend to within a mile of the gate; but the prince of Monaco can go upon his own ground along shore about five or six miles to the eastward, as far as Menton, another small town, which also belongs to him, and is situated on the sea-side. His revenues are computed at a million of French livres, amounting to something more than forty thousand pounds sterling: but the principality of Monaco, consisting of three small towns, and an inconsiderable tract of barren rock, is not worth above seven thousand a-year; the rest arises from his French estate. This consists partly of the duchy of Matignon, and partly of the duchy of Valentinois, which last was given to the ancestors of this prince of Monaco, in the year 1640, by the French king, to make up the loss of some lands in the kingdom of Naples, which were confiscated when he expelled the Spanish garrison from Monaco, and threw himself into the arms of France; so that he is duke of Valentinois as well as of Matignon, in that kingdom. He lives almost constantly in France, and has taken the name and arms of Grimaldi.

The Genoese territories begin at Ventimiglia, another town lying on the coast, at a distance of twenty miles from Nice; a circumstance from which it borrows the name. Having passed the towns of Monaco, Menton, Ventimiglia, and several other places of less consequence that lie along this coast, we turned the point of St Martin with a favourable breeze, and might have proceeded twenty miles further before night; but the women began to be sick, as well as afraid at the roughness of the water: Mr R—— was so discomposed, that he privately desired the patron to put ashore at St Remo, on pretence that we should not find a tolerable auberge in any other place between this and Noli, which

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was at the distance of forty miles. We accordingly landed, and were conducted to the poste, which our gondolier assured us was the best auberge in the whole Riviera of Genoa. We ascended by a dark, narrow, steep stair, into a kind of public room, with a long table and benches, so dirty and miserable, that it would disgrace the worst hedge ale-house in England. Not a soul appeared to receive us. This is a ceremony one must not expect to meet with in France, far less in Italy. Our patron, going into the kitchen, asked a servant if the company could have lodging in the house, and was answered,—'He could not tell; the patron was not at home.' When he desired to know where the patron was, the other answered,—'He was gone to take the air,' *E andato a passeggiare.* In the meantime, we were obliged to sit in the common room among watermen and muleteers. At length the landlord arrived, and gave us to understand that he could accommodate us with chambers. In that where I lay, there was just room for two beds, without curtains or bedstead, an old rotten table covered with dried figs, and a couple of crazy chairs. The walls had been once white-washed, but were now hung with cobwebs, and speckled with dirt of all sorts; and I believe the brick floor had not been swept for half a century. We supped in an outward room, suitable in all respects to the chamber, and fared villanously. The provision was very ill dressed, and served up in the most slovenly manner. You must not expect cleanliness or conveniency of any kind in this country. For this accommodation I paid as much as if I had been elegantly entertained in the best auberge of France or Italy.

Next day, the wind was so high that we could not prosecute our voyage, so that we were obliged to pass other four-and-twenty hours in this comfortable situation. Luckily Mr R—— found two acquaintances in the place; one a Franciscan monk, a jolly fellow; and the other a *maestro di capella*, who sent a spinet to the inn, and entertained us agreeably with his voice and performance, in both of which accomplishments he excelled. The padre was very good-humoured, and favoured us with a letter of recommendation

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to a friend of his, a professor in the university of Pisa. You would laugh to see the hyperbolical terms in which he mentioned your humble servant: but Italy is the native country of hyperbole.

St Remo is a pretty considerable town, well built, upon the declivity of a gently rising hill, and has a harbour capable of receiving small vessels, a good number of which are built upon the beach: but ships of any burden are obliged to anchor in the bay, which is far from being secure. The people of St Remo form a small republic, which is subject to Genoa. They enjoyed particular privileges, till the year 1755, when, in consequence of a new *gabelle* upon salt, they revolted: but this effort in behalf of liberty did not succeed. They were soon reduced by the Genoese, who deprived them of all their privileges, and built a fort by the sea-side, which serves the double purpose of defending the harbour and overawing the town. The garrison at present does not exceed two hundred men. The inhabitants are said to have lately sent a deputation to Ratisbon, to crave the protection of the diet of the empire. There is very little plain ground in this neighbourhood; but the hills are covered with oranges, lemons, pomegranates, and olives, which produce a considerable traffic in fine fruit and excellent oil. The women of St Remo are much more handsome and better tempered than those of Provence. They have in general good eyes, with open ingenuous countenances. Their dress, though remarkable, I cannot describe; but, upon the whole, they put me in mind of some portraits I have seen representing the females of Georgia and Mingrelia

On the third day, the wind being abated, though still unfavourable, we re-embarked and rowed along the shore, passing by Porto Mauricio and Oneglia; then turning the promontory called Capo di Melle, we proceeded by Albenga, Finale, and many other places of inferior note. Porto Mauricio is seated on a rock washed by the sea, but indifferently fortified, with an inconsiderable harbour, which none but very small vessels can enter. About two miles to the

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eastward is Oneglia, a small town with some fortifications, lying along the open beach, and belonging to the king of Sardinia. This small territory abounds with olive trees, which produce a considerable quantity of oil, counted the best of the whole Riviera. Albenga is a small town, the see of a bishop, suffragan to the archbishop of Genoa. It lies upon the sea, and the county produces a great quantity of hemp. Finale is the capital of a marquisate belonging to the Genoese, which has been the source of much trouble to the republic, and indeed was the sole cause of their rupture with the king of Sardinia and the house of Austria in the year 1745. The town is pretty well built; but the harbour is shallow, open, and unsafe: nevertheless, they build a good number of tartans and other vessels on the beach; and the neighbouring country abounds with oil and fruit, particularly with those excellent apples called *pomi carli*, which I have mentioned in a former letter.

In the evening we reached the Capo di Noli, counted very dangerous in blowing weather. It is a very high perpendicular rock or mountain, washed by the sea, which has eaten into it in divers places, so as to form a great number of caverns. It extends about a couple of miles, and in some parts is indented into little creeks or bays, where there is a narrow margin of sandy beach between it and the water. When the wind is high, no felucca will attempt to pass it: even in a moderate breeze, the waves dashing against the rocks and caverns, which echo with the sound, make such an awful noise, and, at the same time, occasion such a rough sea, as one cannot hear, and see, and feel, without a secret horror.

On this side of the cape there is a beautiful strand cultivated like a garden; the plantations extend to the very tops of the hills, interspersed with villages, castles, churches, and villas. Indeed the whole Riviera is ornamented in the same manner, except in such places as admit of no building nor cultivation.

Having passed the cape, we followed the winding of the coast into a small bay, and arrived at the town of Noli,

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where we proposed to pass the night. You will be surprised that we did not go ashore sooner, in order to take some refreshment; but the truth is, we had a provision of ham, tongues, roasted pullets, cheese, bread, wine, and fruit, in the felucca, where we every day enjoyed a slight repast, about one or two o'clock in the afternoon. This I mention as a necessary piece of information to those who may be inclined to follow the same route. We likewise found it convenient to lay in store of *l'eau de vie*, or brandy, for the use of the rowers, who always expect to share your comforts. On a meagre day, however, these ragamuffins will rather die of hunger than suffer the least morsel of flesh meat to enter their mouths. I have frequently tried the experiment, by pressing them to eat something *gras* on a Friday or Saturday; but they always declined it with marks of abhorrence, crying, *Dio me ne libere!* God deliver me from it! or some other words to that effect. I moreover observed, that not one of those fellows ever swore an oath, or spoke an indecent word. They would by no means put to sea of a morning before they heard mass; and when the wind was unfavourable, they always set out with a hymn to the blessed Virgin, or St Elmo, keeping time with their oars as they sung. I have, indeed, remarked all over this country, that a man who transgresses the institutions of the church in these small matters is much more infamous than one who has committed the most flagrant crimes against nature and morality. A murderer, adulterer, or s———te, will obtain easy absolution from the church, and even find favour with society; but a man who eats a pigeon on a Saturday, without express licence, is avoided and abhorred as a monster of reprobation. I have conversed with several intelligent persons on the subject, and have reason to believe, that a delinquent of this sort is considered as a lukewarm catholic, little better than a heretic; and, of all crimes, they look upon heresy as the most damnable.

Noli is a small republic of fishermen subject to Genoa, but very tenacious of their privileges. The town stands on the beach, tolerably well-built, defended by a castle situated

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on a rock above it; and the harbour is of little consequence. The auberge was such as made us regret even the inn we had left at St Remo. After a very odd kind of supper, which I cannot pretend to describe, we retired to our repose; but I had not been in bed five minutes, when I felt something crawling on different parts of my body, and, taking a light to examine, perceived above a dozen of large bugs. You must know I have the same kind of antipathy to these vermin that some persons have to a cat or breast of veal. I started up immediately, and, wrapping myself in a great coat, sick as I was, laid down in the outer room upon a chest, where I continued till morning.

One would imagine that in a mountainous country like this there should be plenty of goats; and indeed we saw many flocks of them feeding among the rocks, yet we could not procure half a pint of milk for our tea, if we had given the weight of it in gold. The people here have no idea of using milk, and when you ask them for it, they stand gaping with a foolish face of surprise, which is exceedingly provoking. It is amazing that instinct does not teach the peasants to feed their children with goat's milk, so much more nourishing and agreeable than the wretched sustenance on which they live. Next day we rowed by Vado and Savona, which last is a large town, with a strong citadel, and a harbour, which was formerly capable of receiving large ships; but it fell a sacrifice to the jealousy of the Genoese, who have partly choked it up, on pretence that it should not afford shelter to the ships of war belonging to those states which might be at enmity with the republic.

Then we passed Albisola, Sestri di Ponente, Novi, Voltri, and a great number of villages, villas, and magnificent palaces belonging to the Genoese nobility, which form almost a continued chain of buildings along the strand for thirty miles.

About five in the afternoon, we skirted the fine suburbs of St Petro D'Arena, and arrived at Genoa, which makes a dazzling appearance when viewed from the sea, arising, like an amphitheatre, in a circular form, from the water's edge,

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a considerable way up the mountains, and surrounded on the land-side by a double wall, the most exterior of which is said to extend fifteen miles in circuit. The first object that strikes your eye at a distance is a very elegant pharos, or light-house, built on the projection of a rock on the west side of the harbour, so very high, that in a clear day, you may see it at the distance of thirty miles. Turning the light-house point, you find yourself close to the mole which forms the harbour of Genoa. It is built at a great expense from each side of the bay, so as to form in the sea two long magnificent jettés, which, if continued, would meet. At the extremity of each is another smaller lanthorn. These moles are both provided with brass cannon, and between them is the entrance into the harbour. But this is still so wide as to admit a great sea, which, when the wind blows hard from south and south-west, is very troublesome to the shipping. Within the mole there is a smaller harbour or wet dock, called *Darsena*, for the galleys of the republic. We passed through a considerable number of ships and vessels lying at anchor, and, landing at the water-gate, repaired to an inn called *La Croix de Malthe*, in the neighbourhood of the harbour; here we met with such good entertainment as prepossessed us in favour of the interior parts of Italy, and contributed with other motives to detain us some days in this city. But I have detained you so long, that I believe you wish I may proceed no farther; and therefore I take my leave for the present, being, very sincerely, yours.

LETTER XXVI.

DEAR SIR, *Nice, January 15, 1765.*

IT is not without reason that Genoa is called *La Superba*. The city itself is very stately; and the nobles are very proud. Some few of them may be proud of their wealth; but, in general, their fortunes are very small. My friend Mr R—— assured me that many Genoese noblemen had fortunes of half a million of livres per annum; but the truth is, the whole revenue of the state does not exceed this sum; and the livre of Genoa is but about nine pence sterling. There are

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about half a dozen of their nobles who have ten thousand a year; but the majority have not above a twentieth part of that sum. They live with great parsimony in their families, and wear nothing but black in public; so that their expenses are but small. If a Genoese nobleman gives an entertainment once a quarter, he is said to live upon the fragments all the rest of the year. I was told that one of them lately treated his friends, and left the entertainment to the care of his son, who ordered a dish of fish that cost a zechine, which is equal to about ten shillings sterling. The old gentleman no sooner saw it appear on the table, than, unable to suppress his concern, he burst into tears, and exclaimed, *Ah Figliuolo indegno! Siamo in Rovina! Siamo in precipizio!*

I think the pride or ostentation of the Italians in general takes a more laudable turn than that of other nations. A Frenchman lays out his whole revenue upon tawdry suits of clothes, or in furnishing a magnificent *repas* of fifty or an hundred dishes, one half of which are not eatable, nor intended to be eaten. His wardrobe goes to the *fripier*, his dishes to the dogs, and himself to the devil, and, after his decease, no vestige of him remains. A Genoese, on the other hand, keeps himself and his family at short allowance, that he may save money to build palaces and churches, which remain to after ages so many monuments of his taste, piety, and magnificence; and, in the meantime, give employment and bread to the poor and industrious. There are some Genoese nobles who have each five or six elegant palaces, magnificently furnished, either in the city, or in different parts of the Riviera. The two streets called *Strada Balbi* and *Strada Nuova*, are continued double ranges of palaces adorned with gardens and fountains; but their being painted on the outside has, in my opinion, a poor effect.

The commerce of this city is at present not very considerable; yet it has the face of business. The streets are crowded with people; the shops are well furnished; and the markets abound with all sorts of excellent provision. The wine made in this neighbourhood is, however, very indiffer-

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ent; and all that is consumed must be bought at the public *cantiere*, where it is sold for the benefit of the state. Their bread is the whitest and the best I have tasted anywhere; and the beef, which they have from Piedmont, is juicy and delicious. The expense of eating in Italy is nearly the same as in France, about three shillings a head for every meal. The state of Genoa is very poor, and their bank of St George has received such rude shocks, first from the revolt of the Corsicans, and afterwards from the misfortunes of the city, when it was taken by the Austrians in the war of 1745, that it still continues to languish, without any near prospect of its credit being restored. Nothing shows the weakness of their state more than their having recourse to the assistance of France to put a stop to the progress of Paoli in Corsica; for, after all that has been said of the gallantry and courage of Paoli and his islanders, I am very credibly informed, that they might be very easily suppressed, if the Genoese had either vigour in the council or resolution in the field.

True it is, they made a noble effort in expelling the Austrians, who had taken possession of their city; but this effort was the effect of oppression and despair; and, if I may believe the insinuation of some politicians in this part of the world, the Genoese would not have succeeded in that attempt, if they had not previously purchased, with a large sum of money, the connivance of the only person who could defeat the enterprise. For my own part, I can scarce entertain thoughts so prejudicial to the character of human nature, as to suppose a man capable of sacrificing, to such a consideration, the duty he owed his prince, as well as all regard to the lives of his soldiers, even those who lay sick in hospitals, and who, being dragged forth, were miserably butchered by the furious populace. There is one more presumption of his innocence, he still retains the favour of his sovereign, who could not well be supposed to share in the booty. 'There are mysteries in politics which were never dreamed of in our philosophy, Horatio!' The possession of Genoa might have proved a troublesome bone of contention, which it might be convenient to lose by accident. Certain

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it is, when the Austrians returned after their expulsion, in order to retake the city, the engineer being questioned by the general, declared he would take the place in fifteen days, on pain of losing his head; and in four days after this declaration, the Austrians retired. This anecdote I learned from a worthy gentleman of this country, who had it from the engineer's own mouth. Perhaps it was the will of Heaven. You see how favourably Providence has interposed in behalf of the reigning empress of Russia, first in removing her husband; secondly, in ordaining the assassination of Prince Ivan, for which the perpetrators have been so liberally rewarded; it even seems determined to shorten the life of her own son, the only surviving rival from whom she had any thing to fear.

The Genoese have now thrown themselves into the arms of France for protection: I know not whether it would not have been a mark of greater sagacity to cultivate the friendship of England, with which they carry on an advantageous commerce. While the English are masters of the Mediterranean, they will always have it in their power to do incredible damage all along the Riviera, to ruin the Genoese trade by sea, and even to annoy the capital; for notwithstanding all the pains they have taken to fortify the mole and the city, I am greatly deceived if it is not still exposed to the danger, not only of a bombardment, but even of a cannonade. I am even sanguine enough to think a resolute commander might, with a strong squadron, sail directly into the harbour, without sustaining much damage, notwithstanding all the cannon of the place, which are said to amount to near five hundred. I have seen a cannonade of above four hundred pieces of artillery, besides bombs and cohorns, maintained for many hours, without doing much mischief.

During the last siege of Genoa, the French auxiliaries were obliged to wait at Monaco, until a gale of wind had driven the English squadron off the coast, and then they went along shore in small vessels, at the imminent risk of being taken by the British cruisers. By land I apprehend their march would be altogether impracticable, if the king of Sardinia

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had any interest to oppose it. He might either guard the passes or break up the road in twenty different places, so as to render it altogether impassable. Here it may not be amiss to observe, that when Don Philip advanced from Nice with his army to Genoa, he was obliged to march so close to the shore, that, in above fifty different places, the English ships might have rendered the road altogether impassable. The path, which runs generally along the face of a precipice washed by the sea, is so narrow that two men on horseback can hardly pass each other; and the road itself is so rugged, slippery, and dangerous, that the troopers were obliged to dismount, and lead their horses one by one. On the other hand, baron de Leutrum, who was at the head of a large body of Piedmontese troops, had it in his power to block up the passes of the mountains, and even to destroy this road in such a manner, that the enemy could not possibly advance. Why these precautions were not taken I do not pretend to explain: neither can I tell you wherefore the prince of Monaco, who is a subject and partizan of France, was indulged with a neutrality for his town, which served as a refreshing place, a safe port, and an intermediate post for the French succours sent from Marseilles to Genoa. This I will only venture to affirm, that the success and advantage of great alliances are often sacrificed to low, partial, selfish, and sordid considerations. The town of Monaco is commanded by every height in its neighbourhood; and might be laid in ashes by a bomb-ketch in four hours by sea.

I was fortunate enough to be recommended to a lady in Genoa, who treated us with great politeness and hospitality. She introduced me to an *abbate*, a man of letters, whose conversation was extremely agreeable. He already knew me by reputation, and offered to make me known to some of the first persons in the republic, with whom he lived in intimacy. The lady is one of the most intelligent and best-bred persons I have known in any country. We assisted at her conversazione, which was numerous. She pressed us to pass the winter at Genoa; and indeed I was almost persuaded: but

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I had attachments at Nice from which I could not easily disengage myself.

The few days we staid at Genoa were employed in visiting the most remarkable churches and palaces. In some of the churches, particularly that of the *Annunciata*, I found a profusion of ornaments, which had more magnificence than taste. There is a great number of pictures; but very few of them are capital pieces. I had heard much of the *Ponte Carignano*, which did not at all answer my expectation. It is a bridge that unites two eminences, which form the higher part of the city, and the houses in the bottom below do not rise so high as the springing of its arches. There is nothing at all curious in its construction, nor any way remarkable, except the height of the piers from which the arches are sprung. Hard by the bridge there is an elegant church, from the top of which you have a very rich and extensive prospect of the city, the sea, and the adjacent country, which looks like a continent of groves and villas. The only remarkable circumstance about the cathedral, which is Gothic and gloomy, is the chapel where the pretended bones of John the Baptist are deposited, and in which thirty silver lamps are continually burning. I had a curiosity to see the palaces of Durazzo and Doria; but it required more trouble to procure admission than I was willing to give myself: as for the arsenal, and the rostrum of an ancient galley which was found by accident in dragging the harbour, I postponed seeing them till my return.

Having here provided myself with letters of credit for Florence and Rome, I hired the same boat which had brought us hither, to carry us forward to Lerici, which is a small town about half way between Genoa and Leghorn, where travellers, who are tired of the sea, take post-chaises to continue their route by land to Pisa and Florence. I paid three louis-d'ors for this voyage of about fifty miles, though I might have had a felucca for less money. When you land on the wharf at Genoa, you are plied by the felucca men, just as you are plied by the watermen at Hungerford-stairs in London. They are always ready to set off at a minute's

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warning for Lerici, Leghorn, Nice, Antibes, Marseilles, and every part of the Riviera.

The wind being still unfavourable, though the weather was delightful, we rowed along shore, passing by several pretty towns, villages, and a vast number of *cassines*, or little white houses, scattered among woods of olive trees that cover the hills; and these are the habitations of the velvet and damask weavers. Turning Capo Fino, we entered a bay, where stand the towns of Porto Fino, Lavagna, and Sestri di Levante, at which last we took up our night's lodging. The house was tolerable, and we had no great reason to complain of the beds; but the weather being hot, there was a very offensive smell, which proceeded from some skins of beasts new killed, that were spread to dry on an out-house in the yard. Our landlord was a butcher, and had very much the looks of an assassin. His wife was a great masculine virago, who had all the air of having frequented the slaughter-house. Instead of being welcomed with looks of complaisance, we were admitted with a sort of gloomy condescension, which seemed to say,—'We don't much like your company; but, however, you shall have a night's lodging in favour of the *patron of the gondola*, who is our acquaintance.' In short, we had a very bad supper, miserably dressed, passed a very disagreeable night, and paid a very extravagant bill in the morning, without being thanked for our custom. I was very glad to get out of the house with my throat uncut.

Sestri di Levante is a little town pleasantly situated on the sea-side, but has not the conveniency of a harbour. The fish taken here is mostly carried to Genoa. This is likewise the market for their oil, and the paste called *macaroni*, of which they make a good quantity.

Next day we skirted a very baren coast, consisting of almost perpendicular rocks, on the faces of which, however, we saw many peasants houses and hanging terraces for vines, made by dint of incredible labour. In the afternoon, we entered by the Porto di Venere into the bay or gulf of Spetia, or Spezza, which was the Portus Lunæ of the ancients.

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This bay, at the mouth of which lies the island Palmaria, forms a most noble and secure harbour, capacious enough to contain all the navies in Christendom. The entrance on one side is defended by a small fort built above the town of Porto Venere, which is a very poor place. Farther in there is a battery of about twenty guns; and on the right hand, opposite to Porto Venere, is a block-house, founded on a rock in the sea. At the bottom of the bay is the town of Spetia on the left, and on the right that of Lerici, defended by a castle of very little strength or consequence. The whole bay is surrounded with plantations of olives and oranges, and makes a very delightful appearance. In case of a war, this would be an admirable station for a British squadron, as it lies so near Genoa and Leghorn, and has a double entrance, by means of which the cruisers could sail in and out continually, which way soever the wind might chance to sit. I am sure the fortifications would give very little disturbance.

At the post-house in Lerici the accommodation is intolerable. We were almost poisoned at supper. I found the place where I was to lie so close and confined, that I could not breathe in it, and therefore lay all night in an outward room upon four chairs, with a leathern portmanteau for my pillow. For this entertainment I paid very near a louis-d'or. Such bad accommodation is the less excusable, as the fellow has a great deal of business, this being a great thoroughfare for travellers going into Italy, or returning from thence.

I might have saved some money by prosecuting my voyage directly by sea to Leghorn; but by this time we were all heartily tired of the water: the business then was to travel by land to Florence by the way of Pisa, which is seven posts distant from Lerici. Those who have not their own carriage, must either hire chaises to perform the whole journey, or travel by way of *cambiatura*, which is that of changing the chaises at every post, as the custom is in England. In this case the great inconvenience arises from your being obliged to shift your baggage every post. The chaise or *calesse* of this country is a wretched machine with two

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wheels, as uneasy as a common cart, being indeed no other than what we should call in England a very ill contrived one-horse chair, narrow, naked, shattered, and shabby. For this vehicle and two horses you pay at the rate of eight *paoli* a stage, or four shillings sterling; and the postilion expects two *paoli* for his gratification: so that every eight miles cost about five shillings, and four only if you travel in your own carriage, as in that case you pay no more than at the rate of three *paoli* a horse.

About three miles from Lerici we crossed the Magra, which appeared as a rivulet almost dry, and in half a mile farther arrived at Sarzana, a small town at the extremity of the Genoese territories, where we changed horses; then entering the principalities of Massa and Carrara, belonging to the duke of Modena, we passed Lavenza, which seems to be a decayed town with a small garrison, and dined at Massa, which is an agreeable little town, where the old duchess of Modena resides. Notwithstanding all the expedition we could make, it was dark before we passed the Cerchio, which is an inconsiderable stream in the neighbourhood of Pisa, where we arrived about eight in the evening.

The country from Sarzana to the frontiers of Tuscany is a narrow plain, bounded on the right by the sea, and on the left by the Appenine mountains. It is well cultivated and inclosed, consisting of meadow ground, corn fields, plantations of olives; and the trees that form the hedge-rows serve as so many props to the vines, which are twisted round them, and continued from one to another. After entering the dominions of Tuscany, we travelled through a noble forest of oak trees of a considerable extent, which would have appeared much more agreeable had we not been benighted and apprehensive of robbers. The last post but one in this day's journey is at the little town of Spirito Santo, a kind of seaport on the Mediterranean. The roads are indifferent, and the accommodation is execrable. I was glad to find myself housed in a very good inn at Pisa, where I promised myself a good night's rest, and was not disappointed. I heartily wish you the same pleasure, and am very sincerely yours.

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LETTER XXVII.

DEAR SIR, *Nice, January 28, 1765.*

PISA is a fine old city, that strikes you with the same veneration you would feel at sight of an ancient temple, which bears the marks of decay without being absolutely dilapidated. The houses are well built; the streets open, straight, and well paved; the shops well furnished; and the markets well supplied. There are some elegant palaces, particularly that of the grand duke, with a marble statue of Ferdinand III. before it. The churches are built with taste, and tolerably ornamented. There is a beautiful wharf of free-stone on each side of the river Arno, which runs through the city, and three bridges thrown over it, of which that in the middle is of marble, a pretty piece of architecture; but the number of inhabitants is very inconsiderable; and this very circumstance gives it an air of majestic solitude, which is far from being unpleasant to a man of a contemplative turn of mind. For my part, I cannot bear the tumult of a populous commercial city; and the solitude that reigns in Pisa would be a strong motive to choose it as a place of residence. Not that this would be the only inducement for living at Pisa. Here is some good company, and even a few men of taste and learning. The people in general are counted sociable and polite; and there is great plenty of provisions, at a very reasonable rate. At some distance from the more frequented parts of the city, a man may hire a large house for thirty crowns a-year; but near the centre, you cannot have good lodgings ready furnished for less than a *scudo* (about five shillings) a-day. The air in summer is reckoned unwholesome by the exhalations arising from stagnant water in the neighbourhood of the city, which stands in the midst of a fertile plain, low and marshy: yet these marshes have been considerably drained by the new canal extending from hence to Leghorn. As for the Arno, it is no longer navigable for vessels of any burden. The university of Pisa is very much decayed; and except the little business occasioned by the emperor's galleys, which are built in this town, I know of

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no commerce it carries on: perhaps the inhabitants live on the produce of the country, which consists of corn, wine, and cattle. They are supplied with excellent water for drinking, by an aqueduct consisting of above five thousand arches, begun by Cosmo, and finished by Ferdinand I. grand dukes of Tuscany: it conveys the water from the mountains at the distance of five miles. This noble city, formerly the capital of a flourishing and powerful republic, which contained above one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants within its walls, is now so desolate, that grass grows in the open streets; and the number of its people do not exceed sixteen thousand.

You need not doubt but I visited the Campanile, or hanging tower, which is a beautiful cylinder of eight storeys, each adorned with a round of columns, rising one above another. It stands by the cathedral, and inclines so far on one side from the perpendicular, that in dropping a plummet from the top, which is one hundred and eighty-eight feet high, it falls sixteen feet from the base. For my part, I should never have dreamed that this inclination proceeded from any other cause, than an accidental subsidence of the foundation on this side, if some connoisseurs had not taken great pains to prove it was done on purpose by the architects. Any person who has eyes may see that the pillars on that side are considerably sunk; and this is the case with the very threshold of the door by which you enter. I think it would have been a very preposterous ambition in the architects, to shew how far they could deviate from the perpendicular in this construction; because, in that particular, any common mason could have rivalled them; and if they really intended it as a specimen of their art, they should have shortened the pilasters on that side, so as to exhibit them entire, without the appearance of sinking. These leaning towers are not unfrequent in Italy; there is one at Bologna, another at Venice, a third betwixt Venice and Ferrara, and a fourth at Ravenna; and the inclination in all of them has been supposed owing to the foundations giving way on one side only.

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In the cathedral, which is a large Gothic pile, there is a great number of massy pillars of porphyry, granite, jasper, and verde antico, together with some good pictures and statues; but the greatest curiosity is that of the brass gates, designed and executed by John of Bologna, representing, embossed in different compartments, the history of the Old and New Testament. I was so charmed with this work that I could have stood a whole day to examine and admire it. In the Baptisterium, which stands opposite to this front, there are some beautiful marbles, particularly the font, and a pulpit supported by the statues of different animals.

Between the cathedral and this building, about one hundred paces on one side, is the famous burying ground, called *Campo Santo*, from its being covered with earth brought from Jerusalem. It is an oblong square, surrounded by a very high wall, and always kept shut. Withinside there is a spacious corridor round the whole space, which is a noble walk for a contemplative philosopher. It is paved chiefly with flat grave-stones: the walls are painted in fresco by Ghiotto, Giottino, Stefano, Bennoti, Buffalmaco, and some others of his contemporaries and disciples who flourished immediately after the restoration of painting. The subjects are taken from the Bible. Though the manner is dry, the drawing incorrect, the design generally lame, and the colouring unnatural; yet there is merit in the expression: and the whole remains as a curious monument of the efforts made by this noble art immediately after her revival. Here are some deceptions in perspective equally ingenious and pleasing; particularly the figures of certain animals, which exhibit exactly the same appearance from whatever different points of view they are seen. One division of the burying-ground consists of a particular compost, which in nine days consumes the dead bodies to the bones: in all probability it is no other than common earth mixed with quicklime. At one corner of the corridor, there are the pictures of three bodies represented in the three different stages of putrefaction which they undergo when laid in this composition. At the end of the three first days, the body is bloated and swelled,

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and the features are enlarged and distorted to such a degree, as fills the spectator with horror. At the sixth day the swelling is subsided, and all the muscular flesh hangs loosened from the bones; at the ninth, nothing but the skeleton remains. There is a small neat chapel at one end of the *Campo Santo*, with some tombs, on one of which is a beautiful bust by Buonaroti. At the other end of the corridor, there is a range of ancient Roman stone coffins, representing on the sides and covers some excellent pieces in basso-relievo. The hunting of Meleager has been greatly admired; but what struck me most was the figure of a woman lying dead on a tomb-stone, covered with a piece of thin drapery, so delicately cut, as to show all the flexures of the attitude, and even all the swellings and sinuosities of the muscles. Instead of stone it looks like a sheet of wet linen.

For four zechines, I hired a return coach and four from Pisa to Florence. This road, which lies along the Arno, is very good; and the country is delightful, variegated with hill and vale, wood and water, meadows and corn-fields, planted and enclosed like the counties of Middlesex and Hampshire; with this difference, however, that all the trees in this tract were covered with vines, and the ripe clusters, black and white, hung down from every bough in the most luxuriant and romantic abundance. The vines in this country are not planted in rows, and propped with sticks, as in France and the county of Nice, but twine round the hedge-row-trees, which they almost quite cover with their foliage and fruit. The branches of the vine are extended from tree to tree, exhibiting beautiful festoons of real leaves, tendrils, and swelling clusters, a foot long. By this economy the ground of the inclosure is spared for corn, grass, or any other production. The trees commonly planted for the purpose of sustaining the vines, are maple, elm, and aller, with which last the banks of the Arno abound. This river, which is very inconsiderable with respect to the quantity of water, would be a charming pastoral stream if it was transparent; but it is always muddy and discoloured. About ten or a dozen miles below Florence, there are some marble quarries

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on the side of it, from whence the blocks are conveyed in boats, when there is water enough in the river to float them, that is, after heavy rains, or the melting of the snow upon the mountains of Umbria, being part of the Apenines, from whence it takes its rise.

Florence is a noble city, that still retains all the marks of a majestic capital, such as piazzas, palaces, fountains, bridges, statues, and arcades. I need not tell you that the churches here are magnificent, and adorned not only with pillars of oriental granite, porphyry, jasper, verde antico, and other precious stones; but also with capital pieces of painting by the most eminent masters. Several of these churches, however, stand without fronts, for want of money to complete the plans. It may also appear superfluous to mention my having viewed the famous gallery of antiquities, the chapel of St Lorenzo, the palace of Pitti, the cathedral, the baptisterium, the *Ponte de Trinita*, with its statues, the triumphal arch, and every thing which is commonly visited in this metropolis. But all these objects having been circumstantially described by twenty different authors of travels, I shall not trouble you with a repetition of trite observations.

That part of the city which stands on each side of the river makes a very elegant appearance, to which the four bridges and the stone quay between them contribute in a great measure. I lodged at the Widow Vinini's, an English house, delightfully situated in this quarter. The landlady, who is herself a native of England, we found very obliging. The lodging-rooms are comfortable, and the entertainment is good and reasonable. There is a considerable number of fashionable people at Florence, and many of them in good circumstances. They affect a gaiety in their dress, equipage, and conversation; but stand very much on their punctilio with strangers; and will not, without great reluctance, admit into their assemblies any lady of another country whose noblesse is not ascertained by a title. This reserve is in some measure excusable among a people who are extremely ignorant of foreign customs, and who know that in their own country, every person, even the most insignificant,

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who has any pretensions to family, either inherits or assumes the title of *principe*, *conte*, or *marchese*.

With all their pride, however, the nobles of Florence are humble enough to enter into partnership with shopkeepers, and even to sell wine by retail. It is an undoubted fact, that in every palace or great house in this city, there is a little window fronting the street, provided with an iron knocker, and over it hangs an empty flask, by way of sign-post. Thither you send your servant to buy a bottle of wine. He knocks at the little wicket, which is opened immediately by a domestic, who supplies him with what he wants, and receives the money, like the waiter of any other cabaret. It is pretty extraordinary, that it should not be deemed a disparagement in a nobleman to sell half a pound of figs, or a palm of ribbon or tape, or to take money for a flask of sour wine; and yet be counted infamous to match his daughter in the family of a person who has distinguished himself in any one of the learned professions.

Though Florence be tolerably populous, there seems to be very little trade of any kind in it: but the inhabitants flatter themselves with the prospect of reaping great advantage from the residence of one of the archdukes, for whose reception they are now repairing the palace of Pitti. I know not what the revenues of Tuscany may amount to since the succession of the princes of Lorrain; but, under the late dukes of the Medici family, they were said to produce two millions of crowns, equal to five hundred thousand pounds sterling. These arose from a very heavy tax upon land and houses, the portions of maidens, and suits at law, besides the duties upon traffic, a severe *gabelle* upon the necessaries of life, and a toll upon every eatable entered into this capital. If we may believe Leti, the grand duke was then able to raise and maintain an army of forty thousand infantry, and three thousand horse; with twelve galleys, two galleasses, and twenty ships of war. I question if Tuscany can maintain, at present, above one half of such an armament. He that now commands the emperor's navy, consisting of a few frigates, is an Englishman, called Acton, who was here-

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tofore captain of a ship in our East India company's service. He has lately embraced the catholic religion, and been created admiral of Tuscany.

There is a tolerable opera in Florence for the entertainment of the best company, though they do not seem very attentive to the music. Italy is certainly the native country of this art; and yet I do not find the people in general either more musically inclined, or better provided with ears than their neighbours. Here is also a wretched troop of comedians for the bourgeois, and lower class of people: but what seems most to suit the taste of all ranks is the exhibition of church pageantry. I had occasion to see a procession, where all the noblesse of the city attended in their coaches, which filled the whole length of the great street called the *Corso*. It was the anniversary of a charitable institution in favour of poor maidens, a certain number of whom are portioned every year. About two hundred of these virgins walked in procession, two and two together, clothed in violet-coloured wide gowns, with white veils on their heads, and made a very classical appearance. They were preceded and followed by an irregular mob of penitents in sackcloth, with lighted tapers, and monks carrying crucifixes, bawling and bellowing the litanies: but the great object was a figure of the Virgin Mary, as big as the life, standing within a gilt frame, dressed in a gold stuff, with a large hoop, a great quantity of false jewels, her face painted and patched, and her hair frizzled and curled in the very extremity of the fashion. Very little regard had been paid to the image of our Saviour on the cross; but when his lady mother appeared on the shoulders of three or four lusty friars, the whole populace fell upon their knees in the dirt. This extraordinary veneration paid to the Virgin must have been derived originally from the French, who pique themselves on their gallantry to the fair sex.

Amidst all the scenery of the Roman catholic religion, I have never yet seen any of the spectators affected at heart, or discover the least signs of fanaticism. The very disciplinanti, who scourge themselves in the holy week, are gene-

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rally peasants, or parties hired for the purpose. Those of the confrairies, who have an ambition to distinguish themselves on such occasions, take care to secure their backs from the smart, by means of secret armour, either women's boddice, or quilted jackets. The confrairies are fraternities of devotees, who enlist themselves under the banners of particular saints. On days of procession they appear in a body, dressed as penitents and masked, and distinguished by crosses on their habits. There is scarce an individual, whether noble or plebeian, who does not belong to one of these associations, which may be compared to the free masons, gregoreans, and antigallicans of England.

Just without one of the gates of Florence, there is a triumphal arch, erected on occasion of the late emperor's making his public entry, when he succeeded to the dukedom of Tuscany; and here, in the summer evenings, the quality resort to take the air in their coaches. Every carriage stops, and forms a little separate conversazione. The ladies sit within, and the cicisbei stand on the foot-boards, on each side of the coach, entertaining them with their discourse. It would be no unpleasant inquiry to trace this sort of gallantry to its original, and investigate all its progress. The Italians, having been accused of jealousy, were resolved to wipe off the reproach, and, seeking to avoid it for the future, have run into the other extreme. I know it is generally supposed that the custom of choosing cicisbei was calculated to prevent the extinction of families, which would otherwise often happen in consequence of marriages founded upon interest, without any mutual affection in the contracting parties. How far this political consideration may have weighed against the jealous and vindictive temper of the Italians, I will not pretend to judge; but certain it is, every married lady in this country has her cicisbeo, or serviente, who attends her everywhere, and on all occasions; and upon whose privileges the husband dares not encroach, without incurring the censure and ridicule of the whole community. For my part, I would rather be condemned for life to the galleys than exercise the office of a cicisbeo,

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exposed to the intolerable caprices and dangerous resentment of an Italian virago. I pretend not to judge of the national character from my own observation; but, if the portraits drawn by Goldoni in his comedies are taken from nature, I would not hesitate to pronounce the Italian women the most haughty, insolent, capricious, and revengeful females on the face of the earth. Indeed their resentments are so cruelly implacable, and contain such a mixture of perfidy, that, in my opinion, they are very unfit subjects for comedy, whose province it is, rather to ridicule folly than to stigmatize such atrocious vice.

You have often heard it said, that the purity of the Italian is to be found in the *Lingua Tuscana* and *Bocca Romana*. Certain it is, the pronunciation of the Tuscans is disagreeably guttural; the letters *c* and *g* they pronounce with an aspiration which hurts the ear of an Englishman; and is, I think, rather rougher than that of the *x* in Spanish. It sounds as if the speaker had lost his palate. I really imagined the first man I heard speak in Pisa had met with that misfortune in the course of his amours.

One of the greatest curiosities you meet with in Italy is the improvisatore; such is the name given to certain individuals, who have the surprising talent of reciting verses extempore on any subject you propose. Mr Corvesi, my landlord, has a son, a Fransciscan friar, who is a great genius in this way. When the subject is given, his brother tunes his violin to accompany him, and he begins to rehearse in recitative with wonderful fluency and precision. Thus he will, at a minute's warning, recite two or three hundred verses, well turned, and well adapted, and generally mingled with an elegant compliment to the company. The Italians are so fond of poetry, that many of them have the best part of Ariosto, Tasso, and Petrarch, by heart; and these are the great sources from which the improvisatori draw their rhymes, cadence, and turns of expression. But, lest you should think there is neither rhyme nor reason in protracting this tedious epistle, I shall conclude it with the old burden of my song, that I am always yours, &c.

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LETTER XXVIII.

DEAR SIR, *Nice, February 5, 1765.*

YOUR entertaining letter of the fifth of last month was a very charitable and a very agreeable donation; but your suspicion is groundless. I assure you, upon my honour, I have no share whatever in any of the disputes which agitate the public; nor do I know any thing of your political transactions, except what I casually see in one of your newspapers, with the perusal of which I am sometimes favoured by our consul at Ville Franche. You insist upon my being more particular in my remarks on what I saw at Florence, and I shall obey the injunction. The famous gallery which contains the antiquities, is the third storey of a noble stone edifice, built in the form of the Greek π, the upper part fronting the river Arno, and one of the legs adjoining to the ducal palace, where the courts of justice are held. As the house of Medici had for some centuries resided in the palace of Pitti, situated on the other side of the river, a full mile from these tribunals, the architect Vasari, who planned the new edifice, at the same time contrived a corridor, or covered passage, extending from the palace of Pitti, along one of the bridges to the gallery of curiosities, through which the grand duke passed unseen, when he was disposed either to amuse himself with his antiquities, or to assist at his courts of judicature; but there is nothing very extraordinary either in the contrivance or execution of this corridor.

If I resided in Florence, I would give something extraordinary for permission to walk every day in the gallery, which I should much prefer to the Lyceum, the groves of Academus, or any porch or philosophical alley in Athens or in Rome. Here, by viewing the statues and busts ranged on each side, I should become acquainted with the faces of all the remarkable personages, male and female, of antiquity, and even be able to trace their different characters from the expression of their features. This collection is a most excellent commentary upon the Roman historians, par-

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ticularly Suetonius and Dion Cassius. There was one circumstance that struck me in viewing the busts of Caracalla, both here and in the capitol at Rome; that was a certain ferocity in the eyes, which seemed to contradict the sweetness of the other features, and remarkably justified the epithet *Caracuyl*, by which he was distinguished by the ancient inhabitants of North Britain. In the language of the Highlanders *caracuyl* signifies *cruel eye*, as we are given to understand by the ingenious editor of Fingal, who seems to think that Caracalla is no other than the Celtic word, adapted to the pronunciation of the Romans; but the truth is, Caracalla was the name of a Gaulish vestment which this prince affected to wear; and hence he derived that sirname. The Caracuyl of the Britons is the same as the ὑπόδρα ἰδών of the Greeks, which Homer has so often applied to his scolding heroes. I like the Bacchanalian, chiefly for the fine drapery. The wind, occasioned by her motion, seems to have swelled and raised it from the parts of the body which it covers. There is another gay Bacchanalian in the attitude of dancing, crowned with ivy, holding in her right hand a bunch of grapes, and in her left the thyrsus. The head of the celebrated Flora is very beautiful; the group of Cupid and Psyche, however, did not give me all the pleasure I expected from it.

Of all the marbles that appear in the open gallery, the following are those I most admire. Leda with the swan; as for Jupiter, in this tranformation, he has much the appearance of a goose. I have not seen any thing tamer; but the sculptor has admirably shown his art in representing Leda's hand partly hid among the feathers, which are so lightly touched off, that the very shape of the fingers are seen underneath. The statue of a youth, supposed to be Ganymede, is compared by the connoisseurs to the celebrated Venus, and, as far as I can judge, not without reason; it is, however, rather agreeable than striking, and will please a connoisseur much more than a common spectator. I know not whether it is my regard to the faculty that enhances the value of the noted Æsculapius, who appears with a vener-

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able beard of delicate workmanship. He is larger than the life, clothed in a magnificent pallium, his left arm resting on a knotted staff, round which the snake is twined, according to Ovid :—

Hunc modo serpentem baculum qui nexibus ambit
Perspice———

He has in his hand the *fascia herbarum*, and the *crepidæ* on his feet. There is a wild boar represented lying on one side, which I admire as a masterpiece. The savageness of his appearance is finely contrasted with the ease and indolence of the attitude. Were I to meet with a living boar lying with the same expression, I should be tempted to stroke his bristles. Here is an elegant bust of Antinous, the favourite of Adrian; and a beautiful head of Alexander the Great, turned on one side, with an expression of languishment and anxiety in his countenance. The virtuosi are not agreed about the circumstance in which he is represented; whether fainting with the loss of blood which he suffered in his adventure at Oxydrace, or languishing with the fever contracted by bathing in the Cydnus; or, finally, complaining to his father Jove, that there were no other worlds for him to conquer. The kneeling Narcissus is a striking figure, and the expression admirable. The two Bacchi are perfectly well executed; but (to my shame be it spoken) I prefer to the antique that which is the work of Michael Angelo Buonaroti, concerning which the story is told which you well know. The artist having been blamed by some pretended connoisseurs, for not imitating the manner of the ancients, is said to have privately finished this Bacchus, and buried it, after having broke off an arm, which he kept as a voucher. The statue, being dug up by accident, was allowed by the best judges to be a perfect antique; upon which Buonaroti produced the arm, and claimed his own work. Signior Bianchi, the keeper of this museum, looks upon this as a fable; but owns that Vasari tells such another of a child cut in marble by the same artist, which being carried to Rome, and kept for some time under ground, was dug up as an antique, and sold for a great deal of money. I was

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likewise attracted by the Morpheus in touchstone, which is described by Addison, who, by the by, notwithstanding all his taste, has been convicted by Bianchi of several gross blunders in his account of this gallery.

With respect to the famous Venus Pontia, commonly called *de Medicis*, which was found at Tivoli, and is kept in a separate apartment called the *Tribuna*, I believe I ought to be entirely silent, or at least conceal my real sentiments, which will otherwise appear equally absurd and presumptuous. It must be want of taste that prevents my feeling that enthusiastic admiration with which others are inspired at sight of this statue; a statue which in reputation equals that of Cupid by Praxiteles, which brought such a concourse of strangers of old to the little town of Thespiæ. I cannot help thinking that there is no beauty in the features of Venus; and that the attitude is awkward and out of character. It is a bad plea to urge, that the ancients and we differ in the ideas of beauty. We know the contrary from their medals, busts, and historians. Without all doubt the limbs and proportions of this statue are elegantly formed, and accurately designed, according to the nicest rules of symmetry and proportion; and the back parts especially are executed so happily, as to excite the admiration of the most indifferent spectator. One cannot help thinking it is the very Venus of Cnidos by Praxiteles, which Lucian describes.—'*Hercle, quanta dorsi concinnitas! ut exuberantes lumbi amplexantes manus implent! quam scite circumductæ clunium pulpe in se rotundantur, neque tenues nimis ipsis ossibus adstrictæ, neque in immensam effusæ pinguedinem!*' That the statue thus described was not the *Venus de Medicis*, would appear from the Greek inscription on the base ΚΛΕΟΜΕΝΗΣ ΑΠΟΛΛΟΔΩΡΟΥ ΑΘΗΝΑΙΟΣ ΕΠΟΕΣΕΝ, *Cleomenes filius Appollodori fecit*, did we not know that this inscription is counted spurious, and that, instead of ΕΠΟΕΣΕΝ, it should be ΕΠΟΙΗΣΕ. This, however, is but a frivolous objection, as we have seen many inscriptions, undoubtedly antique, in which the orthography is false, either from the ignorance or carelessness of the sculptor. Others suppose, not without

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reason, that this statue is a representation of the famous Phryne, the courtezan of Athens, who, at the celebration of the Eleusinian games, exhibited herself coming out of the bath, naked, to the eyes of the whole Athenian people. I was much pleased with the dancing Faun; and still better with the Lotti, or wrestlers, the attitudes of which are beautifully contrived to shew the different turns of the limbs, and the swelling of the muscles: but what pleased me best of all the statues in the Tribuna was the Arrotino, commonly called the Whetter, and generally supposed to represent a slave, who, in the act of whetting a knife, overhears the conspiracy of Catiline. You know he is represented on one knee; and certain it is, I never saw such an expression of anxious attention as appears in his countenance. But it is not mingled with any marks of surprise, such as could not fail to lay hold on a man who overhears by accident a conspiracy against the state. The marquis de Maffei has justly observed, that Sallust, in his very circumstantial detail of that conspiracy, makes no mention of any such discovery. Neither does it appear that the figure is in the act of whetting, the stone which he holds in one hand being rough and unequal, no ways resembling a whet-stone. Others allege it represents Milico, the freedman of Scævinus, who conspired against the life of Nero, and gave his poniard to be whetted to Milico, who presented it to the emperor, with an account of the conspiracy: but the attitude and expression will by no means admit of this interpretation. Signore Bianchi, who is himself a learned and judicious antiquarian, thinks the statue represents the augur Attius Navius, who cut a stone with a knife, at the command of Tarquinius Priscus. This conjecture seems to be confirmed by a medallion of Antoninus Pius, inserted by Vaillant among his Numismata Præstantiora, on which is delineated nearly such a figure as this in question, with the following legend,—'*Attius Navius genuflexus ante Tarquinium Priscum cotem cultro discidit.*' He owns, indeed, that in the statue, the augur is not distinguished either by his habit or emblems: and he might have added, neither is the stone a *cotes*. For

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my own part, I think neither of these three opinions is satisfactory, though the last is very ingenious. Perhaps the figure alludes to a private incident which never was recorded in any history. Among the great number of pictures in this Tribuna, I was most charmed with the Venus by Titian, which has a sweetness of expression and tenderness of colouring not to be described. In this apartment they reckon three hundred pieces, the greatest part by the best masters, particularly by Raphael, in the three manners by which he distinguished himself at different periods of his life. As for the celebrated statue of the hermaphrodite, which we find in another room, I give the sculptor credit for his ingenuity in mingling the sexes in the composition; but it is at best no other than a monster in nature, which I never had any pleasure in viewing: nor indeed do I think there was much talent required in representing a figure with the head and breasts of a woman, and all the other parts of the body masculine. There is such a profusion of curiosities in this celebrated museum, statues, busts, pictures, medals, tables inlaid in the way of marquetry, cabinets adorned with precious stones, jewels of all sorts, mathematical instruments, ancient arms, and military machines, that the imagination is bewildered; and a stranger of a visionary turn would be apt to fancy himself in a palace of the fairies, raised and adorned by the power of enchantment.

In one of the detached apartments, I saw the antependium of the altar, designed for the famous chapel of St Lornezo. It is a curious piece of architecture, inlaid with coloured marble and precious stones, so as to represent an infinite variety of natural objects. It is adorned with some crystal pillars, with capitals of beaten gold. The second storey of the building is occupied by a great number of artists employed in this very curious work of marquetry, representing figures with gems and different kinds of coloured marble, for the use of the emperor. The Italians call it *pietre commesse*, a sort of inlaying with stones, analogous to the fineering of cabinets in wood. It is peculiar to Florence, and seems to be still more curious than the Mosaic work, which the Romans have brought to great perfection.

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The cathedral of Florence is a great Gothic building, incrusted on the outside with marble; it is remarkable for nothing but its cupola, which is said to have been copied by the architect of St Peter's at Rome, and for its size, which is much greater than that of any other church in Christendom. The baptistry, which stands by it, was an ancient temple, said to be dedicated to Mars. There are some good statues of marble within; and one or two of bronze on the outside of the doors; but it is chiefly celebrated for the embossed work of its brass gates, by Lorenzo Giberti, which Buonaroti used to say, deserved to be made the gates of paradise. I viewed them with pleasure: but still I retained a greater veneration for those of Pisa, which I had first admired; a preference which either arises from want of taste, or from the charm of novelty, by which the former were recommended to my attention. Those who would have a particular detail of every thing worth seeing at Florence, comprehending churches, libraries, palaces, tombs, statues, pictures, fountains, bridges, &c. may consult Keysler, who is so laboriously circumstantial in his descriptions, that I never could peruse them, without suffering the headach, and recollecting the old observation, that the German genius lies more in the back than in the brain.

I was much disappointed in the chapel of St Lorenzo. Notwithstanding the great profusion of granite, porphyry, jasper, verde antico, lapis lazuli, and other precious stones, representing figures in the way of marquetry, I think the whole has a gloomy effect. These *pietre commesse* are better calculated for cabinets than for ornaments to great buildings, which ought to be large masses proportioned to the greatness of the edifice. The compartments are so small, that they produce no effect in giving the first impression when one enters the place, except to give an air of littleness to the whole, just as if a grand saloon was covered with pictures painted in miniature. If they have as little regard to proportion and perspective when they paint the dome, which is not yet finished, this chapel will, in my opinion, remain a monument of ill taste and extravagance.

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The court of the palace of Pitti is formed by three sides of an elegant square, with arcades all around, like the palace of Holyroodhouse at Edinburgh; and the rustic work, which constitutes the lower part of the building, gives it an air of strength and magnificence. In this court there is a fine fountain, in which the water trickles down from above; and here is also an admirable antique statue of Hercules, inscribed ΛΥΣΙΠΠΟΥ ΕΡΓΟΝ, the work of Lysippus.

The apartments of this palace are generally small, and many of them dark. Among the paintings, the most remarkable is the Madonna de la Seggiola, by Raphael, counted one of the best coloured pieces of that great master. If I was allowed to find fault with the performance, I should pronounce it defective in dignity and sentiment. It is the expression of a peasant rather than of the mother of God. She exhibits the fondness and joy of a young woman towards her first-born son, without that rapture of admiration which we expect to find in the Virgin Mary, while she contemplates, in the fruit of her own womb, the Saviour of mankind. In other respects, it is a fine figure, gay, agreeable, and even expressive of maternal tenderness: and the *bambino* is extremely beautiful. There was an English painter employed in copying this picture, and what he had done was executed with great success. I am one of those who think it very possible to imitate the best pieces in such a manner, that even the connoisseurs shall not be able to distinguish the original from the copy. After all, I do not set up for a judge in these matters, and very likely I may incur the ridicule of the virtuosi for the remarks I have made: but I am used to speak my mind freely on all subjects that fall under the cognizance of my senses; though I must as freely own, there is something more than common sense required to discover and distinguish the more delicate beauties of painting. I can safely say, however, that, without any daubing at all, I am very sincerely, yours, &c.

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LETTER XXIX.

DEAR SIR. *Nice, February*, 20, 1765.

HAVING seen all the curiosities of Florence, and hired a good travelling coach for seven weeks, at the price of seven sequins, something less than three guineas and a half, we set out post for Rome, by the way of Sienna, where we lay the first night. The country through which we passed is mountainous, but agreeable. Of Sienna I can say nothing from my own observation, but that we were indifferently lodged in a house that stunk like a privy, and fared wretchedly at supper. The city is large and well built: the inhabitants pique themselves upon their politeness, and the purity of their dialect. Certain it is, some strangers reside in this place on purpose to learn the best pronunciation of the Italian tongue. The Mosaic pavement of their duomo, or cathedral, has been much admired; as well as the history of Æneas Sylvias, afterwards Pope Pius II. painted on the walls of the library, partly by Pietro Perugino, and partly by his pupil Raphael d'Urbino.

Next day at Buon Convento, where the emperor Henry VII. was poisoned by a friar with the sacramental wafer, I refused to give money to the hostler, who, in revenge, put two young unbroken stone-horses in the traces next to the coach, which became so unruly, that, before we had gone a quarter of a mile, they and the postilion were rolling in the dust. In this situation they made such efforts to disengage themselves, and kicked with such violence, that I imagined the carriage and all our trunks would have been beaten in pieces. We leaped out of the coach, however, without sustaining any personal damage, except the fright; nor was any hurt done to the vehicle. But the horses were terribly bruised, and almost strangled, before they could be disengaged. Exasperated at the villany of the hostler, I resolved to make a complaint to the magistrate of the place, who is called *uffiziale*. I found him wrapped in an old, greasy, ragged great-coat, sitting in a wretched apartment, without either glass, paper, or boards in the windows; and

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there was no sort of furniture but a couple of broken chairs and a miserable truckle-bed. He looked pale, meagre, and haggard, and had more the air of a half-starved prisoner than of a magistrate. Having heard my complaint, he came forth into a kind of outward room or belfrey, and rung a great bell with his own hand. In consequence of this signal, the postmaster came up stairs, and I suppose he was the first man in the place; for the *uffiziale* stood before him cap in hand, and, with great marks of humble respect, repeated the complaint I had made. This man assured me, with an air of conscious importance, that he himself had ordered the hostler to supply me with those very horses, which were the best in his stable; and that the misfortune which happened was owing to the misconduct of the fore postilion, who did not keep the fore horses to a proper speed proportioned to the mettle of the other two. As he took the affair upon himself, and I perceived had an ascendency over the magistrate, I contented myself with saying, I was certain the two horses had been put to the coach on purpose, either to hurt or frighten us: and that, since I could not have justice here, I would make a formal complaint to the British minister at Florence. In passing through the street to the coach, which was by this time furnished with fresh horses, I met the hostler, and would have caned him heartily; but, perceiving my intention, he took to his heels and vanished. Of all the people I have ever seen, the hostlers, postilions, and other fellows hanging about the post-houses in Italy, are the most greedy, impertinent, and provoking. Happy are those travellers who have phlegm enough to disregard their insolence and importunity: for this is not so disagreeable as their revenge is dangerous. An English gentleman at Florence told me, that one of those fellows whom he had struck for his impertinence, flew at him with a long knife, and he could hardly keep him at sword's point. All of them wear such knives, and are very apt to use them on the slightest provocation. But their open attacks are not so formidable as their premeditated schemes of revenge; in prosecution of which the Italians are equally treacherous and cruel.

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This night we passed at a place called Radicofani, a village and fort, situated on the top of a very high mountain. The inn stands still lower than the town. It was built at the expense of the last grand duke of Tuscany; is very large, very cold, and uncomfortable. One would imagine it was contrived for coolness, though situated so high, that, even in the midst of summer, a traveller would be glad to have a fire in his chamber. But few or none of them have fireplaces, and there is not a bed with curtains or tester in the house. All the adjacent country is naked and barren. On the third day, we entered the pope's territories, some parts of which are delightful. Having passed Aqua Pendente, a beggarly town, situated on the top of a rock, from whence there is a romantic cascade of water, which gives it the name, we travelled along the side of the lake Bolsena, a beautiful piece of water about thirty miles in circuit, with two islands in the middle, the banks covered with noble plantations of oak and cypress. The town of Bolsena, standing near the ruins of the ancient Volsinium, which was the birth-place of Sejanus, is a paltry village; and Montefiascone, famous for its wine, is a poor decayed town in this neighbourhood, situated on the side of a hill, which, according to the author of the Grand Tour, the only directory I had along with me, is supposed to be the Soracte of the ancients. If we may believe Horace, Soracte was visible from Rome; for, in his ninth ode, addressed to Thaliarchus, he says,

> Vides, ut alta stet nive candidum
> Soracte———————

but, in order to see Montefiascone, his eyesight must have penetrated through the Mons Cyminus, at the foot of which stands the city of Viterbo. Pliny tells us, that Soracte was not far from Rome, *haud procul ab urbe Roma*; but Montefiascone is fifty miles from this city. And Desprez, in his notes upon Horace, says it is now called Monte S. Oreste. Addison tells us he passed by it in the Campania. I could not, without indignation, reflect upon the bigotry of Mathilda, who gave this fine country to the see of Rome, un-

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der the dominion of which no country was ever known to prosper.

About half way between Montefiascone and Viterbo, one of our fore wheels flew off, together with a large splinter of the axle-tree; and if one of the postilions had not by great accident been a remarkably ingenious fellow, we should have been put to the greatest inconvenience, as there was no town, or even house, within several miles. I mention this circumstance by way of warning to other travellers, that they may provide themselves with a hammer and nails, a spare iron-pin or two, a large knife, and bladder of grease, to be used occasionally in case of such misfortune.

The mountain of Viterbo is covered with beautiful plantations and villas belonging to the Roman nobility, who come hither to make the *villegiatura* in summer. Of the city of Viterbo I shall say nothing, but that it is the capital of that country which Mathilda gave to the Roman see. The place is well built, adorned with public fountains, and a great number of churches and convents; yet far from being populous, the whole number of inhabitants not exceeding fifteen thousand. The post-house is one of the worst inns I ever entered.

After having passed this mountain, the *Cyminus* of the ancients, we skirted part of the lake, which is now called de Vico, and whose banks afford the most agreeable rural prospects of hill and vale, wood, glade, and water, shade and sunshine. A few other very inconsiderable places we passed, and descended into the Campania of Rome, which is almost a desert. The view of this country, in its present situation, cannot but produce emotions of pity and indignation in the mind of every person who retains any idea of its ancient cultivation and fertility. It is nothing but a naked, withered down, desolate and dreary, almost without enclosure, corn field, hedge, tree, shrub, house, hut, or habitation; exhibiting here and there the ruins of an ancient castellum, tomb, or temple, and in some places the remains of a Roman via. I heard much of these ancient works, and was greatly disappointed when I saw them. The Via Cassia,

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or Cymina, is paved with broad, solid, flint stones, which must have greatly incommoded the feet of horses that travelled upon it, as well as endangered the lives of the riders, from the slipperiness of the pavement. Besides, it is so narrow, that two modern carriages could not pass one another upon it, without the most imminent hazard of being overturned. I am still of opinion that we excel the ancient Romans in understanding the conveniencies of life.

The Grand Tour says, that within four miles of Rome you see a tomb on the road-side, said to be that of Nero, with sculpture in basso-relievo at both ends. I did see such a thing, more like a common grave-stone than the tomb of an emperor. But we are informed by Suetonius, that the dead body of Nero, who slew himself at the villa of his freedman, was, by the care of his two nurses, and his concubine Atta, removed to the sepulchre of the Gens Domitia, immediately within the Porta del Popolo, on your left hand as you enter Rome, precisely on the spot where now stands the church of S. Maria del Popolo. His tomb was even distinguished by an epitaph, which has been preserved by Groterus. Giacomo Alberici tells us very gravely in his History of the Church, that a great number of devils, who guarded the bones of this wicked emperor, took possession, in the shape of black ravens, of a walnut tree, which grew upon the spot; from whence they insulted every passenger, until Pope Paschal II. in consequence of a solemn fast and a revelation, went thither in procession with his court and cardinals, cut down the tree, burned it to ashes, which, with the bones of Nero, were thrown into the Tybur; then he consecrated an altar on the place, where afterwards the church was built. You may guess what I felt at first sight of the city of Rome, which, notwithstanding all the calamities it has undergone, still maintains an august and imperial appearance. It stands on the farther side of the Tybur, which we crossed at the Ponte Molle, formerly called Pons Milvius, about two miles from the gate by which we entered. This bridge was built by Æmilius Censor, whose name it originally bore. It was the road by which so many heroes returned with con-

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quest to their country; by which so many kings were led captive to Rome; and by which the ambassadors of so many kingdoms and states approached the seat of empire, to deprecate the wrath, to solicit the friendship, or sue for the protection of the Roman people. It is likewise famous for the defeat and death of Maxentius, who was here overcome by Constantine the Great. The space between the bridge and Porta del Popolo, on the right hand, which is now taken up with gardens and villas, was part of the ancient Campus Martius, where the comitia were held; and where the Roman people inured themselves to all manner of exercises; it was adorned with porticos, temples, theatres, baths, circi, basilicæ, obelisks, columns, statues, and groves. Authors differ in their opinions about the extent of it; but as they all agree that it contained the pantheon, the circus agonis, now the piazza navona, the bustum, and mausoleum Augusti, great part of the modern city must be built upon the ancient Campus Martius. The highway that leads from the bridge to the city is part of the Via Flaminia, which extended as far as Rimini; and is well paved, like a modern street. Nothing of the ancient bridge remains but the piles; nor is there any thing in the structure of this, or of the other five Roman bridges over the Tybur, that deserves attention. I have not seen any bridge in France or Italy comparable to that of Westminster, either in beauty, magnificence, or solidity; and when the bridge at Blackfriars is finished, it will be such a monument of architecture as all the world cannot parallel. As for the Tybur, it is, in comparison with the Thames, no more than an inconsiderable stream, foul, deep, and rapid; navigable by small boats, barks, and lighters; and, for the conveniency of loading and unloading them, there is a handsome quay by the new custom-house, at the Porto di Ripetta, provided with stairs on each side, and adorned with an elegant fountain, that yields abundance of excellent water.

We are told that the bed of this river has been considerably raised by the rubbish of old Rome; and this is the reason usually given for its being so apt to overflow its banks.

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A citizen of Rome told me, that a friend of his, lately digging to lay the foundation of a new house in the lower part of the city, near the bank of the river, discovered the pavement of an ancient street, at the depth of thirty-nine feet from the present surface of the earth. He therefore concluded that modern Rome is near forty feet higher in this place than the site of the ancient city, and that the bed of the river is raised in proportion; but this is altogether incredible. Had the bed of the Tybur been anciently forty feet lower at Rome than it is at present, there must have been a fall or cataract in it immediately above this track, as it is not pretended that the bed of it is raised in any part above the city, otherwise such an elevation would have obstructed its course, and then it would have overflowed the whole Campania. There is nothing extraordinary in its present overflowings; they frequently happened of old, and did great mischief to the ancient city. Appian, Dio, and other historians, describe an inundation of the Tybur immediately after the death of Julius Cæsar; which inundation was occasioned by the sudden melting of a great quantity of snow which had fallen upon the Appenines. This calamity is recorded by Horace in his ode to Augustus.

Vidimus flavum Tyberim retortis
Littore Etrusco violenter undis,
Ire dejectum monumenta regis,
  Templaque Vestæ:
Iliæ dum se nimium querenti
Jactat ultorem; vagus et sinistra
Labitur ripa, Jove non probante,
  Uxorius amnis.

Livy expressly says, '*Ita abundavit Tyberis, ut Ludi Appollinares, circo inundato, extra portam Collinam ad ædem Erycinæ Veneris parati sint.*'—To this custom of transferring the *Ludi Appollinares* to another place when the Tybur had overflowed the *Circus Maximus*, Ovid alludes in his Fasti.

Altera gramineo spectabis equiria campo
Quem Tyberis curvis in latus urget aquis.
Qui tamen ejecta si forte tenebitur unda,
Cælius accipiet pulveulentus equos.

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The Porto del Popolo (formerly Flaminia), by which we entered Rome, is an elegant piece of architecture, adorned with marble columns and statues, and executed after the design of Buonaroti. Withinside you find yourself in a noble piazza, from whence three of the principal streets of Rome are detached. It is adorned with the famous Egyptian obelisk, brought hither from the Circus Maximus, and set up by the architect Dominico Fontana, in the pontificate of Sixtus V. Here is likewise a beautiful fountain designed by the same artist; and at the beginning of the two principal streets are two very elegant churches fronting each other. Such an august entrance cannot fail to impress the stranger with a sublime idea of this venerable city.

Having given our names at the gate, we repaired to the dogana, or custom-house, where our trunks and carriage were searched; and here we were surrounded by a number of servitori de piazza, offering their services with the most disagreeable importunity. Though I told them several times I had no occasion for any, three of them took possession of the coach, one mounting before and two of them behind; and thus we proceeded to the Piazza d'Espagna, where the person lived to whose house I was directed. Strangers that come to Rome seldom put up at public inns, but go directly to lodging houses, of which there is great plenty in this quarter. The Piazza d'Espagna is open, airy, and pleasantly situated in a high part of the city immediately under the Colla Pinciana, and adorned with two fine fountains. Here most of the English reside; the apartments are generally commodious and well furnished; and the lodgers are well supplied with provisions and all necessaries of life. But, if I studied economy, I would choose another part of the town than the Piazza d'Espagna, which is besides at a great distance from the antiquities. For a decent first floor and two bed-chambers on the second, I paid no more than a scudo (five shillings) per day. Our table was plentifully furnished by the landlord for two-and-thirty pauls, being equal to sixteen shilings. I hired a town-coach at the rate of fourteen pauls, or seven shillings a day; and a servitore

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di piazza for three pauls, or eighteen pence. The coachman has also an allowance of two pauls a day. The provisions at Rome are reasonable and good, especially the *vitella mongana*, which is the most delicate veal I ever tasted, but very dear, being sold for two pauls, or a shilling, the pound. Here are the rich wines of Montepulciano, Montefiascone, and Monte di Dragone; but what we commonly drink at meals is that of Orvieto, a small white wine of an agreeable flavour. Strangers are generally advised to employ an antiquarian to instruct them in all the curiosities of Rome; and this is a necessary expense, when a person wants to become a connoisseur in painting, statuary, and architecture. For my own part, I had no such ambition. I longed to view the remains of antiquity by which this metropolis is distinguished, and to contemplate the originals of many pictures and statues, which I had admired in prints and descriptions. I therefore chose a servant, who was recommended to me as a sober intelligent fellow, acquainted with these matters: at the same time I furnished myself with maps and plans of ancient and modern Rome, together with the little manual called, *Itinerario istruttivo per retrovaire con facilita tutte le magnificenze di Roma e di alcune citta, e castelli suburbani.*' But I found still more satisfaction in perusing the book in three volumes, entitled, *Roma Antica e Moderna*, which contains a description of every thing remarkable in and about the city, illustrated with a great number of copperplates, and many curious historical annotations. This directory cost me a zequin; but a hundred zequins will not purchase all the books and prints which have been published at Rome on these subjects. Of these the most celebrated are the plates of Piranesi, who is not only an ingenious architect and engraver, but also a learned antiquarian, though he is apt to run riot in his conjectures; and with regard to the arts of ancient Rome, has broached some doctrines, which he will find it very difficult to maintain. Our young gentlemen who go to Rome will do well to be upon their guard against a set of sharpers (some of them of our own country), who deal in pictures and antiques,

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and very often impose upon the uninformed stranger, by selling him trash as the productions of the most celebrated artists. The English are more than any other foreigners exposed to this imposition. They are supposed to have more money to throw away; and therefore a greater number of snares are laid for them. This opinion of their superior wealth they take a pride in confirming, by launching out into all manner of unnecessary expense: but what is still more dangerous, the moment they set foot in Italy, they are seized with the ambition of becoming connoisseurs in painting, music, statuary, and architecture; and the adventurers of this country do not fail to flatter this weakness for their own advantage. I have seen, in different parts of Italy, a number of raw boys, whom Britain seemed to have poured forth on purpose to bring her national character into contempt; ignorant, petulant, rash, and profligate, without any knowledge of their own, without any director to improve their understanding, or superintend their conduct. One engages in play with an infamous gamester, and is stripped, perhaps, in the very first party; another is poxed and pillaged by an antiquated cantatrice; a third is bubbled by a knavish antiquarian; and a fourth is laid under contribution by a dealer in pictures. Some turn fiddlers, and pretend to compose: but all of them talk familiarly of the arts, and return finished connoisseurs and coxcombs to their own country. The most remarkable phenomenon of this kind which I have seen, is a boy of seventy-two, now actually travelling through Italy for improvement, under the auspices of another boy of twenty-two. When you arrive at Rome, you receive cards from all your country folks in that city: they expect to have the visit returned next day, when they give orders not to be at home; and you never speak to one another in the sequel. This is a refinement in hospitality and politeness which the English have invented by the strength of their own genius, without any assistance either from France, Italy, or Lapland. No Englishman above the degree of a painter or cicerone frequents any coffeehouse at Rome; and as there are no public diversions except in carnival time, the only

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chance you have for seeing your compatriots, is either in visiting the curiosities, or at a conversazione. The Italians are very scrupulous in admitting foreigners, except those who are introduced as people of quality; but if there happens to be any English lady of fashion at Rome, she generally keeps an assembly, to which the British subjects resort. In my next, I shall communicate, without ceremony or affectation, what further remarks I have made at Rome, without any pretence, however, to the character of a connoisseur, which, without all doubt, would sit very awkwardly upon, dear Sir, your friend and servant.

LETTER XXX.

DEAR SIR, *Nice, February* 28, 1765.

NOTHING can be more agreeable to the eyes of a stranger, especially in the heats of summer, than the great number of public fountains that appear in every part of Rome, embellished with all the ornaments of sculpture, and pouring forth prodigious quantities of cool delicious water, brought in aqueducts from different lakes, rivers, and sources, at a considerable distance from the city. These works are the remains of the munificence and industry of the ancient Romans, who were extremely delicate in the article of water: but, however, great applause is also due to those beneficent popes who have been at the expense of restoring and repairing those noble channels of health, pleasure, and convenience. This great plenty of water, nevertheless, has not induced the Romans to be cleanly. Their streets, and even their palaces, are disgraced with filth. The noble piazza Navona is adorned with three or four fountains, one of which is perhaps the most magnificent that Europe can produce, and all of them discharge vast streams of water; but, notwithstanding this provision, the piazza is almost as dirty as West Smithfield, where the cattle are sold in London. The corridors, arcades, and even staircases, belonging to their most elegant palaces, are depositories of nastiness, and indeed in summer smell as strong as spirit of hartshorn. I have a great notion that their ancestors were not much more cleanly. If we con-

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sider that the city and suburbs of Rome, in the reign of Claudius, contained about seven millions of inhabitants, a number equal at least to the sum total of all the souls in England; that great part of ancient Rome was allotted to temples, porticos, basilicæ, theatres, thermæ, circi, public and private walks and gardens, where very few, if any, of this great number lodged; that by far the greater part of those inhabitants were slaves and poor people, who did not enjoy the conveniencies of life; and that the use of linen was scarce known;—we must naturally conclude they were strangely crowded together, and that in general they were a very frowzy generation. That they were crowded together appears from the height of their houses, which the poet Rutilius compared to towers made for scaling heaven. In order to remedy this inconvenience, Augustus Cæsar published a decree, that, for the future, no houses should be built above seventy feet high, which, at a moderate computation, might make six stories. But what seems to prove beyond all dispute that the ancient Romans were dirty creatures, are these two particulars: Vespasian laid a tax upon urine and ordure, on pretence of being at a great expense in clearing the streets from such nuisances; an imposition which amounted to about fourteen pence a-year for every individual: and when Heliogabalus ordered all the cobwebs of the city and suburbs to be collected, they were found to weigh ten thousand pounds. This was intended as a demonstration of the great number of inhabitants; but it was a proof of their dirt rather than of their populosity. I might likewise add the delicate custom of taking vomits at each other's houses, when they were invited to dinner or supper, that they might prepare their stomach for gormandizing; a beastly proof of their nastiness as well as gluttony. Horace, in his description of the banquet of Nasiedenus, says, when the canopy under which they sat fell down, it brought along with it as much dirt as is raised by a hard gale of wind in dry weather:—

——— 'trahentia pulveris atri,
'Quantum non Aquilo Campanis excitat agris.'

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I might observe, that the streets were often encumbered with the putrifying carcases of criminals, who had been dragged through them by the heels, and precipitated from the *Scalæ Gemoniæ*, or Tarpeian rock, before they were thrown into the Tybur, which was the general receptacle of the *cloaca maxima*, and all the filth of Rome: besides, the bodies of all those who made away with themselves without sufficient cause, of such as were condemned for sacrilege, or killed by thunder, were left unburned and unburied, to rot above ground.

I believe the moderns retain more of the customs of the ancient Romans than is generally imagined. When I first saw the infants at the *Enfans Trouvés* in Paris, so swathed with bandages, that the very sight of them made my eyes water, I little dreamed that the prescription of the ancients could be pleaded for this custom, equally shocking and absurd; but in the capitol at Rome, I met with the antique statue of a child *emaillotté*, exactly in the same manner, rolled up like an Egyptian mummy from the feet. The circulation of the blood, in such a case, must be obstructed on the whole surface of the body, and nothing at liberty but the head, which is the only part of the child that ought to be confined. Is it not surprising that common sense should not point out, even to the most ignorant, that those accursed bandages must heat the tender infant into a fever; must hinder the action of the muscles, and the play of the joints, so necessary to health and nutrition; and that, while the refluent blood is obstructed in the veins, which run on the surface of the body, the arteries, which lie deep, without the reach of compression, are continually pouring their contents into the head, where the blood meets with no resistance? The vessels of the brain are naturally lax, and the very sutures of the skull are yet unclosed. What are the consequences of this cruel swaddling? The limbs are wasted, the joints grow rickety, the brain is compressed, and a hydrocephalus, with a great head and sore eyes, ensues. I take this abominable practice to be one great cause of the bandy

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legs, diminutive bodies, and large heads, so frequent in the south of France and in Italy.

I was no less surprised to find the modern fashion of curling the hair, borrowed in a great measure from the coxcombs and coquettes of antiquity. I saw a bust of Nero in the gallery at Florence, the hair represented in rows of buckles, like that of a French *petit maitre*, conformable to the picture drawn of him by Suetonius: *Circa cultum adeo pudendum, ut comam semper in gradus formatam peregrinatione Achaica, etiam pene verticem sumpserit.* I was very sorry, however, to find that this foppery came from Greece. As for Otho, he wore a *galericulum*, or tour, on account of thin hair, *propter raritatem capillorum.* He had no right to imitate the example of Julius Cæsar, who concealed his bald head with a wreath of laurel. But there is a bust in the Capitol of Julia Pia, the second wife of Septimius Severus, with a moveable peruke, dressed exactly in the fashionable mode, with this difference, that there is no part of it frizzled; nor is there any appearance of pomatum and powder. These improvements the beau monde have borrowed from the natives of the Cape of Good Hope.

Modern Rome does not cover more than one *third* of the space within the walls; and those parts that were most frequented of old are now entirely abandoned. From the Capitol to the Coliseum, including the Forum Romanum and Boarium, there is nothing entire but one or two churches, built with the fragments of ancient edifices. You descend from the Capitol between the remaining pillars of two temples, the pedestals and part of the shafts sunk in the rubbish; then passing through the triumphal arch of Septimius Severus, you proceed along the foot of Mons Palatinus, which stands on your right hand, quite covered with the ruins of the ancient palace belonging to the Roman emperors, and at the foot of it there are some beautiful detached pillars still standing. On the left you see the remains of the *Templum Pacis*, which seems to have been the largest and most magnificent of all the temples in Rome. It was built and dedicated by the emperor Vespasian, who brought into it all the

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treasure and precious vessels which he found in the temple of Jerusalem. The columns of the portico he removed from Nero's golden house, which he levelled with the ground. This temple was likewise famous for its library, mentioned by Aulus Gellius. Farther on is the arch of Constantine on the right, a most noble piece of architecture, almost entire, with the remains of the *Meta Sudans* before it; and fronting you, the noble ruins of that vast amphitheatre called the Colosseum, now Coliseo, which has been dismantled and dilapidated by the Gothic popes and princes of modern Rome, to build and adorn their paltry palaces. Behind the amphitheatre were the *thermæ* of the same emperor, Titus Vespasian. In the same quarter was the *Circus Maximus;* and the whole space from hence on both sides to the walls of Rome, comprehending above twice as much ground as the modern city, is almost covered with the monuments of antiquity. I suppose there is more concealed below ground than appears above. The miserable houses, and even garden walls, of the peasants in this district, are built with these precious materials, I mean shafts and capitals of marble columns, heads, arms, legs, and mutilated trunks of statues. What pity it is, that, among all the remains of antiquity at Rome, there is not one lodging-house remaining. I should be glad to know how the senators of Rome were lodged. I want to be better informed touching the *cava ædium*, the *focus*, the *ara deorum penatum*, the *conclavia*, *triclinia*, and *cænationes;* the *atria*, where the women resided, and employed themselves in the woollen manufacture; the *prætoria*, which were so spacious as to become a nuisance in the reign of Augustus; and the *xysta*, which were shady walks between two porticos, where the men exercised themselves in the winter. I am disgusted by the modern taste of architecture, though I am no judge of the art. The churches and palaces of these days are crowded with petty ornaments, which distract the eye, and, by breaking the design into a variety of little parts, destroy the effect of the whole. Every door and window has its separate ornaments, its moulding, frize, cornice, and tympanum; then there is such an assem-

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blage of useless festoons, pillars, pilasters, with their architraves, entablatures, and I know not what, that nothing great or uniform remains to fill the view; and we in vain look for that simplicity of grandeur, those large masses of light and shadow, and the inexpressible ΒΥΣΥΝΟΠΤΟΝ, which characterise the edifices of the ancients. A great edifice, to have its full effect, ought to be *isolé*, that is, detached from all others, with a large space around it: but the palaces of Rome, and indeed of all the other cities of Italy which I have seen, are so engaged among other mean houses, that their beauty and magnificence are in a great measure concealed. Even those which face open streets and piazzas are only clear in front. The other apartments are darkened by the vicinity of ordinary houses, and their views are confined by dirty and disagreeable objects. Within the court there is generally a noble colonnade all round, and an open corridor above; but the stairs are usually narrow, steep, and high. The want of sash-windows, the dulness of their small glass lozenges, the dusty brick floors, and the crimson hangings laced with gold, contribute to give a gloomy air to their apartments. I might add to these causes a number of pictures executed on melancholy subjects, antique mutilated statues, busts, basso-relievos, urns, and sepulchral stones, with which their rooms are adorned. It must be owned, however, there are some exceptions to this general rule. The villa of Cardinal Alexander Albani is light, gay, and airy; yet the rooms are too small, and too much decorated with carving and gilding, which is a kind of gingerbread work. The apartments of one of the princes Borghese are furnished in the English taste; and in the *palazzo di colonna connestabile* there is a saloon or gallery, which, for the proportions, lights, furniture, and ornaments, is the most noble, elegant, and agreeable apartment I ever saw.

It is diverting to hear an Italian expatiate upon the greatness of modern Rome. He will tell you there are above three hundred palaces in the city; that there is scarce a Roman prince whose revenue does not exceed two hundred thousand crowns; and that Rome produces not only the most

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learned men, but also the most refined politicians in the universe. To one of them talking in this strain, I replied, that, instead of three hundred palaces, the number did not exceed fourscore; that I had been informed, on good authority, there were not six individuals in Rome who had so much as forty thousand crowns a-year, about ten thousand pounds sterling; and that to say their princes were so rich, and their politicians so refined, was in effect a severe satire upon them, for not employing their wealth and their talents for the advantage of their country. I asked why their cardinals and princes did not invite and encourage industrious people to settle and cultivate the Campania of Rome, which is a desert? Why they did not raise a subscription to drain the marshes in the neighbourhood of the city, and thus meliorate the air, which is rendered extremely unwholesome in the summer by putrid exhalations from those morasses? I demanded of them why they did not contribute their wealth, and exert their political refinements, in augmenting their forces by sea and land for the defence of their country, introducing commerce and manufactures, and in giving some consequence to their state, which was no more than a mite in the political scale of Europe? I expressed a desire to know what became of all those sums of money, inasmuch as there was hardly any circulation of gold and silver in Rome, and the very bankers, on whom strangers have their credit, make interest to pay their tradesmens bills with paper notes of the bank of Spirito Santo? And now I am upon this subject, it may not be amiss to observe, that I was strangely misled by all the books I consulted about the current coin of Italy. In Tuscany, and the Ecclesiastical State, one sees nothing but zequins in gold, and pieces of two paoli, one paolo, and half a paolo, in silver. Besides these, there is a copper coin at Rome, called bajocco, and mezzo bajocco. Ten bajocchi make a scudo, which is an imaginary piece; two scudi make a zequin; and a French louis-d'or is worth about two zequins.

Rome has nothing to fear from the catholic powers, who respect it with a superstitious veneration as the metropoli-

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tan seat of their religion: but the popes will do well to avoid misunderstandings with the maritime protestant states, especially the English, who, being masters of the Mediterranean, and in possession of Minorca, have it in their power at all times to land a body of troops within four leagues of Rome, and to take the city without opposition. Rome is surrounded with an old wall, but altogether incapable of defence; or, if it was, the circuit of the walls is so extensive, that it would require a garrison of twenty thousand men. The only appearance of a fortification in this city is the castle of St Angelo, situated on the further bank of the Tybur, to which there is access by a handsome bridge; but this castle, which was formerly the *Moles Adriani*, could not hold out half a day against a battery of ten pieces of cannon properly directed. It was an expedient left to the invention of the modern Romans, to convert an ancient tomb into a citadel. It could only serve as a temporary retreat for the pope in times of popular commotion, and on other sudden emergencies; as it happened in the case of Pope Clement VII. when the troops of the emperor took the city by assault; and this only while he resided at the Vatican, from whence there is a covered gallery continued to the castle: it can never serve this purpose again, while the pontiff lives on Monte Cavallo, which is at the other end of the city. The castle of St Angelo, howsoever ridiculous as a fortress, appears respectable as a noble monument of antiquity; and though standing in a low situation, is one of the first objects that strike the eye of a stranger approaching Rome. On the opposite side of the river are the wretched remains of the *Mausoleum Augusti*, which was still more magnificent. Part of the wall is standing, and the terraces are converted into garden ground. In viewing these ruins, I remembered Virgil's pathetic description of Marcellus, who was here entombed:—

> Quantos ille virûm magnum Mavortis ad urbem
> Campus aget gemitus, vel quæ, Tyberine, videbis
> Funera, cum tumulum præterlabere recentem.

The beautiful poem of Ovid, *De Consolatione ad Liviam*,

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written after the ashes of Augustus and his nephew Marcellus, of Germanicus, Agrippa, and Drusus, were deposited in this mausoleum, concludes with these lines, which are extremely tender:—

Claudite jam Parcæ nimium reserata sepulchra;
Claudite, plus justo jam domus ista patet!

What the author said of the monument, you will be tempted to say of this letter, which I shall therefore close in the old style, assuring you that I ever am yours, &c.

LETTER XXXI.

DEAR SIR, *Nice, March 5, 1765.*

In my last I gave you my opinion freely of the modern palaces of Italy. I shall now hazard my thoughts upon the gardens of this country, which the inhabitants extol with all the hyperboles of admiration and applause. I must acknowledge, however, I have not seen the famous villas at Frascati and Tivoli, which are celebrated for their gardens and water-works. I intended to visit these places, but was prevented by an unexpected change of weather, which deterred me from going to the country. On the last day of September, the mountains of Palestrina were covered with snow; and the air became so cold at Rome, that I was forced to put on my winter clothes. This objection continued, till I found it necessary to set out on my return to Florence. But I have seen the gardens of the *Poggio Imperiale*, and the *Palazzo di Pitti* at Florence, and those of the Vatican, of the pope's palace on Monte Cavallo, of the Villa Ludovisia, Medicea, and Pinciana, at Rome; so that I think I have some right to judge of the Italian taste in gardening. Among those I have mentioned, that of the Villa Pinciana is the most remarkable and the most extensive, including a space of three miles in circuit, hard by the walls of Rome, containing a variety of situations, high and low, which favour all the natural embellishments one would expect to meet with in a garden, and exhibit a diversity of noble views of the city and adjacent country.

In a fine extensive garden or park, an Englishman ex-

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pects to see a number of groves and glades intermixed with an agreeable negligence, which seems to be the effect of nature and accident. He looks for shady walks encrusted with gravel; for open lawns covered with verdure as smooth as velvet, but much more lively and agreeable; for ponds, canals, basons, cascades, and running streams of water; for clumps of trees, woods, and wildernesses, cut into delightful alleys, perfumed with honey-suckle and sweet-briar, and resounding with the mingled melody of all the singing birds of heaven; he looks for plats of flowers in different parts to refresh the sense, and please the fancy; for arbours, grottos, hermitages, temples, and alcoves, to shelter him from the sun, and afford him means of contemplation and repose; and he expects to find the hedges, groves, and walks, and lawns, kept with the utmost order and propriety. He who loves the beauties of simple nature, and the charms of neatness. will seek for them in vain amidst the groves of Italy. In the garden of the Villa Pinciana, there is a plantation of four hundred pines, or rather firs, which the Italians view with rapture and admiration; there is likewise a long walk of trees extending from the garden gate to the palace; and plenty of shade, with alleys and hedges in different parts of the ground; but the groves are neglected; the walks are laid with nothing but common mould or sand, black and dusty; the hedges are tall, thin, and shabby; the trees stunted; the open ground, brown and parched, has scarce any appearance of verdure. The flat regular alleys of evergreens are cut into fantastic figures; the flower-gardens embellished with thin cypress and flourished figures in box, while the flowers grow in rows of earthen pots; and the ground appears as dusky as if it was covered with the cinders of a blacksmith's forge. The water, of which there is great plenty, instead of being collected in large pieces, or conveyed in little rivulets and streams, to refresh the thirsty soil, or managed so as to form agreeable cascades, is squirted from fountains in different parts of the garden, through tubes little bigger than common glyster-pipes. It must be owned, indeed, that the fountains have their merit

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in the way of sculpture and architecture; and that here is a great number of statues which merit attention; but they serve only to encumber the ground, and destroy that effect of rural simplicity which our gardens are designed to produce. In a word, here we see a variety of walks and groves and fountains, a wood of four hundred pines, a paddock with a few meagre deer, a flower-garden, an aviary, a grotto, and a fish-pond; and in spite of all these particulars, it is, in my opinion, a very contemptible garden, when compared to that of Stowe in Buckinghamshire, or even to those of Kensington and Richmond. The Italians understand, because they study, the excellencies of art; but they have no idea of the beauties of nature. This Villa Pinciana, which belongs to the Borghese family, would make a complete academy for painting and sculpture, especially for the study of ancient marbles; for, exclusive of the statues and busts in the garden, and the vast collection in the different apartments, almost the whole outside of the house is covered with curious pieces in basso and alto re lievo. The most masterly is that of Curtius on horseback, leaping into the gulf or opening of the earth, which is said to have closed on receiving this sacrifice. Among the exhibitions of art within the house, I was much struck with a Bacchus, and the death of Meleager represented on an ancient sepulchre. There is also an admirable statue of Silenus, with the infant Bacchus in his arms; a most beautiful gladiator; a curious Moor of black marble, with a shirt of white alabaster; a finely proportioned bull of black marble also, standing upon a table of alabaster; a black gipsey, with a head, hands, and feet of brass; and the famous hermaphrodite, which vies with that of Florence; though the most curious circumstance of this article is the matress, executed and placed by Bernini, with such art and dexterity, that to the view it rivals the softness of wool, and seems to retain the marks of pressure, according to the figure of the superincumbent statue. Let us likewise own, for the honour of the moderns, that the same artist has produced two fine statues, which we find among the ornaments of this villa; namely, a David with his sling, in the attitude of throw-

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ing the stone at the giant Goliah; and a Daphne changing into laurel at the approach of Apollo. On the base of this figure, are the two following elegant lines, written by Pope Urban VIII. in his younger years.

Quisquis amans sequitur fugitivæ gaudia formæ,
Fronde manus implet, baccas vel carpit amaras.

I ought not to forget two exquisite antique statues of Venus, the weeping slave, and the youth pulling a thorn out of his foot.

I do not pretend to give a methodical detail of the curiosities of Rome; they have been already described by different authors, who were much better qualified than I am for the task; but you shall have what observation I made on the most remarkable objects, without method, just as they occur to my remembrance; and I protest the remarks are all my own; so that if they deserve any commendation, I claim all the merit; and if they are impertinent, I must be contented to bear all the blame.

The piazza of St Peter's church is altogether sublime. The double colonnade on each side, extending in a semicircular sweep, the stupendous Ægyptian obelisk, the two fountains, the portico, and the admirable façade of the church, form such an assemblage of magnificent objects, as cannot fail to impress the mind with awe and admiration; but the church would have produced a still greater effect, had it been detached entirely from the buildings of the Vatican. It would then have been a masterpiece of architecture, complete in all its parts, entire and perfect; whereas, at present, it is no more than a beautiful member attached to a vast undigested and irregular pile of building. As to the architecture of this famous temple, I shall say nothing; neither do I pretend to describe the internal ornaments. The great picture of Mosaic work, and that of St Peter's bark tossed by the tempest, which appear over the gate of the church, though rude in comparison with modern pieces, are nevertheless great curiosities, when considered as the work of Giotto, who flourished in the beginning of the fourteenth century. His master was Cimabue, who learned painting and architecture of the Grecian artists, who came

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from Constantinople, and first revived those arts in Italy. But, to return to St Peter's, I was not at all pleased with the famous statue of the dead Christ in his mother's lap, by Michael Angelo. The figure of Christ is as much emaciated as if he had died of a consumption; besides, there is something indelicate, not to say indecent, in the attitude and design of a man's body, stark naked, lying upon the knees of a woman. Here are some good pictures, I should rather say copies of good pictures, done in Mosaic to great perfection; particularly a St Sebastian by Domenichino, and Michael the archangel, from a painting of Guido Rheni. I am extremely fond of all this artist's pieces. There is a tenderness and delicacy in his manner; and his figures are all exquisitely beautiful, though his expression is often erroneous, and his attitudes are always affected and unnatural. In this very piece the archangel has all the air of a French dancing-master; and I have seen a Madonna by the same hand, I think it is in the Palaco di Barberini, in which, though the figures are enchanting, the virgin is represented holding up the drapery of the infant, with the ridiculous affectation of a singer on the stage of our Italian opera. The Mosaic work, though brought to a wonderful degree of improvement, and admirably calculated for churches, the dampness of which is pernicious to the colours of the pallet, I will not yet compare to the productions of the pencil. The glassyness (if I may be allowed the expression) of the surface, throws, in my opinion, a false light on some parts of the picture; and when you approach it, the joinings of the pieces look like so many cracks on painted canvas. Besides, this method is extremely tedious and expensive. I went to see the artist at work, in a house that stands near the church, where I was much pleased with the ingenuity of the process; and not a little surprised at the great number of different colours and tints, which are kept in separate drawers, marked with numbers as far as seventeen thousand. For a single head done in Mosaic, they asked me fifty sequines. But to return to the church. The altar of St Peter's choir, notwithstanding all the ornaments which have

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been lavished upon it, is no more than a heap of puerile finery, better adapted to an Indian pagod, than to a temple built upon the principles of the Greek architecture. The four colossal figures that support the chair are both clumsy and disproportioned. The drapery of statues, whether in brass or stone, when thrown into large masses, appears hard and unpleasant to the eye; and for that reason the ancients always imitated wet linen, which, exhibiting the shape of the limbs underneath, and hanging in a multiplicity of wet folds, gives an air of lightness, softness, and ductility to the whole.

These two statues weigh 116,257 pounds; and as they sustain nothing but a chair, are out of all proportion, inasmuch as the supporters ought to be suitable to the things supported. Here are four giants holding up the old wooden chair of the apostle Peter, if we may believe the book *De Identitate Cathedræ Romanæ*. The implements of popish superstition, such as relics of pretended saints, ill proportioned spires and belfreys, and the nauseous repetition of the figure of the cross, which is in itself a very mean and disagreeable object, only fit for the prisons of condemned criminals, have contributed to introduce a vitious taste into the external architecture, as well as in the internal ornaments of our temples. All churches are built in the figure of a cross, which effectually prevents the eye from taking in the scope of the building, either without side or within; consequently robs the edifice of its proper effect. The palace of the Escurial in Spain is laid out in the shape of a gridiron, because the convent was built in consequence of a vow to St Laurence, who was broiled to death like a barbecued pig. What pity it is, that the labours of painting should have been so much employed on the shocking subjects of the martyrology. Besides numberless pictures of the flagellation, crucifixion, and descent from the cross, we have Judith with the head of Holofernes, Herodias with the head of John the Baptist, Jael assassinating Sisera in his sleep, Peter writhing on the cross, Stephen battered with stones, Sebastian stuck full of arrows, Laurence frying up-

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on the coals, Bartholomew flayed alive, and a hundred other pictures equally frightful, which can only serve to fill the mind with gloomy ideas, and encourage a spirit of religious fanaticism, which has always been attended with mischievous consequences to the community where it reigned.

The tribune of the great altar, consisting of four wreathed brass pillars, gilt, supporting a canopy, is doubtless very magnificent, if not overcharged with sculpture, fluting, foliage, festoons, and figures of boys and angels, which, with the hundred and twenty-two lamps of silver, continually burning below, serve rather to dazzle the eyes, and kindle the devotion of the ignorant vulgar, than to excite the admiration of a judicious observer.

There is nothing, I believe, in this famous structure, so worthy of applause, as the admirable symmetry and proportion of its parts. Notwithstanding all the carving, gilding, basso-relievos, medallions, urns, statues, columns, and pictures with which it abounds, it does not, on the whole, appear over-crowded with ornaments. When you first enter, your eye is filled so equally and regularly, that nothing appears stupendous; and the church seems considerably smaller than it really is. The statues of children that support the fonts of holy water, when observed from the door, seem to be of the natural size; but as you draw near, you perceive they are gigantic. In the same manner, the figures of the doves, with olive branches in their beaks, which are represented on the wall, appear to be within your reach; but as you approach them, they recede to a considerable height, as if they had flown upwards to avoid being taken.

I was much disappointed at sight of the pantheon, which, after all that has been said of it, looks like a huge cockpit, open at top. The portico, which Agrippa added to the building, is undoubtedly very noble, though, in my opinion, it corresponds but ill with the simplicity of the edifice. With all my veneration for the ancients, I cannot see in what the beauty of the rotunda consists. It is no more than a plain unpierced cylinder, or circular wall, with two fillets and a cornice, having a vaulted roof or cupola, open in

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the centre. I mean the original building, without considering the vestibule of Agrippa. Withinside it has much the air of a mausoleum. It was this appearance which, in all probability, suggested the thought to Boniface IV. to transport hither eight-and-twenty cart loads of old rotten bones, dug from different burying-places, and then dedicate it as a church to the blessed Virgin and all the holy martyrs. I am not one of those who think it is well lighted by the hole at the top, which is about nine and twenty feet in diameter, although the author of the Grand Tour calls it but nine. The same author says, there is a descent of eleven steps to go into it; that it is a hundred and forty-four feet in height, and as many in breadth; that it was covered with copper, which, with the brass nails of the portico, Pope Urban VIII. took away, and converted into the four wreathed pillars that support the canopy of the high altar in the church of St Peter, &c. The truth is, before the time of Pope Alexander VII. the earth was so raised as to cover part of the temple, and there was a descent of some steps into the porch: but that Pontiff ordered the ground to be pared away to the very pedestal or base of the portico, which is now even with the street, so that there is no descent whatsoever. The height is two hundred palmi, and the breadth two hundred and eighteen; which, reckoning the palmi at nine inches, will bring the height to one hundred and fifty, and the breadth to one hundred and sixty-three feet six inches. It was not any covering of copper which Pope Urban VIII. removed, but large brass beams, which supported the roof of the portico. They weighed 186,392 pounds; and afforded metal enough, not only for the pillars in St Peter's church, but also for several pieces of artillery. What is more extraordinary, the gilding of those columns is said to have cost forty thousand golden crowns: sure money was never worse laid out. Urban VIII. likewise added two belfry towers to the rotunda; and I wonder he did not cover the central hole with glass, as it must be very inconvenient and disagreeable to those who go to church below, to be exposed to the rain in wet weather, which

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must also render it very damp and unwholesome. I visited it several times, and each time it looked more and more gloomy and sepulchral.

The magnificence of the Romans was not so conspicuous in their temples, as in their theatres, amphitheatres, circusses, naumachia, aqueducts, triumphal arches, porticos, basilicæ, but especially their thermæ, or bathing-places. A great number of their temples were small and inconsiderable; not one of them was comparable, either for size or magnificence, to the modern church of St Peter of the Vatican. The famous temple of Jupiter Capitolinus was neither half so long nor half so broad: it was but two hundred feet in length, and one hundred and eighty-five in breadth; whereas, the length of St Peter's extends to six hundred and thirty-eight feet, and the breadth to above five hundred. It is very near twice as large as the temple of Jupiter Olympius in Greece, which was counted one of the seven wonders of the world. But I shall take another opportunity to explain myself farther on the antiquities of this city; a subject upon which I am disposed to be (perhaps impertinently) circumstantial. When I begin to run riot, you should check me with the freedom of a friend. The most distant hint will be sufficient to, dear Sir, yours assuredly.

LETTER XXXII.

DEAR SIR, *Nice, March* 10, 1765.

The Colossæum, or amphitheatre built by Flavius Vespasian, is the most stupendous work of the kind which antiquity can produce. Near one half of the external circuit still remains, consisting of four tier of arcades, adorned with columns of four orders, Doric, Ionic, Corinthian, and Composite. The height and extent of it may be guessed from the number of spectators it contained, amounting to one hundred thousand; and yet, according to Fontana's mensuration, it could not contain above thirty-four thousand persons sitting, allowing a foot and a half for each person: for the circuit of the whole building did not exceed one thousand five hundred and sixty feet. The amphitheatre at

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Verona is one thousand two hundred and ninety feet in circumference; and that of Nismes one thousand and eighty. The Colossæum was built by Vespasian, who employed thirty thousand Jewish slaves in the work; but finished and dedicated by his son Titus, who, on the first day of its being opened, produced fifty thousand wild beasts, which were all killed in the arena. The Romans were undoubtedly a barbarous people, who delighted in horrible spectacles. They viewed with pleasure the dead bodies of criminals dragged through the streets, or thrown down the Scalæ Gemoniæ and Tarpeian rock, for their contemplation. Their rostra were generally adorned with the heads of some remarkable citizens, like Temple-bar at London. They even bore the sight of Tully's head fixed upon that very rostrum where he had so often ravished their ears with all the charms of eloquence, in pleading the cause of innocence and public virtue. They took delight in seeing their fellow-creatures torn in pieces by wild beasts in the amphitheatre. They shouted with applause when they saw a poor dwarf or slave killed by his adversary; but their transports were altogether extravagant, when the devoted captives were obliged to fight in troops, till one side was entirely butchered by the other. Nero produced four hundred senators, and six hundred of the equestrian order, as gladiators in the public arena: even the women fought with wild beasts, as well as with each other, and drenched the amphitheatres with their blood. Tacitus says, '*Sed fœminarum illustrium, senatorumque filiorum plures per arenam fœdati sunt.*' The execrable custom of sacrificing captives or slaves at the tombs of their masters and great men, which is still preserved among the negroes of Africa, obtained also among the ancients, Greeks as well as Romans. I could never, without horror and indignation, read that passage in the twenty-third book of the Iliad, which describes twelve valiant Trojan captives, sacrificed by the inhuman Achilles at the tomb of his friend Patroclus.

Δώδεκα μὲν Τρώων μεγαθύμων υἷας ἰδ' ἀνάκτων
Τοὺς ἅμα σοὶ πάντας πῦρ ἰδ' ἀΐδηλος.

It is not at all clear to me, that a people is the more brave,

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the more they are accustomed to bloodshed in their puplic entertainments. True bravery is not savage, but humane. Some of this sanguinary spirit is inherited by the inhabitants of a certain island that shall be nameless—but, mum for that. You will naturally suppose that the Coliseo was ruined by the barbarians who sacked the city of Rome: in effect, they robbed it of its ornaments and valuable materials; but it was reserved for the Goths and Vandals of modern Rome to dismantle the edifice, and reduce it to its present ruinous condition. One part of it was demolished by Pope Paul II. that he might employ the stones of it in building the palace of St Mark. It was afterwards dilapidated for the same purposes by the cardinals Riarius and Farnese, which last assumed the tiara under the name of Paul III. Notwithstanding these injuries, there is enough standing to convey a very sublime idea of ancient magnificence.

The circi and naumachia, if considered as buildings and artificial basons, are admirable; but if examined as areæ intended for horse or chariot races, and artificial seas for exhibiting naval engagements, they seem to prove that the ancient Romans were but indifferently skilled and exercised either in horsemanship or naval armaments. The inclosure of the Emperor Caracalla's circus is still standing, and scarce affords breathing-room for an English hunter. The Circus Maximus, by far the largest in Rome, was not so long as the Mall; and I will venture to affirm, that St James's Park would make a much more ample and convenient scene for those diversions. I imagine an old Roman would be very much suprised to see an English race on the course at Newmarket. The Circus Maximus was but three hundred yards in breadth. A good part of this was taken up by the spina, or middle space, adorned with temples, statues, and two great obelisks; as well as by the euripus, or canal, made by order of Julius Cæsar to contain crocodiles, and other aquatic animals, which were killed occasionally. This was so large, that Heliogabalus, having filled it with excellent wine, exhibited naval engagements in it, for the amusement of the people. It surrounded three sides of the square, so

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that the whole extent of the race did not much exceed an English mile; and when Probus was at the expense of filling the plain of it with fir-trees, to form a wood for the chase of wild beasts, I question much if this forest was more extensive than the plantation in St James's park, on the south side of the canal: now I leave you to judge what ridicule a king of England would incur, by converting this part of the park into a chase for any species of animals which are counted game in our country.

The Roman emperors seemed more disposed to elevate and surprise, than to conduct the public diversions according to the rules of reason and propriety. One would imagine, it was with this view they instituted their naumachia, or naval engagements, performed by half a dozen small galleys of a side in an artificial bason of fresh water. These galleys, I suppose, were not so large as common fishing smacks, for they were moved by two, three, and four oars of a side, according to their different rates, biremes, triremes, and quadriremes. I know this is a knotty point not yet determined, and that some antiquarians believe the Roman galleys had different tiers or decks of oars; but this is a notion very ill supported, and quite contrary to all the figures of them that are preserved on ancient coins and medals. Suetonius, in the reign of Domitian, speaking of these naumachia, says, '*Edidit navales pugnas, pene justarum classium, effosso et circumducto juxta Tyberim lacu, atque inter maximas imbres prospectavit.*' This artificial lake was no larger than the piece of water in Hyde park; and yet the historian says, it was almost large enough for real or entire fleets. How would it sound in the ears of a British sailor, an advertisement that a mock engagement between two squadrons of men of war would be exhibited on such a day in the Serpentine river? or that the ships of the line taken from the enemy would be carried in procession from Hyde park corner to Tower-wharf? Certain it is, Lucullus, in one of his triumphs, had one hundred and ten ships of war (*naves longas*) carried though the streets of Rome. Nothing can give a more contemptible idea of their naval power, than this testi-

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mony of their historians, who declare, that their seamen, or mariners, were formed by exercising small row-boats in an inclosed pool of fresh water. Had they not the sea within a few miles of them, and the river Tybur running through their capital! even this would have been much more proper for exercising their watermen, than a pond of still water, not much larger than a cold bath. I do believe, in my conscience, that half a dozen English frigates would have been able to defeat both the contending fleets at the famous battle of Actium, which has been so much celebrated in the annals of antiquity, as an event that decided the fate of empire.

It would employ me a whole month to describe the thermæ, or baths, the vast ruins of which are still to be seen within the walls of Rome, like the remains of so many separate citadels. The Thermæ Dioclesianæ might be termed an august academy for the use and instruction of the Roman People. The Pinacotheca of this building was a complete museum of all the curiosities of art and nature; and there were public schools for all the sciences. If I may judge by my eye, however, the Thermæ Antonianæ, built by Caracalla, were still more extensive and magnificent; they contained cells sufficient for two thousand three hundred persons to bathe at one time, without being seen by one another. They were adorned with all the charms of painting, architecture, and sculpture. The pipes for conveying the water were of silver. Many of the lavacra were of precious marble, illuminated by lamps of crystal. Among the statues were found the famous Toro, and Hercole Farnese.

Bathing was certainly necessary to health and cleanliness in a hot country like Italy, especially before the use of linen was known; but these purposes would have been much better answered by plunging into the Tybur, than by using the warm bath in the thermæ, which became altogether a point of luxury borrowed from the effeminate Asiatics, and tended to debilitate the fibres, already too much relaxed by the heat of the climate. True it is, they had baths of cool water for the summer; but in general they used it milk warm,

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and often perfumed: they likewise indulged in vapour baths, in order to enjoy a pleasing relaxation, which they likewise improved with odoriferous ointments. The thermæ consisted of a great variety of parts and conveniencies; the natationes, or swimming places; the portici, where people amused themselves in walking, conversing, and disputing together, as Cicero says, *In porticibus deambulantes disputabant;* the basilicæ, where the bathers assembled before they entered, and after they came out of the bath; the atria, or ample courts, adorned with noble colonnades of Numidian marble and oriental granite; the ephibia, where the young men inured themselves to wrestling and other exercises; the frigidaria, or places kept cool by a constant draught of air, promoted by the disposition and number of the windows; the calidaria, where the water was warmed for the baths; the platanones, or delightful groves of sycamore; the stadia, for the performances of the athletæ; the exedræ, or resting-places, provided with seats for those that were weary; the palestræ, where every one chose that exercise which pleased him best; the gymnasia, where poets, orators, and philosophers, recited their works, and harangued for diversion; the eleotesia, where the fragrant oils and ointments were kept for the use of the bathers; and the conisteria, where the wrestlers were smeared with sand before they engaged. Of the thermæ in Rome, some were mercenary, and some opened gratis. Marcus Agrippa, when he was ædile, opened one hundred and seventy private baths for the use of the people. In the public baths, where money was taken, each person paid a quadrans, about the value of our halfpenny, as Juvenal observes—

Cædere Sylvano porcum quadrante lavari.

But, after the hour of bathing was past, it sometimes cost a great deal more, according to Martial,

Balnea post decimam, lasso centumque petuntur
Quadrantes———————

Though there was no distinction in the places between the first patrician and the lowest plebeian, yet the nobility used

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their own silver and gold plate for washing, eating, and drinking, in the bath, together with towels of the finest linen. They likewise made use of the instrument called strigil, which was a kind of flesh brush; a custom to which Persius alludes in this line,

I puer, et strigiles Crispini ad balnea defer.

The common people contented themselves with sponges. The bathing time was from noon till the evening, when the Romans ate their principal meal. Notice was given by a bell, or some such instrument, when the baths were opened, as we learn from Juvenal,

Redde Pilam, sonat Æs thermarum, ludere pergis?
Virgine vis sola lotus abire domum.

There were separate places for the two sexes; and indeed there were baths opened for the use of women only, at the expense of Agrippina, the mother of Nero, and some other matrons of the first quality. The use of bathing was become so habitual to the constitutions of the Romans, that Galen, in his book *De Sanitate tuenda*, mentions a certain philosopher, who, if he intermitted but one day in his bathing, was certainly attacked with a fever. In order to preserve decorum in the baths, a set of laws and regulations were published, and the thermæ were put under the inspection of a censor, who was generally one of the first senators in Rome. Agrippa left his gardens and baths, which stood near the Pantheon, to the Roman people; among the statues that adorned them was that of a youth naked, as going into the bath, so elegantly formed by the hand of Lysippus, that Tiberius being struck with the beauty of it, ordered it to be transferred into his own palace; but the populace raised such a clamour against him, that he was fain to have it reconveyed to its former place. These noble baths were restored by Adrian, as we read in Spartian; but at present no part of them remains.

With respect to the present state of the old aqueducts, I can give you very little satisfaction. I only saw the ruins of that which conveyed the Aqua Claudia near the Porta Maggiore, and the Piazza of the Lateran. You know there

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were fourteen of those ancient aqueducts, some of which brought water to Rome from the distance of forty miles. The channels of them were large enough to admit a man armed on horseback; and therefore when Rome was besieged by the Goths, who had cut off the water, Belisarius fortified them with works, to prevent the enemy from entering the city by those conveyances. After that period, I suppose the ancient aqueducts continued dry, and were suffered to run to ruins. Without all doubt, the Romans were greatly obliged to those benefactors who raised such stupendous works for the benefit as well as the embellishment of their city; but it might have been supplied with the same water through pipes at one hundredth part of the expense; and in that case the enemy would not have found it such an easy matter to cut it off. Those popes who have provided the modern city so plentifully with excellent water, are much to be commended for the care and expense they have bestowed in restoring the streams called Aqua Virgine, Aqua Felici, and Aqua Paolina, which afford such abundance of water as would plentifully supply a much larger city than modern Rome.

It is no wonder that M. Agrippa, the son-in-law, friend, and favourite of Augustus, should at the same time have been the idol of the people, considering how surprisingly he exerted himself for the emolument, convenience, and pleasure of his fellow-citizens. It was he who first conducted this Aqua Virgine to Rome: he formed seven hundred reservoirs in this city; erected one hundred and five fountains; one hundred and thirty *castella*, or conduits, which works he adorned with three hundred statues, and four hundred pillars of marble, in the space of one year. He also brought into Rome the Aqua Julia, and restored the aqueduct of the Aqua Marzia, which had fallen to decay. I have already observed the great number of baths which he opened for the people, and the magnificent thermæ, with spacious gardens, which he bequeathed to them as a legacy. But these benefactions, great and munificent as they seem to be, were not the most important services he performed for

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the city of Rome. The common sewers were first made by order of Tarquinius Priscus, not so much with a view to cleanliness, as by way of subterranean drains to the Vilabrum, which was marshy, and in order to carry off the stagnant water, which remained in the lower parts after heavy rains. The different branches of these channels united at the Forum, from whence, by the Cloaca Maxima, their contents were conveyed into the Tybur. This great cloaca was the work of Tarquinius Superbus. Other sewers were added by Marcus Cato and Valerius Flaccus, the censors. All these drains having been choked up and ruinous, were cleared and restored by Marcus Agrippa, who likewise undermined the whole city with canals of the same kind, for carrying off the filth: he strengthened and enlarged the Cloaca Maxima, so as to make it capable of receiving a large cart loaded with hay; and directed seven streams of water into these subterranean passages, in order to keep them always clean and open. If, notwithstanding all these conveniencies, Vespasian was put to great expense in removing the ordure from the public streets, we have certainly a right to conclude, that the ancient Romans were not more cleanly than the modern Italians.

After the mausolea of Augustus and Adrian, which I have already mentioned, the most remarkable ancient sepulchres at Rome are those of Caius Cestius and Cecilia Metella. The first, which stands by the Porta di S. Paolo, is a beautiful pyramid, one hundred and twenty feet high, still preserved entire, having a vaulted chamber withinside, adorned with some ancient painting, which is now almost effaced. The building is of brick, but cased with marble. This Caius Cestius had been consul, was very rich, and acted as one of the seven *epulones*, who superintended the feast of the gods, called *Lectisternia* and *Pervigilia*. He bequeathed his whole fortune to his friend M. Agrippa, who was so generous as to give it up to the relations of the testator. The monument of Cecilia Metella, commonly called *Capo di Bove*, is without the walls, on the Via Appia. This lady was daughter of Metellus Creticus, and wife to Crassus, who

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who erected this noble monument to her memory. It consisted of two orders or storeys, the first of which was a square of hewn stone; the second was a circular tower, having a cornice, adorned with ox heads in basso relievo, a circumstance from which it takes the name of *Capo di Bove*. The ox was supposed to be a most grateful sacrifice to the gods. Pliny, speaking of bulls and oxen, says, *hinc victimæ optimæ et laudatissima deorum placatio.* This tower was surmounted by a noble cupola or dome, enriched with all the ornaments of architecture. The door of the building was of brass; and withinside the ashes of Cecilia were deposited in a fluted marble urn, of curious workmanship, which is still kept in the Palazzo Farnese. At present the surface of the ground is raised so much as to cover the first order of the edifice: what we see is no more than the round tower, without the dome and its ornaments; and the following inscription still remains near the top, facing the Via Appia:

CÆCILIÆ
Q. CRETICI F.
METELLÆ
CRASSI.

Now we are talking of sepulchral inscriptions, I shall conclude this letter with the copy of a very singular will, made by Favonius Jocundus, who died in Portugal, by which will the precise situation of the famous temple of Sylvanus is ascertained.

Jocundi.

Ego Gallus Favonius Jocundus P. Favoni F. qui bello contra Viriatum succubui, Jocundum et Prudentem filios, e me et Quintia Fabia conjuge mea ortos, et bonorum Jocundi patris mei, et eorum quæ mihi ipsi acquisivi, hæredes relinquo; hac tamen conditione, ut ab urbe Romana huc veniant, et ossa hic mea intra quinquennium exportent, et via Latina condant in sepulchro jussu meo condito, et mea voluntate; in quo velim neminem mecum, neque servum neque libertum, inseri; et velim ossa quorumcunque sepulchro statim meo eruantur, et jura Romanorum serventur, in sepulchris ritu majorum retinendis, juxta voluntatem testatoris; et si secus fecerint, nisi legitimæ oriantur causæ, velim ea omnia, quæ filiis meis relinquo, pro reparando templo dei Sylvani, quod sub Viminali monte est,

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attribui; manesque mei a pont. max. a flaminibus dialibus qui in Capitolio sunt, opem implorent, ad liberorum meorum impietatem ulciscendam; teneanturque sacerdotes dei Sylvani, me in urbem referre, et sepulchro me meo condere. Volo quoque vernas qui domi meæ sunt, omnes a prætore urbano liberos, cum matribus dimitti, singulisque libram argenti puri, et vestem unam dari. In Lusitania in agro viii. *kal. Quintilis, bello Viriatino.*

My paper scarce affords room to assure you that I am ever, dear Sir, your faithful, &c.

LETTER XXXIII.

DEAR SIR, *Nice, March* 29, 1765.

You must not imagine I saw one half of the valuable pictures and statues of Rome: there is such a vast number of both in this capital, that I might have spent a whole year in taking even a transient view of them; and after all, some of them would have been overlooked. The most celebrated pieces, however, I have seen; and therefore my curiosity is satisfied. Perhaps, if I had the nice discernment and delicate sensibility of a true connoisseur, this superficial glimpse would have served only to whet my appetite, and to detain me the whole winter at Rome. In my progress through the Vatican, I was much pleased with the School of Athens, by Raphael, a piece which hath suffered from the dampness of the air. The four boys attending to the demonstration of a mathematician are admirably varied in the expression. Mr Webb's criticism on this artist is certainly just. He was perhaps the best ethic painter that ever the world produced. No man ever expressed the sentiments so happily in visage, attitude, and gesture; but he seems to have had too much phlegm to strike off the grand passions, or reach the sublime parts of painting. He has the serenity of Virgil, but wants the fire of Homer. There is nothing in his Parnassus which struck me, but the ludicrous impropriety of Apollo's playing upon a fiddle, for the entertainment of the nine Muses.

The Last Judgment, by Buonaroti, in the chapel of Sixtus IV. produced to my eye the same sort of confusion that perplexes my ear at a grand concert, consisting of a great

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variety of instruments, or rather when a number of people are talking all at once. I was pleased with the strength of expression exhibited in single figures and separate groupes; but the whole together is a mere mob, without subordination, keeping, or repose. A painter ought to avoid all subjects that require a multiplicity of groupes and figures, because it is not in the power of that art to unite a great number in one point of view, so as to maintain that dependence which they ought to have upon one another. Michael Angelo, with all his skill in anatomy, his correctness of design, his grand composition, his fire and force of expression, seems to have had very little idea of grace. One would imagine he had chosen his kings, heroes, cardinals, and prelates, from among the *facchini* of Rome; that he really drew his Jesus on the cross from the agonies of some vulgar assassin expiring on the wheel; and that the originals of his Bambini, with their mothers, were literally found in a stable. In the Sala Regia, from whence the Systian chapel is detached, we see, among other exploits of catholic heroes, a representation of the massacre of the protestants in Paris, Thoulouse, and other parts of France, on the eve of St Bartholomew, thus described in the *Discrizione di Roma*.—'*Nella prima pittura, esprime Georgio Vasari l'istoria del Coligni, grand 'amiraglio di Francia, che come capo de rebelli e degl 'Ugonotti, fu uccifo; e nel 'altra vicina, la strange fatta in Parigi, e nel regno, de rebelli, e degl 'Ugonotti.*' 'In the first picture, George Vasari represents the history of Coligni, high admiral of France, who was slain as head of the rebels and hugonots; and in another near it, the slaughter that was made of the rebels and hugonots in Paris and other parts of the kingdom.' Thus the court of Rome hath employed their artists to celebrate and perpetuate, as a meritorious action, the most perfidious, cruel, and infamous massacre that ever disgraced the annals of any nation.

I need not mention the two equestrian statues of Constantine the Great and Charlemagne, which stand at opposite ends of the great portico of St Peter's church, because there is nothing in them which particularly engaged my attention.

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The sleeping Cleopatra, as you enter the court of the Belvidere, in the Vatican, is much admired; but I was better pleased with the Apollo, which I take to be the most beautiful statue that ever was formed. The Nile, which lies in the open court, surmounted with the little children, has infinite merit; but is much damaged, and altogether neglected. Whether it is the same described in Pliny, as having been placed by Vespasian in the temple of Peace, I do not know. The sixteen children playing about it, denoted the swelling of the Nile, which never rose above sixteen cubits. As for the famous groupe of Laocoon, it surpassed my expectation. It was not without reason that Buonaroti called it a portentous work; and Pliny has done it no more than justice in saying it is the most excellent piece that ever was cut in marble; and yet the famous Fulvius Ursini is of opinion that this is not the same statue which Pliny described. His reasons, mentioned by Mountfacon, are these: the statues described by Pliny were of one stone, but these are not. Antonioli, the antiquary, has in his possession pieces of Laocoon's snakes, which were found in the ground where the baths of Titus actually stood, agreeably to Pliny, who says, these statues were placed in the buildings of Titus. Be that as it may, the work which we now see does honour to antiquity. As you have seen innumerable copies and casts of it in marble, plaster, copper, lead, drawings, and prints, and read the description of it in Keyslar, and twenty other books of travels, I shall say nothing more on the subject, but that neither they nor I, nor any other person, could say too much in its praise. It is not of one piece indeed. In that particular Pliny himself might be mistaken. '*Opus omnibus et picturæ et statuariæ artis præponendum. Ex uno lapide cum et liberos draconumque mirabiles nexus de concilii sententia fecere summi artifices.*' Buonaroti discovered the joinings, though they were so artfully concealed as to be invisible. This amazing groupe is the work of three Rhodian sculptors, called Agesander, Polydore, and Athenodorus, and was found in the thermæ of Titus Vespasian, still supposing it to be the true antique. As for the *torso*, or mutilated trunk

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of a statue, which is called the School of Michael Angelo, I had not time to consider it attentively, nor taste enough to perceive its beauties at first sight. The famous horses on Monte Cavallo, before the pope's palace, which are said to have been made in emulation by Phidias and Praxiteles, I have seen, and likewise those in the front of the Capitol, with the statues of Castor and Pollux; but what pleased me infinitely more than all of them together, is the equestrian statue of Corinthian brass, standing in the middle of this piazza (I mean at the Capitol), said to represent the emperor Marcus Aurelius. Others suppose it was intended for Lucius Verus; a third set of antiquaries contend for Lucius Septimius Severus; and a fourth for Constantine, because it stood in the piazza of the Lateran palace, built by that emperor, from whence Pope Paul III. caused it to be removed to the Capitol. I considered the trophy of Marius as a very curious piece of sculpture, and admired the two sphinxes at the bottom of the stairs leading to this piazza, as the only good representation of life I had ever seen from Egypt; for the two idols of that country, which stand in the ground floor of the museum of the Capitol, and indeed all the Egyptian statues in the Camera Egyptiaca of this very building, are such monstrous misrepresentations of nature, that they never could have obtained a place among the statues of Rome, except as curiosities of foreign superstition, or on account of the materials, as they are generally of basaltes, porphyry, or oriental granite.

At the further end of the court of this museum, fronting the entrance, is a handsome fountain, with the statue of a river god reclining on his urn. This is no other than the famous Marforio, so called from its having been found in Martis Foro. It is remarkable only as being the conveyance of the answers to the satires which are found pasted upon Pasquin, another mutilated statue, standing at the corner of a street.

The marble coffin, supposed to have contained the ashes of Alexander Severus, which we find in one of those apartments, is a curious antique, valuable for its sculpture in

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basso-relievo, especially for the figures on the cover, representing that emperor and his mother Julia Mammea.

I was sorry I had not time to consider the ancient plan of Rome, disposed in six classes, on the stair-case of this museum, which was brought hither from a temple that stood in the Forum Boarium, now called Campo Vaccino.

It would be ridiculous in me to enter into a detail of the vast collection of marbles, basso-relievos, inscriptions, urns, busts, and statues, which are placed in the upper apartments of this edifice. I saw them but once, and then I was struck with the following particulars. A Bacchanalian drunk; a Jupiter and Leda, at least equal to that in the gallery at Florence; an old *præfica*, or hired mourner, very much resembling those wrinkled hags still employed in Ireland, and in the Highlands of Scotland, to sing the coronach at funerals, in praise of the deceased; the famous Antinous, an elegant figure, which Poussin studied as the canon or rule of symmetry; the two fauns; and, above all, the *mirmillone*, or dying gladiator; the attitude of the body, the expression of the countenance, the elegance of the limbs, and the swelling of the muscles, in this statue, are universally admired; but the execution of the back is incredibly delicate. The course of the muscles called *longissimi dorsi* are so naturally marked and tenderly executed, that the marble actually emulates the softness of flesh; and you may count all the spines of the vertebræ, raising up the skin as in the living body; yet this statue, with all its merit, seems inferior to the celebrated dying gladiator of Ctesilas, as described by Pliny, who says the expression of it was such as appears altogether incredible. In the court, on the opposite side of the Capitol, there is an admirable statue of a lion devouring a horse, which was found by the gate of Ostia, near the pyramid of Caius Cestius; and here on the left hand, under a colonnade, is what they call the Columna Rostrata, erected in honour of Caius Duilius, who first triumphed over the Carthaginians by sea. But this is a modern pillar, with the old inscription, which is so defaced as not to be legible. Among the pictures in the gallery and saloon above, what pleased me

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most was the Bacchus and Ariadne of Guido Rheni, and the wolf suckling Romulus and Remus, by Rubens. The court of the Palazzo Farnese is surrounded with antique statues; among which the most celebrated are, the Flora, with a most delicate drapery; the gladiator, with a dead boy over his shoulder; the Hercules with the spoils of the Nemean lion; but that which the connoisseurs justly esteem above all the rest, is the Hercules by Glycon, which you know as well as I do, by the great reputation it has acquired. This admirable statue having been found without the legs, these were supplied by Gulielmo de la Porta, so happily, that when afterwards the original limbs were discovered, Michael Angelo preferred the modern ones, both in grace and proportion; and they have been retained accordingly. In a little house or shed behind the court is preserved the wonderful groupe of Dirce, commonly called the Toro Farnese, which was brought hither from the Thermæ Caracallæ. There is such spirit, ferocity, and indignant resistance, expressed in the bull, to whose horns Dirce is tied by the hair, that I have never seen any thing like it, either upon canvas or in stone. The statues of the two brothers endeavouring to throw him into the sea, are beautiful figures, finely contrasted; and the rope, which one of them holds in a sort of loose coil, is so surprisingly chisseled, that one can hardly believe it is of stone. As for Dirce herself, she seems to be but a subaltern character; but there is a dog upon his hind legs barking at the bull, which is much admired. This amazing groupe was cut out of one stone by Appollonius and Tauriscus, two sculptors of Rhodes; and is mentioned by Pliny in the thirty-sixth book of his Natural History. All the precious monuments of art which have come down to us from antiquity are the productions of Greek artists. The Romans had taste enough to admire the arts of Greece, as plainly appears by the great collections they made of their statues and pictures, as well as by adopting their architecture and music; but I do not remember to have read of any Roman who made a great figure either as a painter or a statuary. It is not enough to say those professions were not

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honourable in Rome, because painting, sculpture, and music, even rhetoric, physic, and philosophy, were practised and taught by slaves. The arts were always honoured and revered at Rome, even when the professors of them happened to be slaves by the accidents and iniquity of fortune. The business of painting and statuary was so profitable, that in a free republic like that of Rome, they must have been greedily embraced by a great number of individuals; but in all probability the Roman soil produced no extraordinary genius for those arts. Like the English of this day, they made a figure in poetry, history, and ethics; but the excellence of painting, sculpture, architecture, and music, they never could attain. In the Palazzo Picchini I saw three beautiful figures, the celebrated statues of Meleager, the boar and dog, together with a wolf of excellent workmanship. The celebrated statue of Moses, by Michael Angelo, in the church of St Peter in Vincula, I beheld with pleasure; as well as that of Christ, by the same hand, in the church of S. Maria Sopra Minerva. The right foot, covered with bronze gilt, is much kissed by the devotees. I suppose it is looked upon as a specific for the toothach; for I saw a cavalier in years, and an old woman, successively rub their gums upon it, with the appearance of the most painful perseverance.

You need not doubt but that I went to the church of St Peter in Montorio, to view the celebrated transfiguration, by Raphael, which, if it was mine, I would cut in two parts. The three figures in the air attract the eye so strongly, that little or no attention is paid to those below on the mountain. I apprehend that the nature of the subject does not admit of that keeping and dependence which ought to be maintained in the disposition of the lights and shadows in a picture. The groupes seem to be entirely independent of each other. The extraordinary merit of this piece, I imagine, consists not only in the expression of divinity on the face of Christ, but also in the surprising lightness of the figure, that hovers like a beautiful exhalation in the air. In the church of St Luke, I was not at all struck by the picture of that saint, drawing the portrait of the Virgin Mary, although it is admired as

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one of the best pieces of Raphael. Indeed it made so little impression upon me, that I do not even remember the disposition of the figures. The altar-piece, by Andrea Sacchi, in the church of St Romauldus, would have more merit, if the figure of the saint himself had more consequence, and was represented in a stronger light. In the Palazzo Borghese I chiefly admired the following pieces; a Venus with two nymphs, and another with Cupid, both by Titian; an excellent Roman Piety, by Leonardo da Vinci; and the celebrated Muse, by Dominechino, which is a fine, jolly, buxom figure. At the palace of Colonna Connestabile, I was charmed with the Herodias, by Guido Rheni; a young Christ, and a Madonna, by Raphael; and four landscapes, two by Claude Lorraine, and the other two by Salvator Rosa. In the *palazetta*, or summer-house belonging to the Palazzo Rospigliosi, I had the satisfaction of contemplating the Aurora of Guido, the colours of which still remain in high perfection, notwithstanding the common report that the piece is spoiled by the dampness of the apartment. The print of this picture by Freij, with all its merit, conveys but an imperfect idea of the beauty of the original. In the Palazzo Barberini, there is a great collection of marbles and pictures. Among the first, I was attracted by a beautiful statue of Venus; a sleeping faun, of curious workmanship; a charming Bacchus, lying on an ancient sculpture, and the famous Narcissus. Of the pictures, what gave me most pleasure was the Magdalen of Guido, infinitely superior to that by Le Brun in the church of the Carmelites at Paris; the Virgin, by Titian; a Madonna, by Raphael; but not comparable to that which is in the Palazzo de Pitti at Florence; and the death of Germanicus, by Poussin, which I take to be one of the best pieces in this great collection. In the Palazzo Falconeri, there is a beautiful St Cecilia, by Guercino; a Holy Family, by Raphael; and a fine expressive figure of St Peter weeping, by Dominechino. In the Palazzo Altieri, I admired a picture, by Carlo Maratti, representing a saint calling down lightning from heaven to destroy blasphemers. It was the figure of the saint I admired,

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merely as a portrait. The execution of the other parts was tame enough; perhaps they were purposely kept down, in order to preserve the importance of the principal figure. I imagine Salvator Rosa would have made a different disposition on the same subject; that, amidst the darkness of a tempest, he would have illuminated the blasphemer with the flash of lightning by which he was destroyed; this would have thrown a dismal gleam upon his countenance, distorted by the horror of his situation, as well as by the effects of the fire, and rendered the whole scene dreadfully picturesque. In the same palace I saw the famous Holy Family, by Corregio, which he left unfinished, and no other artist would undertake to supply; for what reason I know not. Here too is a Judgment of Paris, by Titian, which is reckoned a very valuable piece. In the Palazzo Odescalchi, there is a Holy Family, by Buonaroti, and another by Raphael, both counted excellent, though in very different styles, extremely characteristic of those two great rival artists.

If I was silly enough to make a parade, I might mention some hundreds more of marbles and pictures, which I really saw at Rome, and even eke out that number with a huge list of those I did not see; but whatever vanity I may have, it has not taken this turn; and I assure you, upon my word and honour, I have described nothing but what actually fell under my own observation. As for my critical remarks, I am afraid you will think them too superficial and capricious to belong to any other person but your humble servant.

LETTER XXXIV.

DEAR SIR, *Nice, April 2, 1765.*

I HAVE nothing to communicate touching the library of the Vatican, which, with respect to the apartments and their ornaments, is undoubtedly magnificent. The number of books it contains does not exceed forty thousand volumes, which are all concealed from the view, and locked up in presses. As for the manuscripts, I saw none but such as are commonly represented to strangers of our nation; some very old copies of Virgil and Terence; two or three missals curi-

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ously illuminated; the book De Septem Sacramentis, written in Latin by Henry VIII. against Luther; and some of that prince's love-letters to Anne Boleyn. I likewise visited the Libreria Casanetense, belonging to the convent of the church called S. Maria Sopra Minerva. I had a recommendation to the principal librarian, a dominican friar, who received me very politely, and regaled me with a sight of several curious MSS. of the classics.

Having satisfied my curiosity at Rome, I prepared for my departure; and as the road between Radicofani and Montefiascone is very stony and disagreeable, I asked the banker Barazzi if there was not a better way of returning to Florence, expressing a desire at the same time to see the cascade of Terni. He assured me that the road by Terni was forty miles shorter than the other, much more safe and easy, and accommodated with exceeding good auberges. Had I taken the trouble to cast my eyes upon the map, I must have seen, that the road by Terni, instead of being forty miles shorter, was much longer than the other: but this was not the only mistake of Signiore Barazzi. Great part of this way lies over steep mountains, or along the side of precipices, which render travelling in a carriage exceeding tedious, dreadful, and dangerous; and as for the public houses, they are in all respects the most execrable that ever I entered. I will venture to say, that a common prisoner in the Marshalsea, or King's Bench, is more cleanly and commodiously lodged than we were in many places on this road. The houses are abominably nasty, and generally destitute of provision: when eatables were found, we were almost poisoned by their cookery: their beds were without curtains, or bedstead, and their windows without glass; and for this sort of entertainment we paid as much as if we had been genteelly lodged, and sumptuously treated. I repeat it again, of all the people I ever knew, the Italians are the most villanously rapacious. The first day, having passed Civita Castellana, a small town standing on the top of a hill, we put up at what was called an excellent inn, where cardinals, prelates, and princes, often lodged. Being meagre day,

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there was nothing but bread, eggs, and anchovies, in the house. I went to bed without supper, and lay in a pallet, where I was half devoured by vermin. Next day, our road, in some places, lay along precipices, which overhang the Nera or Nar, celebrated in antiquity for its white foam, and the sulphurous quality of its waters;

Sulfureâ Nar albus aquâ, fontesque Velini.

It is a small but rapid stream, which runs not far from hence into the Tybur. Passing Utricoli, near the ruins of ancient Ocricoli, and the romantic town of Narni, situated on the top of a mountain, in the neighbourhood of which is still seen standing one arch of the stupendous bridge built by Augustus Cæsar, we arrived at Terni, and hiring a couple of chaises before dinner, went to see the famous Cascata della Marmore, which is at the distance of three miles. We ascended a steep mountain by a narrow road, formed for a considerable way along the brink of a precipice, at the bottom of which brawls the furious river Nera, after having received the Velino. This last is the stream which, running from the Lago delle Marmore, forms the cascade by falling over a precipice about one hundred and sixty feet high. Such a body of water rushing down the mountain; the smoke, vapour, and thick white mist which it raises; the double rainbow which these particles continually exhibit while the sun shines; the deafening sound of the cataract; the vicinity of a great number of other stupendous rocks and precipices, with the dashing, boiling, and foaming of the two rivers below, produce altogether an object of tremendous sublimity: yet great part of its effect is lost, for want of a proper point of view from which it might be contemplated. The cascade would appear much more astonishing, were it not in some measure eclipsed by the superior height of the neighbouring mountains. You have not a front perspective; but are obliged to view it obliquely on one side, standing upon the brink of a precipice, which cannot be approached without horror. This station might be rendered much more accessible, and altogether secure, for the expense of four or five zequins; and a small tax might be

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levied for the purpose from travellers by the aubergiste at Terni, who lets his calasses for half a zequin a-piece to those that are curious to see this phenomenon. Besides the two postilions, whom I paid for this excursion at the rate of one stage in posting, there was a fellow who posted himself behind one of the chaises, by way of going to point out the different views of the cascade; and his demand amounted to four or five pauls. To give you an idea of the extortion of those villanous publicans, I must tell you, that for a dinner and supper, which even hunger could not tempt us to eat, and a night's lodgings in three truckle-beds, I paid eighty pauls, amounting to forty shillings sterling. You ask me why I submitted to such imposition! I will tell you—I have more than once in my travels made a formal complaint of the exorbitancy of a publican to the magistrate of the place; but I never received any satisfaction, and have lost abundance of time. Had I proceeded to manual correction, I should have alarmed and terrified the women: had I peremptorily refused to pay the sum total, the landlord, who was the postmaster, would not have supplied me with horses to proceed on my journey. I tried the experiment at Muy in France, where I put myself into a violent passion, had abundance of trouble, was detained till it was almost night, and after all found myself obliged to submit, furnishing at the same time matter of infinite triumph to the mob, which had surrounded the coach, and interested themselves warmly in favour of their townsman. If some young patriot, in good health and spirits, would take the trouble, as often as he is imposed upon by the road in travelling, to have recourse to the fountain-head, and prefer a regular complaint to the comptroller of the posts, either in France or Italy, he would have ample satisfaction, and do great service to the community. Terni is an agreeable town, pretty well built, and situated in a pleasant valley, between two branches of the river Nera, whence it was called by the ancients Interamna. Here is an agreeable piazza, where stands a church that was of old a heathen temple. There are some valuable paintings in the church. The people are

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said to be very civil, and provisions to be extremely cheap. It was the birth-place of the Emperor Tacitus, as well as of the historian of the same name. In our journey from hence to Spoleto, we passed over a high mountain (I think it is called Somna), where it was necessary to have two additional horses to the carriage, and the road winds along a precipice, which is equally dangerous and dreadful. We passed through part of Spoleto, the capital of Umbria, which is a pretty large city. Of this, however, I can give no other account from my own observation, but that I saw at a distance the famous Gothic aqueduct of brick: this is mentioned by Addison as a structure which, for the height of its arches, is not equalled by any thing in Europe. The road from hence to Foligno, where we lay, is kept in good order, and lies through a delightful plain, laid out into beautiful inclosures, abounding with wine, oil, corn, and cattle, and watered by the pastoral streams of the famous river Clitumnus, which takes its rise in three or four separate rivulets issuing from a rock near the highway. On the right hand, we saw several towns situated on rising grounds, and, among the rest, that of Assisio, famous for the birth of St Francis, whose body, being here deposited, occasions a great concourse of pilgrims. We met a Roman princess going thither with a grand retinue, in consequence of a vow she had made, for the re-establishment of her health. Foligno, the Fulginium of the ancients, is a small town, not unpleasant, lying in the midst of mulberry plantations, vineyards, and corn-fields, and built on both sides of the little river Topino. In choosing our beds at the inn, I perceived one chamber locked, and desired it might be opened; upon which the cameriere declared, with some reluctance,—'*Besogna dire a su' excellenza; poco fa, che una bestia e morta in questa camera e non e ancora lustrata.*' When I inquired what beast it was, he replied,—'*Un eretico Inglese.*' I suppose he would not have made so free with our country and religion, if he had not taken us for German catholics, as we afterwards learned from Mr R——i. Next day we crossed the Tybur over a handsome bridge, and in

mounting the steep hill upon which the city of Perugia stands, our horses being exhausted, were dragged backwards, by the weight of the carriage, to the very edge of a precipice, where, happily for us, a man passing that way placed a large stone behind one of the wheels, which stopped their motion, otherwise we should have been all dashed in pieces. We had another ugly hill to ascend within the city, which was more difficult and dangerous than the other: but the postilions and the other beasts made such efforts, that we mounted without the least stop, to the summit, where we found ourselves in a large piazza, where the horses are always changed. There being no relays at the post, we were obliged to stay the whole day and night at Perugia, which is a considerable city, built upon the acclivity of a hill, adorned with some elegant fountains, and several handsome churches, containing some valuable pictures by Guido, Raphael, and his master Pietro Perugino, who was a native of this place. The next stage is on the banks of the lake, which was the Thrasemene of the ancients, a beautiful piece of water, above thirty miles in circumference, having three islands, abounding with excellent fish: upon a peninsula of it there is a town and castle. It was in this neighbourhood where the consul Flaminius was totally defeated with great slaughter by Hannibal. From Perugia to Florence the posts are all double, and the road is so bad, that we never could travel above eight-and-twenty miles a-day. We were often obliged to quit the carriage, and walk up steep mountains; and the way in general was so unequal and stony, that we were jolted even to the danger of our lives. I never felt any sort of exercise or fatigue so intolerable; and I did not fail to bestow an hundred benedictions per diem upon the banker Barazzi, by whose advice we had taken this road; yet there was no remedy but patience. If the coach had not been incredibly strong, it must have been shattered to pieces. The fifth night we passed at a place called Camoccia, a miserable cabaret, where we were fain to cook our own supper, and lay in a musty chamber, which had never known a fire, and indeed had no fire-

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place, and where we run the risk of being devoured by rats. Next day one of the irons of the coach gave way at Arezzo, where we were detained two hours before it could be accommodated. I might have taken this opportunity to view the remains of the ancient Etruscan amphitheatre, and the temple of Hercules, described by the cavalier Lorenzo Guazzesi, as standing in the neighbourhood of this place: but the blacksmith assured me his work would be finished in a few minutes; and as I had nothing so much at heart as the speedy accomplishment of this disagreeable journey, I chose to suppress my curiosity, rather than be the occasion of a moment's delay. But all the nights we had hitherto passed were comfortable in comparison to this, which we suffered at a small village, the name of which I do not remember. The house was dismal and dirty beyond all description; the bed-clothes filthy enough to turn the stomach of a muleteer; and the victuals cooked in such a manner, that even a Hottentot could not have beheld them without loathing. We had sheets of our own, which were spread upon a matress; and here I took my repose, wrapped in a great coat, if that could be called repose which was interrupted by the innumerable stings of vermin. In the morning I was seized with a dangerous fit of the hooping-cough, which terrified my wife, alarmed my people, and brought the whole community into the house. I had undergone just such another at Paris about a year before. This forenoon, one of our coach-wheels flew off in the neighbourhood of Ancisa, a small town, where we were detained above two hours by this accident; a delay which was productive of much disappointment, danger, vexation, and fatigue. There being no horses at the last post, we were obliged to wait until those which brought us thither should be sufficiently refreshed to proceed. Understanding that all the gates of Florence are shut at six, except two that are kept open for the accommodation of travellers, and that to reach the nearest of these gates, it was necessary to pass the river Arno in a ferry-boat, which could not transport the carriage; I determined to send my servant before with a light chaise to enter the nearest gate

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before it was shut, and provide a coach to come and take us up at the side of the river, where we should be obliged to pass in the boat; for I could not bear the thoughts of lying another night in a common cabaret. Here, however, another difficulty occurred. There was but one chaise, and a dragoon officer in the imperial troops insisted upon his having bespoke it for himself and his servant. A long dispute ensued, which had like to have produced a quarrel; but at length I accommodated matters, by telling the officer that he should have a place in it gratis, and his servant might ride a-horseback. He accepted the offer without hesitation; but, in the meantime, we set out in the coach before them, and having proceeded about a couple of miles, the road was so deep from a heavy rain, and the beasts were so fatigued, that they could not proceed. The postilions scourging the poor animals with great barbarity, they made an effort, and pulled the coach to the brink of a precipice, or rather a kind of hollow way, which might be about seven or eight feet lower than the road. Here my wife and I leaped out, and stood under the rain, up to the ankles in mud; while the postilions, still exercising their whips, one of the fore horses fairly tumbled down the descent, and hung by the neck, so that he was almost strangled before he could be disengaged from the traces, by the assistance of some foot-travellers that happened to pass. While we remained in this dilemma, the chaise, with the officer and my servant, coming up, we exchanged places; my wife and I proceeded in the chaise, and left them with Miss C—— and Mr R——, to follow in the coach. The road from hence to Florence is nothing but a succession of steep mountains, paved and conducted in such a manner, that one would imagine the design had been to render it impracticable by any sort of wheel-carriage. Notwithstanding all our endeavours, I found it would be impossible to enter Florence before the gates were shut. I flattered and threatened by turns; but the fellow, who had been remarkably civil at first, grew sullen and impertinent. He told me I must not think of reaching Florence; that the boat would

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not take the carriage on board; and that from the other side I must walk five miles before I should reach the gate that was open: but he would carry me to an excellent osteria, where I should be entertained and lodged like a prince. I was now convinced that he had lingered on purpose to serve this innkeeper; and I took it for granted that what he told me of the distance between the ferry and the gate was a lie. It was eight o'clock when we arrived at his inn. I alighted with my wife to view the chambers, desiring he would not put up his horses. Finding it was a villanous house, we came forth, and, by this time, the horses were put up. I asked the fellow how he durst presume to contradict my orders, and commanded him to put them to the chaise. He asked in his turn if I was mad? if I thought I and the lady had strength and courage enough to walk five miles in the dark, through a road which we did not know, and which was broke up by a continued rain of two days? I told him he was an impudent rascal; and, as he still hesitated, I collared him with one hand, and shook my cane over his head with the other. It was the only weapon I had, either offensive or defensive; for I had left my sword and musquetoon in the coach. At length the fellow obeyed, though with great reluctance, cracking many severe jokes upon us in the meantime, and being joined in his raillery by the innkeeper, who had all the external marks of a ruffian. The house stood in a solitary situation, and not a soul appeared but these two miscreants, so that they might have murdered us without fear of detection. 'You do not like the apartments?' said one, 'to be sure they were not fitted up for persons of your rank and quality.' 'You will be glad of a worse chamber,' continued the other, 'before you get to bed.' 'If you walk to Florence to-night, you will sleep so sound that the fleas will not disturb you.' 'Take care you do not take up your night's lodgings in the middle of the road, or in the ditch of the city-wall.' I fired inwardly at these sarcasms, to which, however, I made no reply; and my wife was almost dead with fear. In the road from hence to the boat, we met with an ill-looking fel-

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low, who offered his service to conduct us into the city; and such was our situation, that I was fain to accept his proposal, especially as we had two small boxes in the chaise by accident, containing some caps and laces belonging to my wife. I still hoped the postilion had exaggerated in the distance between the boat and the city gate, and was confirmed in this opinion by the ferry-man, who said we had not above half a league to walk. Behold us then in this expedition; myself wrapped up in a very heavy great coat, and my cane in my hand. I did not imagine I could have walked a couple of miles in this equipage, had my life been depending; my wife, a delicate creature, who had scarce ever walked a mile in her life; and the ragamuffin before us, with our boxes under his arm. The night was dark and wet; the road slippery and dirty; not a soul was seen, nor a sound was heard; all was silent, dreary, and horrible. I laid my account with a violent fit of illness from the cold I should infallibly catch, if I escaped assassination, the fears of which were the more troublesome, as I had no weapon to defend our lives. While I laboured under the weight of my great coat, which made the streams of sweat flow down my face and shoulders, I was plunging in the mud, up to the mid-leg, at every step; and at the same time obliged to support my wife, who wept in silence, half dead with terror and fatigue. To crown our vexation, our conductor walked so fast, that he was often out of sight, and I imagined he had run away with the boxes. All I could do, on these occasions, was to holla as I could, and swear horribly that I would blow his brains out. I did not know but these oaths and menaces might keep other rogues in awe. In this manner did we travel four long miles, making almost an entire circuit of the city-wall, without seeing the face of a human creature, and at length reached the gate, where we were examined by the guard, and allowed to pass, after they had told us it was a long mile from hence to the house of Vanini, where we proposed to lodge. No matter; being now fairly within the city, I plucked up my spirits, and performed the rest of the journey with such ease, that I am

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persuaded I could have walked at the same pace all the night long, without being very much fatigued. It was near ten at night when we entered the auberge, in such a draggled and miserable condition, that Mrs Vanini almost fainted at sight of us, on the suposition that we had met with some terrible disaster, and that the rest of the company were killed. My wife and I were immediately accommodated with dry stockings and shoes, a warm apartment, and a good supper, which I ate with great satisfaction, arising not only from our having happily survived the adventure, but also from a conviction that my strength and constitution were wonderfully repaired: not but that I still expected a severe cold, attended with a terrible fit of the asthma; but in this I was luckily disappointed. I now, for the first time, drank to the health of my physician Barazzi, fully persuaded that the hardships and violent exercise I underwent by following his advice had greatly contributed to the re-establishment of my health. In this particular, I imitate the gratitude of Tavernier, who was radically cured of the gout by a Turkish aga in Egypt, who gave him the bastinado, because he would not look at the head of the bashaw of Cairo, which the aga carried in a bag to be presented to the grand signior at Constantinople.

I did not expect to see the rest of our company that night, as I never doubted but they would stay with the coach at the inn on the other side of the Arno; but at midnight we were joined by Miss C—— and Mr R——, who had left the carriage at the inn, under the auspices of the captain and my servant, and followed our footsteps by walking from the ferry-boat to Florence, conducted by one of the boatmen. Mr R—— seemed to be much ruffled and chagrined; but, as he did not think proper to explain the cause, he had no right to expect that I should give him satisfaction for some insult he had received from my servant. They had been exposed to a variety of disagreeable adventures from the impracticability of the road. The coach had been several times in the most imminent hazard of being lost, with all our baggage; and at two different places it was necessary to hire

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a dozen of oxen, and as many men, to disengage it from the holes into which it had run. It was in the confusion of these adventures, that the captain and his valet, Mr R—— and my servant, had like to have gone all by the ears together. The peace was with difficulty preserved by the interposition of Miss C——, who suffered incredibly from cold and wet, terror, vexation, and fatigue: yet happily no bad consequence ensued. The coach and baggage were brought safely into Florence next morning, when all of us found ourselves well refreshed, and in good spirits. I am afraid this is not the case with you, who must by this time be quite jaded with this long epistle, which shall therefore be closed without further ceremony by, yours always.

LETTER XXXV.

DEAR SIR, *Nice, March* 20, 1765.

The season being far advanced, and the weather growing boisterous, I made but a short stay at Florence, and set out for Pisa, with full resolution to take the nearest road to Lerici, where we proposed to hire a felucca for Genoa. I had a great desire to see Leghorn and Lucca; but the dread of a winter's voyage by sea in an open boat effectually restrained my curiosity. To avoid the trouble of having our baggage shifted every post, I hired two chaises to Pisa for a couple of zequins, and there we arrived about seven in the evening, though not without fear of the consequence, as the calasses were quite open, and it rained all the way. I must own I was so sick of the wretched accommodation one meets with in every part of Italy, except the great cities, so averse to the sea at this season, and so fond of the city of Pisa, that I should certainly have staid here the winter, had I not been separated from my books and papers, as well as from other conveniences and connections which I had at Nice; and foreseen that the thoughts of performing the same disagreeable voyage in the spring would embitter my whole winter's enjoyment. I again hired two calasses for Lerici, proposing to lie at Sarzano, three miles short of that place, where we

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were told we should find comfortable lodging, and to embark next day without halting. When we departed in the morning, it rained very hard, and the Cerchio, which the chaises had formerly passed, almost without wetting the wheels, was now swelled to a mighty river, broad, and deep, and rapid. It was with great difficulty I could persuade my wife to enter the boat: for it blew a storm, and she had seen it, in coming over from the other side, hurried down a considerable way by the rapidity of the current, notwithstanding all the efforts of the watermen. Near two hours were spent in transporting us with our chaises. The road between this and Spirito Santo was rendered almost impassable. When we arrived at Massa, it began to grow dark, and the postmaster assured us that the road to Sarzano was overflowed in such a manner as not to be passed in the day-time, without imminent danger. We therefore took up our lodging at his house, which was in all respects one of the worst we had yet entered. Next day, we found the Magra as large and violent as the Cerchio: however, we passed it without any accident, and in the afternoon arrived at Lerici. There we were immediately besieged by a number of patrons of feluccas, from among whom I chose a Spaniard, partly because he looked like an honest man, and produced an ample certificate, signed by an English gentleman; and partly because he was not an Italian; for by this time I had imbibed a strong prejudice against the common people of that country. We embarked in the morning before day, with a gale that made us run the lee-gunwale in the water; but when we pretended to turn the point of Porto Venere, we found the wind full in our teeth, and were obliged to return to our quarters, where we had been shamefully fleeced by the landlord, who nevertheless was not such an exorbitant knave as the postmaster, whose house I would advise all travellers to avoid. Here, indeed, I had occasion to see an instance of prudence and economy, which I should certainly imitate if ever I had occasion to travel this way by myself. An Englishman, who had hired a felucca from Antibes to Leghorn, was put in here by stress of weather; but being aware

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of the extortion of innkeepers, and the bad accommodation in their houses, he slept on board on his own matresses; and there likewise he had all his conveniences for eating. He sent his servant on shore occasionally to buy provision, and see it cooked according to his own direction in some public house; and had his meals regularly in the felueca. This evening he came ashore to stretch his legs, and took a solitary walk on the beach, avoiding us with great care, although he knew we were English: his valet, who was abundantly communicative, told my servant, that in coming through France, his master had travelled three days in company with two other English gentlemen, whom he met upon the road, and in all that time he never spoke a word to either: yet in other respects he was a good man, mild, charitable, and humane. This is a character truly British. At five o'clock in the morning we put to sea again; and though the wind was contrary, made shift to reach the town of Sestri di Levante, where we were most graciously received by the publican, butcher, and his family. The house was in much better order than before; the people were much more obliging: we passed a very tolerable night, and had a very reasonable bill to pay in the morning. I cannot account for this favourable change any other way, than by ascribing it to the effects of a terrible storm, which had two days before torn up a great number of their olive trees by the roots, and done such damage as terrified them into humility and submission. Next day, the weather being delightful, we arrived by one o'clock in the afternoon at Genoa. Here I made another bargain with our patron Antonio to carry us to Nice. He had been hitherto remarkably obliging, and seemingly modest. He spoke Latin fluently, and was tinctured with the sciences. I began to imagine he was a person of a good family, who had met with misfortunes in life, and respected him accordingly; but I found him mercenary, mean, and rapacious. The wind being still contrary, when we departed from Genoa, we could get no further than Finale, where we lodged in a very dismal habitation, which was recommended to us as the best auberge in the place. What ren-

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dered it the more uncomfortable, the night was cold, and there was not a fire-place in the house, except in the kitchen. The beds (if they deserved that name) were so shockingly nasty, that we could not have used them, had not a friend of Mr R—— supplied us with matresses, sheets, and coverlets; for our own sheets were on board the felucca, which was anchored at a distance from the shore. Our fare was equally wretched: the master of the house was a surly assassin, and his cameriere, or waiter, stark staring mad. Our situation was at the same time shocking and ridiculous. Mr R—— quarrelled over night with the master, who swore in broken French to my man, that he had a good mind to poniard that impertinent Piedmontese. In the morning before day, Mr R——, coming into my chamber, gave me to understand, that he had been insulted by the landlord, who demanded six-and-thirty livres for our supper and lodging. Incensed at the rascal's presumption, I assured him I would make him take half the money, and a good beating into the bargain. He replied, that he would have saved me the trouble of beating him, had not the cameriere, who was a very sensible fellow, assured him the patron was out of his senses, and, if roughly handled, might commit some extravagance. Though I was exceedingly ruffled, I could not help laughing at the mad cameriere's palming himself upon R—— as a sensible fellow, and transferring the charge of madness upon his master, who seemed to be much more knave than fool. While Mr R—— went to mass, I desired the cameriere to bid his master bring the bill, and to tell him that if it was not reasonable, I would carry him before the commandant. In the meantime I armed myself with my sword in one hand, and my cane in the other. The innkeeper immediately entered, pale and staring, and when I demanded his bill, he told me with a profound reverence, that he should be satisfied with whatever I myself thought proper to give. Surprised at this moderation, I asked if he would be content with twelve livres; and he answered, '*contissimo*,' with another prostration. Then he made an apology for the bad accommodation of his house, and com-

plained that the reproaches of the other gentleman, whom he was pleased to call my major-domo, had almost turned his brain. When he quitted the room, his cameriere, laying hold of his master's last words, pointed to his own forehead, and said, he had informed the gentleman over night that his patron was mad. This day, we were, by a high wind in the afternoon, driven for shelter into Porto Mauritio, where we found the post-house even worse than that of Finale; and what rendered it more shocking, was a girl quite covered with the confluent small-pox, who lay in a room through which it was necessary to pass to the other chambers, and who smelled so strong as to perfume the whole house. We were but fifteen miles from St Remo, where I knew the auberge was tolerable, and thither I resolved to travel by land. I accordingly ordered five mules to travel post, and a very ridiculous cavalcade we formed, the women being obliged to use common saddles; for in this country even the ladies sit astride. The road lay along one continued precipice, and was so difficult, that the beasts never could exceed a walking pace. In some places we were obliged to alight. Seven hours were spent in travelling fifteen short miles: at length we arrived at our old lodgings in St Remo, which we found white-washed, and in great order. We supped pretty comfortably, slept well, and had no reason to complain of imposition in paying the bill. This was not the case in the article of the mules, for which I was obliged to pay fifty livres, according to the regulation of the posts. The post-master, who came along with us, had the effrontery to tell me, that if I had hired the mules to carry me and my company to St Remo, in the way of common travelling, they would have cost me but fifteen livres; but as I demanded post-horses, I must submit to the regulations. This is a distinction the more absurd, as the road is of such a nature as renders it impossible to travel faster in one way than in another: nor indeed is there the least difference, either in the carriage or convenience, between travelling post and journey riding. A publican might with the same reason charge me three livres a pound for whiting, and if questioned about

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the imposition, reply, that if I had asked for fish, I should have had the very same whiting for the fifth part of the money; but that he made a very wide difference between selling it as fish, and selling it as whiting. Our felucca came round from Porto Mauritio in the night, and embarking next morning, we arrived at Nice about four in the afternoon.

Thus have I given you a circumstantial detail of my Italian expedition, during which I was exposed to a great number of hardships, which I thought my weakened constitution could not have bore; as well as to violent fits of passion, chequered, however, with transports of a more agreeable nature; insomuch that I may say I was for two months continually agitated either in mind or body, and very often in both at the same time. As my disorder at first arose from a sedentary life, producing a relaxation of the fibres, which naturally brought on a listlessness, indolence, and dejection of the spirits, I am convinced that this hard exercise of mind and body co-operated with the change of air and objects to brace up the relaxed constitution, and promote a more vigorous circulation of the juices, which had long languished even almost to stagnation. For some years I had been as subject to colds as a delicate woman new delivered. If I ventured to go abroad when there was the least moisture either in the air, or upon the ground, I was sure to be laid up a fortnight with a cough and asthma; but in this journey, I suffered cold and rain, and stood and walked in the wet, heated myself with exercise, and sweated violently, without feeling the least disorder; but, on the contrary, felt myself growing stronger every day in the midst of these excesses. Since my return to Nice, it has rained the best part of two months, to the astonishment of all the people in the country; yet, during all that time, I have enjoyed good health and spirits. On christmas eve, I went to the cathedral at midnight to hear high mass celebrated by the new bishop of Nice, *in pontificalibus*, and stood near two hours uncovered in a cold gallery, without having any cause in the sequel to repent of my curiosity. In a word, I am now so well, that I

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no longer despair of seeing you and the rest of my friends in England; a pleasure which is eagerly desired by, dear Sir, your affectionate humble servant.

LETTER XXXVI.

DEAR SIR, *Nice, March 23, 1765.*

You ask whether I think the French people are more taxed than the English; but I apprehend, the question would be more a-propos, if you asked whether the French taxes are more insupportable than the English: for in comparing burdens, we ought always to consider the strength of the shoulders that bear them. I know no better way of estimating the strength, than by examining the face of the country, and observing the appearance of the common people, who constitute the bulk of every nation. When I therefore see the country of England smiling with cultivation; the grounds exhibiting all the perfection of agriculture, parcelled out into beautiful inclosures, corn fields, hay, and pasture, woodland and common; when I see her meadows well stocked with black cattle, her downs covered with sheep; when I view her teems of horses and oxen, large and strong, fat and sleek; when I see her farm-houses the habitations of plenty, cleanliness, and convenience; and her peasants well fed, well lodged, well clothed, tall, and stout, and hale and jolly;—I cannot help concluding that the people are well able to bear those impositions which the public necessities have rendered necessary. On the other hand, when I perceive such signs of poverty, misery, and dirt, among the commonalty of France, their unfenced fields dug up in despair, without the intervention of meadow or fallow ground, without cattle to furnish manure, without horses to execute the plans of agriculture; their farm-houses mean, their furniture wretched, their apparel beggarly; themselves and their beasts the images of famine;—I cannot help thinking they groan under oppression, either from their landlords or their government; probably from both.

The principal impositions of the French government are

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these: first, the *taille*, paid by all the commons, except those that are privileged: secondly, the capitation, from which no persons (not even the nobles) are excepted: thirdly, the tenths and twentieths, called *dixiêmes* and *vingtiêmes*, which every body pays. This tax was originally levied as an occasional aid in times of war, and other emergences; but, by degrees, is become a standing revenue even in time of peace. All the money arising from these impositions goes directly to the king's treasury, and must undoubtedly amount to a very great sum. Besides these, he has the revenue of the farms, consisting of the *droits d'aydes*, or excise on wine, brandy, &c.; of the custom-house duties; of the *gabelle*, comprehending that most oppressive obligation on individuals to take a certain quantity of salt at the price which the farmers shall please to fix; of the exclusive privilege to sell tobacco; of the *droits de controlle, insinuation, centiême denier, franchiefs, aubeine, echange et contre-echange*, arising from the acts of voluntary jurisdiction, as well as certain law-suits. These farms are said to bring into the king's coffers above one hundred and twenty millions of livres yearly, amounting to near five millions sterling; but the poor people are said to pay about a third more than this sum, which the farmers retain to enrich themselves, and bribe the great for their protection; which protection of the great is the true reason why this most iniquitous, oppressive, and absurd method of levying money is not laid aside. Over and above those articles I have mentioned, the French king draws considerable sums from his clergy, under the denomination of *dons gratuits*, or free gifts; as well as from the subsidies given by the *pays d'etats*, such as Provence, Languedoc, and Bretagne, which are exempted from the *taille*. The whole revenue of the French king amounts to between twelve and thirteen millions sterling. These are great resources for the king: but they will always keep the poor miserable, and effectually prevent them from making such improvements as might turn their lands to the best advantage. But besides being eased in the article of taxes, there is something else required to make them exert them-

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selves for the benefit of their country. They must be free in their persons, secure in their property, indulged with reasonable leases, and effectually protected by law from the insolence and oppression of their superiors.

Great as the French king's resources may appear, they are hardly sufficient to defray the enormous expense of his government. About two millions sterling per annum of his revenue are said to be anticipated for paying the interest of the public debts; and the rest is found inadequate to the charge of a prodigious standing army, a double frontier of fortified towns, and the extravagant appointments of ambassadors, generals, governors, intendants, commandants, and other officers of the crown, all of whom affect a pomp, which is equally ridiculous and prodigal. A French general in the field is always attended by thirty or forty cooks; and thinks it is incumbent upon him, for the glory of France, to give a hundred dishes every day at his table. When Don Philip, and the mareschal duke de Belleisle, had their quarters at Nice, there were fifty scullions constantly employed in the great square, in plucking poultry. This absurd luxury infects their whole army. Even the commissaries keep open tables; and nothing is seen but prodigality and profusion. The king of Sardinia proceeds upon another plan. His troops are better clothed, better paid, and better fed than those of France. The commandant of Nice has about four hundred a-year of appointments, which enable him to live decently, and even to entertain strangers. On the other hand, the commandant of Antibes, which is in all respects more inconsiderable than Nice, has from the French king above five times the sum to support the glory of his monarch, which all the sensible part of mankind treat with ridicule and contempt. But the finances of France are so ill managed, that many of their commandants, and other officers, have not been able to draw their appointments these two years. In vain they complain and remonstrate. When they grow troublesome they are removed. How then must they support the glory of France? how, but by oppressing the poor people. The treasurer makes use of

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their money for his own benefit. The king knows it; he knows his officers, thus defrauded, fleece and oppress the people; but he thinks proper to wink at these abuses. That government may be said to be weak and tottering which finds itself obliged to connive at such proceedings. The king of France, in order to give strength and stability to his administration, ought to have sense to adopt a sage plan of economy, and vigour of mind sufficient to execute it in all its parts with the most rigorous exactness. He ought to have courage enough to find fault, and even to punish, the delinquents, of what quality soever they may be; and the first act of reformation ought to be a total abolition of all the farms. There are undoubtedly many marks of relaxation in the reins of the French government, and in all probability the subjects of France will be the first to take the advantage of it. There is at present a violent fermentation of different principles among them, which, under the reign of a very weak prince, or during a long minority, may produce a great change in the constitution. In proportion to the progress of reason and philosophy, which have made great advances in this kingdom, superstition loses ground; ancient prejudices give way; a spirit of freedom takes the ascendant. All the learned laity of France detest the hierarchy as a plan of despotism, founded on imposture and usurpation. The protestants, who are very numerous in the southern parts, abhor it with all the rancour of religious fanaticism. Many of the commons, enriched by commerce and manufacture, grow impatient of those odious distinctions, which exclude them from the honours and privileges due to their importance in the commonwealth; and all the parliaments or tribunals of justice in the kingdom, seem bent upon asserting their rights and independence in the face of the king's prerogative, and even at the expense of his power and authority. Should any prince, therefore, be seduced by evil counsellors, or misled by his own bigotry, to take some arbitrary step, that may be extremely disagreeable to all those communities, without having spirit to exert the violence of his power for the support of his measures, he

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will become equally detested and despised; and the influence of the commons will insensibly encroach upon the pretensions of the crown. But if, in the time of a minority, the power of the government should be divided among different competitors for the regency, the parliaments and people will find it still more easy to acquire and ascertain the liberty at which they aspire, because they will have the balance of power in their hands, and be able to make either scale preponderate. I could say a great deal more upon this subject; and I have some remarks to make relating to the methods which might be taken in case of a fresh rupture with France, for making a vigorous impression on that kingdom. But these I must defer till another occasion, having neither room nor leisure at present to add any thing, but that I am, with great truth, dear Sir, your very humble servant.

LETTER XXXVII.

DEAR DOCTOR, *Nice, April 2, 1765.*

As I have now passed a second winter at Nice, I think myself qualified to make some farther remarks on this climate. During the heats of last summer, I flattered myself with the prospect of the fine weather I should enjoy in the winter; but neither I, nor any person in this country, could foresee the rainy weather that prevailed from the middle of November till the twentieth of March. In this short period of four months, we have had fifty-six days of rain, which I take to be a greater quantity than generally falls during the six worst months of the year in the county of Middlesex, especially as it was for the most part a heavy continued rain. The south winds generally predominate in the wet season at Nice; but this winter the rain was accompanied with every wind that blows, except the south; though the most frequent were those that came from the east and north quarters. Notwithstanding these great rains, such as were never known before at Nice in the memory of man, the intermediate days of fair weather were delightful, and the ground seemed perfectly dry. The air itself was perfectly free from moisture. Though I live upon a ground-floor, surrounded on three

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sides by a garden, I could not perceive the least damp either on the floors or the furniture; neither was I much incommoded by the asthma, which used always to harass me most in wet weather. In a word, I passed the winter here much more comfortably than I expected. About the vernal equinox, however, I caught a violent cold, which was attended with a difficulty of breathing; and as the sun advances towards the tropic, I find myself still more subject to rheums. As the heat increases, the humours of the body are rarefied, and of consequence the pores of the skin are opened; while the east wind, sweeping over the Alps and Appenines, covered with snow, continues surprisingly sharp and penetrating. Even the people of the country, who enjoy good health, are afraid of exposing themselves to the air at this season, the intemperature of which may last till the middle of May, when all the snow on the mountains will probably be melted; then the air will become mild and balmy, till, in the progress of summer, it grows disagreeably hot, and the strong evaporation from the sea makes it so saline, as to be unhealthy for those who have a scorbutical habit. When the sea-breeze is high, this evaporation is so great as to cover the surface of the body with a kind of volatile brine, as I plainly perceived last summer. I am more and more convinced that this climate is unfavourable to the scurvy. Were I obliged to pass my life in it, I would endeavour to find a country retreat among the mountains, at some distance from the sea, where I might enjoy a cool air, free from this impregnation, unmolested by those flies, gnats, and other vermin, which render the lower parts almost uninhabitable. To this place I would retire in the month of June, and there continue till the beginning of October, when I would return to my habitation in Nice, where the winter is remarkably mild and agreeable. In March and April, however, I would not advise a valetudinarian to go forth without taking precaution against the cold. An agreeable summer retreat may be found on the other side of the Var, at or near the town of Grasse, which is pleasantly situated on the ascent of a hill in Provence, about seven English miles from Nice. This

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place is famous for its pomatum, gloves, wash-balls, perfumes, and toilette boxes, lined with bergamot. I am told it affords good lodging, and is well supplied with provisions.

We are now preparing for our journey to England, from the exercise of which I promise myself much benefit; a journey extremely agreeable, not only on that account, but also because it will restore me to the company of my friends, and remove me from a place where I leave nothing but the air which I can possibly regret. The only friendships I have contracted at Nice are with strangers, who, like myself, only sojourn here for a season. I now find by experience it is great folly to buy furniture, unless one is resolved to settle here for some years. The Nissards assured me, with great confidence, that I should always be able to sell it for a very little loss; whereas I find myself obliged to part with it for about one third of what it cost. I have sent for a coach to Aix, and, as soon as it arrives, shall take my departure; so that the next letter you receive from me will be dated from some place on the road. I purpose to take Antibes, Toulon, Marseilles, Aix, Avignon, and Orange, in my way; places which I have not yet seen, and where, perhaps, I shall find something for your amusement, which will always be a consideration of some weight with, dear Sir, yours.

LETTER XXXVIII.

TO DR S———, AT NICE.

DEAR SIR, *Turin, March* 18, 1765.

I AM just returned from an excursion to Turin, which is about thirty leagues from hence, the greater part of the way lying over frightful mountains covered with snow. The difficulty of the road, however, reaches no farther than Coni, from whence there is an open highway through a fine plain country, as far as the capital of Piedmont; and the traveller is accommodated with chaise and horses to proceed either post, or by cambiatura, as in other parts of Italy. There are only two ways of performing the journey over the mountains from Nice; one is to ride a-muleback, and the other

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to be carried in a chair. The former I chose, and set out with my servant on the seventh day of February, at two in the afternoon. I was hardly clear of Nice, when it began to rain so hard, that in less than an hour the mud was half a foot deep in many parts of the road. This was the only inconvenience we suffered, the way being in other respects practicable enough; for there is but one small hill to cross on this side of the village of L'Escarene, where we arrived about six in the evening. The ground in this neighbourhood is tolerably cultivated, and the mountains are planted to the tops with olive trees. The accommodation here is so very bad, that I had no inclination to be a-bed longer than was absolutely necessary for refreshment; and therefore I proceeded on my journey at two in the morning, conducted by a guide, whom I hired for this purpose at the rate of three livres a-day. Having ascended one side, and descended the other, of the mountain called Braus, which took up four hours, though the road is not bad, we at six reached the village of Sospello, which is agreeably situated in a small valley, surrounded by prodigious high and barren mountains. This little plain is pretty fertile, and, being watered by a pleasant stream, forms a delightful contrast with the hideous rocks that surround it. Having reposed myself and my mules two hours at this place, we continued our journey over the second mountain, called Brovis, which is rather more considerable than the first, and in four hours arrived at La Giandola, a tolerable inn, situated betwixt the high road and a small river, about a gun-shot from the town of Brieglie, which we left on the right. As we jogged along in the grey of the morning, I was a little startled at two figures which I saw before me, and began to put my pistols in order. It must be observed, that these mountains are infested with *contrabandiers*, a set of smuggling peasants, very bold and desperate, who make a traffic of selling tobacco, salt, and other merchandize, which have not paid duty, and sometimes lay travellers under contribution. I did not doubt but there was a gang of these freebooters at hand; but as no more than two persons appeared, I resolved to let them

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know we were prepared for defence, and fired one of my pistols, in hope that the report of it, echoed from the surrounding rocks, would produce a proper effect; but the mountains and roads being entirely covered with snow to a considerable depth, there was little or no reverberation, and the sound was not louder than that of a pop-gun, although the piece contained a good charge of powder. Nevertheless, it did not fail to engage the attention of the strangers, one of whom immediately wheeled to the left about, and being by this time very near me, gave me an opportunity of contemplating his whole person. He was very tall, meagre, and yellow, with a long hooked nose, and small twinkling eyes. His head was cased in a woollen night-cap, over which he wore a flapped hat; he had a silk handkerchief about his neck; and his mouth was furnished with a short wooden pipe, from which he discharged wreathing clouds of tobacco smoke. He was wrapped in a kind of capot of green baize, lined with wolf-skin; had a pair of monstrous boots, quilted on the inside with cotton; was almost covered with dirt; and rode a mule so low, that his long legs hung dangling within six inches of the ground. This grotesque figure was so much more ludicrous than terrible, that I could not help laughing; when, taking his pipe out of his mouth, he very politely accosted me by name. You may easily guess I was exceedingly surprised at such an address on the top of the mountain Brovis; but he forthwith put an end to it, by discovering himself to be the Marquis M. whom I had the honour to be acquainted with at Nice. After having rallied him upon his equipage, he gave me to understand he had set out from Nice the morning of the same day that I departed; that he was going to Turin; and that he had sent one of his servants before him to Coni with his baggage. Knowing him to be an agreeable companion, I was glad of this encounter, and we resolved to travel the rest of the way together. We dined at La Giandola, and in the afternoon rode along the little river Rioda, which runs in a bottom between frightful precipices, and in several places forms natural cascades, the noise of which had well

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nigh deprived us of the sense of hearing: after a winding course among these mountains, it discharges itself into the Mediterranean at Ventimiglia, in the territory of Genoa. As the snow did not lie on these mountains, when we cracked our whips, there was such a repercussion of the sound as is altogether inconceivable. We passed by the village of Saorgio, situated on an eminence, where there is a small fortress which commands the whole pass, and in five hours arrived at our inn, on this side the Col de Tende, where we took up our quarters, but had very little reason to boast of our entertainment. Our greatest difficulty, however, consisted in pulling off the marquis's boots, which were of the kind called seafarot, by this time so loaded with dirt on the outside, and so swelled with the rain within, that he could neither drag them after him as he walked, nor disencumber his legs of them, without such violence as seemed almost sufficient to tear him limb from limb. In a word, we were obliged to tie a rope about his heel; and all the people in the house assisting to pull, the poor marquis was drawn from one end of the apartment to the other before the boot would give way: at last his legs were happily disengaged, and the machines carefully dried and stuffed for next day's journey.

We took our departure from hence at three in the morning, and at four began to mount the Col de Tende, which is by far the highest mountain in the whole journey. It was now quite covered with snow, which at the top of it was near twenty feet thick. Half way up there are quarters for a detachment of soldiers, posted here to prevent smuggling, and an inn called La Ca, which in the language of the country signifies the house. At this place we hired six men to assist us in ascending the mountain, each of them provided with a kind of hoe to break the ice, and make a sort of steps for the mules. When we were near the top, however, we were obliged to alight, and climb the mountain, supported each by two of those men called *coulants*, who walk upon the snow with great firmness and security. We were followed by the mules; and though they are very sure-footed

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animals, and were frost-shod for the occasion, they stumbled and fell very often, the ice being so hard that the sharp-headed nails in their shoes could not penetrate. Having reached the top of this mountain, from whence there is no prospect but of other rocks and mountains, we prepared for descending on the other side by the *lese*, which is an occasional sledge made of two pieces of wood, carried up by the *coulants* for this purpose. I did not much relish this kind of carriage, especially as the mountain was very steep, and covered with such a thick fog, that we could hardly see two or three yards before us. Nevertheless, our guides were so confident, and my companion, who had passed the same way on other occasions, was so secure, that I ventured to place myself on this machine, one of the *coulants* standing behind me, and the other sitting before, as the conductor, with his feet paddling among the snow, in order to moderate the velocity of its descent. Thus accommodated, we descended the mountain with such rapidity, that in an hour we reached Limon, which is the native place of almost all the muleteers who transport merchandize from Nice to Coni and Turin. Here we waited full two hours for the mules, which travelled with the servants by the common road. To each of the *coulants* we paid forty sols, which are nearly equal to two shillings sterling. Leaving Limon, we were in two hours quite disengaged from the gorges of the mountains, which are partly covered with wood and pasturage, though altogether inaccessible, except in summer; but from the foot of the Col de Tende the road lies through a plain all the way to Turin. We took six hours to travel from the inn where we had lodged over the mountain to Limon, and five hours from thence to Coni. Here we found our baggage, which we had sent off by the carriers one day before we departed from Nice; and here we dismissed our guides, together with the mules. In winter you have a mule for this whole journey at the rate of twenty livres; and the guides are paid at the rate of two livres a-day, reckoning six days, three for the journey to Coni, and three for their return to Nice. We set out so early in the morning, in order to avoid

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the inconveniencies and dangers that attend the passage of this mountain. The first of these arises from your meeting with long strings of loaded mules in a slippery road, the breadth of which does not exceed a foot and a half. As it is altogether impossible for two mules to pass each other in such a narrow path, the muleteers have made doublings or elbows in different parts; and when the troops of mules meet, the least numerous is obliged to turn off into one of these doublings, and there halt until the others are past. Travellers, in order to avoid this disagreeable delay, which is the more vexatious, considering the excessive cold, begin the ascent of the mountain early in the morning, before the mules quit their inns. But the great danger of travelling here when the sun is up proceeds from what they call the *valanches*. These are balls of snow detached from the mountains, which overtop the road, either by the heat of the sun, or the humidity of the weather. A piece of snow thus loosened from the rock, though perhaps not above three or four feet in diameter, increases sometimes in its descent to such a degree as to become two hundred paces in length, and rolls down with such rapidity, that the traveller is crushed to death before he can make three steps on the road. These dreadful heaps drag every thing along with them in their descent. They tear up huge trees by the roots, and, if they chance to fall upon a house, demolish it to the foundation. Accidents of this kind seldom happen in the winter while the weather is dry; and yet scarce a year passes in which some mules and their drivers do not perish by the *valanches*. At Coni we found the Countess C—— from Nice, who had made the same journey in a chair carried by porters. This is no other than a common elbow-chair of wood, with a straw bottom, covered above with wax-cloth, to protect the traveller from the rain or snow, and provided with a foot-board, upon which the feet rest. It is carried like a sedan chair; and for this purpose six or eight porters are employed at the rate of three or four livres a-head per day, according to the season, allowing three days for their return. Of these six men, two are between the poles carrying like

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common chairmen, and each of these is supported by the other two, one at each hand; but as those in the middle sustain the greatest burden, they are relieved by the others in a regular rotation. In descending the mountain, they carry the poles on their shoulders, and in that case four men are employed, one at each end.

At Coni you may have a chaise to go with the same horses to Turin, for which you pay fifteen livres, and are a day and a half on the way. You may post it, however, in one day, and then the price is seven livres ten sols per post, and ten sols to the postilion. The method we took was that of cambiatura. This is a chaise with horses shifted at the same stages that are used in posting; but as it is supposed to move slower, we pay but five livres per post, and ten sols to the postilion. In order to quicken its pace, we gave ten sols extraordinary to each postilion, and for this gratification he drove us even faster than the post. The chaises are like those of Italy, and will take on near two hundred weight of baggage.

Coni is situated between two small streams, and, though neither very large nor populous, is considerable for the strength of its fortifications. It is honoured with the title of the Maiden fortress, because, though several times besieged, it was never taken. The prince of Conti invested it in the war of 1744, but he was obliged to raise the siege, after having given battle to the king of Sardinia. The place was gallantly defended by the Baron Leutram, a German protestant, the best general in the Sardinian service; but what contributed most to the miscarriage of the enemy was a long track of heavy rains, which destroyed all their works, and rendered their advances impracticable.

I need not tell you that Piedmont is one of the most fertile and agreeable countries in Europe, and this the most agreeable part of Piedmont, though it now appeared to disadvantage from the rigorous season of the year; I shall only observe, that we passed through Sabellian, which is a considerable town, and arrived in the evening at Turin. We entered this fine city by the gate of Nice, and, passing

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through the elegant Piazza di San Carlo, took up our quarters at the Bona Fama, which stands at one corner of the great square, called La Piazza Castel.

Were I even disposed to give a description of Turin, I should be obliged to postpone it till another opportunity, having no room at present to say any thing more, but that I am always yours.

LETTER XXXIX.

DEAR SIR, *Aix en Provence, May* 10, 1765.

I AM thus far on my way to England. I had resolved to leave Nice without having the least dispute with any one native of the place; but I found it impossible to keep this resolution. My landlord, Mr C——, a man of fashion, with whose family we had always lived in friendship, was so reasonable as to expect I should give him up the house and garden, though they were to be paid for till Michaelmas, and peremptorily declared I should not be permitted to sub-let them to any other person. He had of his own accord assured me more than once, that he would take my furniture off my hands, and, trusting to his assurance, I had lost the opportunity of disposing of it to advantage; but, when the time of my departure drew near, he refused to take it, at the same time insisting upon having the key of the house and garden, as well as on being paid the whole rent directly, though it would not be due till the middle of September. I was so exasperated at this treatment, from a man whom I had cultivated with particular respect, that I determined to contest it at law; but the affair was accommodated by the mediation of a father of the Minims, a friend to both, and a merchant of Nice, who charged himself with the care of the house and furniture. A stranger must conduct himself with the utmost circumspection to be able to live among these people without being the dupe of imposition.

I had sent to Aix for a coach and four horses, which I hired at the rate of eighteen French livres a-day, being equal to fifteen shillings and nine pence sterling. The river Var was

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so swelled by the melting of the snow on the mountains, as to be impassable by any wheel-carriage; and therefore the coach remained at Antibes, to which we went by water, the distance being about nine or ten miles. This is the Antipolis of the ancients, said to have been built like Nice, by a colony from Marseilles. In all probability, however, it was later than the foundation of Nice, and took its name from its being situated directly opposite to that city. Pliny says, it was famous for its tunny-fishery; and to this circumstance Martial alludes in the following lines.—

Antipolitani, fateor, sum filia thynni.
Esem si Scombri non tibi missa forem.

At present it is the frontier of France towards Italy, pretty strongly fortified, and garrisoned by a battalion of soldiers. The town is small and inconsiderable; but the bason of the harbour is surrounded to sea-ward by a curious bulwark founded upon piles driven in the water, consisting of a wall, ramparts, casemates, and quay. Vessels lie very safe in this harbour; but there is not water at the entrance of it to admit of ships of any burden. The shallows run so far off from the coast, that a ship of force cannot lie near enough to batter the town; but it was bombarded in the late war. Its chief strength by land consists in a small quadrangular fort, detached from the body of the place, which, in a particular manner, commands the entrance of the harbour. The wall of the town, built in the sea, has embrasures and salient angles, on which a great number of cannon may be mounted.

I think the adjacent country is much more pleasant than that on the side of Nice; and there is certainly no essential difference in the climate. The ground here is not so encumbered; it is laid out in agreeable inclosures, with intervals of open fields, and the mountains rise with an easy ascent, at a much greater distance from the sea than on the other side of the bay. Besides, here are charming rides along the beach, which is smooth and firm. When we passed in the last week of April, the corn was then in ear; the cherries were almost ripe; and the figs had begun to

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blacken. I had embarked my heavy baggage on board a London ship, which happened to be at Nice, ready to sail; as for our small trunks or portmanteaus, which we carried along with us, they were examined at Antibes; but the ceremony was performed very superficially, in consequence of tipping the searcher with half-a-crown, which is a wonderful conciliator at all the bureaus in this country.

We lay at Cannes, a neat village, charmingly situated on the beach of the Mediterranean, exactly opposite to the isles Marguerites, where state prisoners are confined. As there are some good houses in this place, I would rather live here, for the sake of the mild climate, than either at Antibes or Nice. Here you are not cooped up within walls, nor crowded with soldiers and people; but are already in the country, enjoy a fine air, and are well supplied with all sorts of fish.

The mountain of Esterelles, which in one of my former letters I described as a most romantic and noble plantation of ever-greens, trees, shrubs, and aromatic plants, is at present quite desolate. Last summer, some execrable villains set fire to the pines when the wind was high. It continued burning for months, and the conflagration extended above ten leagues, consuming an incredible quantity of timber. The ground is now naked on each side of the road, or occupied by the black trunks of the trees which have been scorched without falling. They stand as so many monuments of the judgment of heaven, filling the mind with horror and compassion. I could hardly refrain from shedding tears at this dismal spectacle, when I recalled the idea of what it was about eighteen months ago.

As we staid all night at Frejus, I had an opportunity of viewing the amphitheatre at leisure. As near as I can judge by the eye, it is of the same dimensions with that of Nismes, but shockingly dilapidated. The stone seats rising from the arena are still extant, and the cells under them where the wild beasts were kept. There are likewise the remains of two galleries, one over another; and two vomitoria, or great gateways, at opposite sides of the arena, which is now a fine

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green, with a road through the middle of it; but all the external architecture and the ornaments are demolished. The most entire part of the wall now constitutes part of a monastery, the monks of which, I am told, have helped to destroy the amphitheatre, by removing the stones for their own purposes of building. In the neighbourhood of this amphitheatre, which stands without the walls, are the vestiges of an old edifice, said to have been the palace where the imperator or president resided; for it was a Roman colony, much favoured by Jusius Cæsar, who gave it the name of Forum Julii, and Civitas Forojuliensis. In all probability, it was he who built the amphitheatre, and brought hither the water ten leagues from the river of Ciagne, by means of an aqueduct, some arcades of which are still standing on the other side of the town. A great number of statues were found in this place, together with ancient inscriptions, which have been published by different authors. I need not tell you that Julius Agricola, the father-in-law of Tacitus, the historian, was a native of Frejus, which is now a very poor inconsiderable place. From hence the country opens to the left, forming an extensive plain between the sea and the mountains, which are a continuation of the Alps, that stretches through Provence and Dauphine. This plain, watered with pleasant streams, and varied with vineyards, corn fields, and meadow-ground, afforded a most agreeable prospect to our eyes, which were accustomed to the sight of scorching sands, rugged rocks, and abrupt mountains, in the neighbourhood of Nice. Although this has much the appearance of a corn country, I am told it does not produce enough for the consumption of its inhabitants, who are obliged to have annual supplies from abroad, imported at Marseilles. A Frenchman, at an average, eats three times the quantity of bread that satisfies a native of England; and, indeed, it is undoubtedly the staff of his life. I am therefore surprised, that the Provençaux do not convert part of their vineyards into cornfields; for they may boast of their wine as they please; but that which is drank by the common people, not only here, but also in all the wine countries of

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France, is neither so strong, nourishing, nor in my opinion so pleasant to the taste, as the small beer of England. It must be owned, that all the peasants who have wine for their ordinary drink, are of a diminutive size, in comparison of those who use milk, beer, or even water; and it is a constant observation, that when there is a scarcity of wine, the common people are always more healthy than in those seasons when it abounds. The longer I live, the more I am convinced, that wine, and all fermented liquors, are pernicious to the human constitution; and that, for the preservation of health, and exhiliration of the spirits, there is no beverage comparable to simple water. Between Luc and Toulon, the country is delightfully parcelled out into inclosures. Here is plenty of rich pasturage for black cattle, and a greater number of pure streams and rivulets than I have observed in any other part of France.

Toulon is a considerable place, even exclusive of the bason, docks, and arsenal, which indeed are such as justify the remark made by a stranger when he viewed them. 'The king of France,' said he, 'is greater at Toulon than at Versailles. The quay, the jettés, the docks, and magazines, are contrived and executed with precision, order, solidity, and magnificence. I counted fourteen ships of the line lying unrigged in the bason, besides the Tonnant of eighty guns, which was in dock repairing, and a new frigate on the stocks. I was credibly informed, that in the last war the king of France was so ill served with cannon for his navy, that in every action there was scarce a ship which had not several pieces burst. These accidents did great damage, and discouraged the French mariners to such a degree, that they became more afraid of their own guns than of those of the English. There are now at Toulon above two thousand pieces of iron cannon unfit for service. This is an undeniable proof of the weakness and neglect of the French administration: but a more surprising proof of their imbecility, is the state of the fortifications that defend the entrance of this very harbour. I have some reason to think that they trusted for its security entirely to our opinion that it must be inac-

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cessible. Captain E——, of one of our frigates, lately entered the harbour with a contrary wind, which, by obliging him to tack, afforded an opportunity of sounding the whole breadth and length of the passage. He came in without a pilot, and made a pretence of buying cordage, or some other stores; but the French officers were much chagrined at the boldness of his enterprise. They alleged that he came for no other reason but to sound the channel; and that he had an engineer aboard, who made drawings of the land and the forts, their bearings and distances. In all probability, these suspicions were communicated to the ministry; for an order immediately arrived, that no stranger should be admitted into the docks and arsenal.

Part of the road from hence to Marseilles lies through a vast mountain, which resembles that of Esterelles, but is not so well covered with wood, though it has the advantage of an agreeable stream running through the bottom.

I was much pleased with Marseilles, which is indeed a noble city, large, populous, and flourishing. The streets, for the most part, are open, airy, and spacious; the houses well built, and even magnificent. The harbour is an oval bason, surrounded on every side either by the buildings or the land, so that the shipping lies perfectly secure, and here is generally an incredible number of vessels. On the city side, there is a semicircular quay of free-stone, which extends thirteen hundred paces; and the space between this, and the houses that front it, is continually filled with a surprising crowd of people. The galleys, to the number of eight or nine, are moored with their sterns to one part of the wharf, and the slaves are permitted to work for their own benefit at their respective occupations, in little shops or booths, which they rent for a trifle. There you see tradesmen of all kinds sitting at work, chained by one foot, shoemakers, tailors, silversmiths, watch and clock makers, barbers, stocking-weavers, jewellers, pattern-drawers, scriveners, booksellers, cutlers, and all manner of shopkeepers. They pay about two sols a-day to the king for this indulgence; live well, and look jolly; and can afford to sell their goods

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and labour much cheaper than other dealers and tradesmen. At night, however, they are obliged to lie aboard. Notwithstanding the great face of business at Marseilles, their trade is greatly on the decline; and their merchants are failing every day. This decay of commerce is in a great measure owing to the English, who, at the peace, poured in such a quantity of European merchandise into Martinique and Guadaloupe, that when the merchants of Marseilles sent over their cargoes, they found the markets over-stocked, and were obliged to sell for a considerable loss. Besides, the French colonists had such a stock of sugars, coffee, and other commodities lying by them during the war, that, upon the first notice of peace, they shipped them off in great quantities for Marseilles. I am told that the produce of the islands is at present cheaper here than where it grows; and, on the other hand, the merchandise of this country sells for less money at Martinique than in Provence.

A single person, who travels in this country, may live at a reasonable rate in these towns, by eating at the public ordinaries: but I would advise all families that come hither to make any stay, to take furnished lodgings as soon as they can; for the expense of living at an hotel is enormous. I was obliged to pay at Marseilles four livres a-head for every meal, and half that price for my servant, and was charged six livres a-day besides for the apartment; so that our daily expense, including breakfast and a valet de place, amounted to two louis-d'ors. The same imposition prevails all over the south of France, though it is the cheapest and most plentiful part of the kingdom. Without all doubt, it must be owing to the folly and extravagance of English travellers, who have allowed themselves to be fleeced without wincing, until this extortion is become authorised by custom. It is very disagreeable riding in the avenues of Marseilles, because you are confined in a dusty high road, crowded with carriages and beasts of burden, between two white walls, the reflection from which, while the sun shines, is intolerable. But in this neighbourhood there is a vast number of pleasant country-houses, called bastides, said to amount to

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twelve thousand, some of which may be rented, ready furnished, at a very reasonable price. Marseilles is a gay city, and the inhabitants indulge themselves in a variety of amusements. They have assemblies, a concert spiritual, and a comedy. Here is also a spacious *cours*, or walk, shaded with trees, to which, in the evening, there is a great resort of well dressed people.

Marseilles being a free port, there is a bureau about half a league from the city, on the road to Aix, where all carriages undergo examination; and if any thing contraband is found, the vehicle, baggage, and even the horses, are confiscated. We escaped this disagreeable ceremony by the sagacity of our driver. Of his own accord, he declared at the bureau, that we had bought a pound of coffee and some sugar at Marseilles, and were ready to pay the duty, which amounted to about ten sols. They took the money, gave him a receipt, and let the carriage pass without further question.

I proposed to stay one night only at Aix; but Mr A——, who is here, had found such benefit from drinking the waters, that I was persuaded to make trial of them for eight or ten days. I have accordingly taken private lodgings, and drank them every morning at the fountain-head, not without finding considerable benefit. In my next, I shall say something further of these waters, though I am afraid they will not prove a source of much entertainment. It will be sufficient for me to find them contribute in any degree to the health of, dear Sir, yours assuredly.

LETTER XL.

DEAR DOCTOR, *Boulogne, May 23, 1765.*

I found three English families at Aix, with whom I could have passed my time very agreeably; but the society is now dissolved. Mr S—re and his lady left the place in a few days after we arrived. Mr A——r and Lady Betty are gone to Geneva; and Mr G——r with his family remains at Aix. This gentleman, who laboured under a most dread-

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ful nervous asthma, has obtained such relief from this climate, that he intends to stay another year in the place; and Mr A——r found surprising benefit from drinking the waters for a scorbutical complaint. As I was incommoded by both these disorders, I could not but, in justice to myself, try the united efforts of the air and the waters; especially as this consideration was reinforced by the kind and pressing exhortations of Mr A——r and Lady Betty, which I could not in gratitude resist.

Aix, the capital of Provence, is a large city, watered by the small river Are. It was a Roman colony, said to be founded by Caius Sextus Calvinus, above a century before the birth of Christ. From the source of mineral water here found, added to the consul's name, it was called Aquæ Sextiæ. It was here that Marius, the conqueror of the Teutones, fixed his head-quarters, and embellished the place with temples, aqueducts, and thermæ, of which, however, nothing now remains. The city, as it now stands, is well built, though the streets in general are narrow, and kept in a very dirty condition. But it has a noble *cours* planted with double rows of tall trees, and adorned with three or four fine fountains, the middlemost of which discharges hot water, supplied from the source of the baths. On each side there is a row of elegant houses, inhabited chiefly by the noblesse, of which there is here a considerable number. The parliament, which is held at Aix, brings hither a great resort of people; and as many of the inhabitants are persons of fashion, they are well bred, gay, and sociable. The duc de Villars, who is governor of the province, resides on the spot, and keeps an open assembly, where strangers are admitted without reserve, and made very welcome, if they will engage in play, which is the sole occupation of the whole company. Some of our English people complain, that when they were presented to him, they met with a very cold reception. The French, as well as other foreigners, have no idea of a man of family and fashion, without the title of duke, count, marquis, or lord; and where an English gentleman is introduced by the simple expression of *monsieur*

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tel, they think he is some plebeian unworthy of any particular attention.

Aix is situated in a bottom almost surrounded by hills, which, however, do not screen it from the Bize, or north wind, that blows extremely sharp in the winter and spring, rendering the air almost insupportably cold, and very dangerous to those who have some kinds of pulmonary complaints, such as tubercles, abscesses, or spitting of blood. Lord H——, who passed part of last winter in this place, afflicted with some of these symptoms, grew worse every day while he continued at Aix; but he no sooner removed to Marseilles than all his complaints abated: *such a difference there is in the air of these two places, though the distance between them does not exceed ten or twelve miles.* But the air of Marseilles, though much more mild than that of Aix in the winter, is not near so warm as the climate of Nice, where we find in plenty such flowers, fruit, and vegetables, even in the severest seasons, as will not grow and ripen even in Marseilles or Toulon.

If the air of Aix is disagreeably cold in the winter, it is rendered quite insufferable in the summer, from excessive heat, occasioned by the reflection from the rocks and mountains, which at the same time obstruct the *circulation of air:* for it must be observed, that the same mountains which serve as funnels and canals, to collect and discharge the keen blasts of winter, will provide screens to intercept entirely the faint breezes of summer. Aix, though pretty well provided with butcher's meat, is very ill supplied with pot-herbs; and they have no poultry, but what comes at a vast distance from the Lionnois. They say their want of roots, cabbage, cauliflower, &c. is owing to a scarcity of water; but the truth is, they are very bad gardeners. Their oil is good and cheap; their wine is indifferent; but their chief care seems employed on the culture of silk, the staple of Provence, which is everywhere shaded with plantations of mulberry trees, for the nourishment of the worms. Notwithstanding the boasted cheapness of every article of housekeeping in the south of France, I am persuaded a family may live for less money

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at York, Durham, Hereford, and in many other cities of England, than at Aix in Provence; keep a more plentiful table, and be much more comfortably situated in all respects. I found lodging and provisions at Aix fifty per cent. dearer than at Montpelier, which is counted the dearest place in Languedoc.

The baths of Aix, so famous in antiquity, were quite demolished by the irruptions of the barbarians. The very source of the water was lost, till the beginning of the present century (I think the year 1704), when it was discovered by accident, in digging for the foundation of a house, at the foot of a hill, just without the city wall. Near the same place was found a small stone altar, with the figure of a Priapus, and some letters in capitals, which the antiquarians have differently interpreted. From this figure it was supposed that the waters were efficacious in cases of barrenness. It was a long time, however, before any person would venture to use them internally, as it did not appear that they had ever been drank by the ancients. On their re-appearance, they were chiefly used for baths to horses and other beasts which had the mange and other cutaneous eruptions. At length poor people began to bathe in them for the same disorders, and received such benefit from them, as attracted the attention of more curious inquirers. A very superficial and imperfect analysis was made and published, with a few remarkable histories of the cures they had performed, by three different physicians of those days; and those little treatises, I suppose, encouraged valetudinarians to drink them without ceremony. They were found serviceable in the gout, the gravel, scurvy, dropsy, palsy, indigestion, asthma, and consumption; and their fame soon extended itself all over Languedoc, Gascony, Dauphine, and Provence. The magistrates, with a view to render them more useful and commodious, have raised a plain building, in which there are a couple of private baths, with a bedchamber adjoining to each, where individuals may use them both internally and externally, for a moderate expense. These baths are paved with marble, and supplied with

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water, each by a large brass cock, which you can turn at pleasure. At one end of this edifice, there is an octagon, open at top, having a bason, with a stone pillar in the middle, which discharges water from the same source, all round, by eight small brass cocks; and hither people of all ranks come of a morning, with their glasses, to drink the water, or wash their sores, or subject their contracted limbs to the stream. This last operation, called the *douche*, however, is more effectually undergone in the private bath, where the stream is much more powerful. The natural warmth of this water, as nearly as I can judge from recollection, is about the same degree of temperature with that in the Queen's bath, at Bath, in Somersetshire. It is perfectly transparent, sparkling in the glass, light and agreeable to the taste, and may be drank without any preparation, to the quantity of three or four pints at a time. There are many people at Aix who swallow fourteen half-pint glasses every morning during the season, which is in the month of May, though it may be taken with equal benefit all the year round. It has no sensible operation but by urine, an effect which pure water would produce, if drank in the same quantity.

If we may believe those who have published their experiments, this water produces neither agitation, cloud, nor change of colour, when mixed with acids, alkalis, tincture of galls, syrup of violets, or solution of silver. The residue, after boiling, evaporation, and filtration, affords a very small proportion of purging salt and calcareous earth, which last ferments with strong acids. As I had neither hydrometer nor thermometer to ascertain the weight and warmth of this water, nor time to procure the proper utensils to make the prepartions, and repeat the experiments necessary to exhibit a complete analysis, I did not pretend to enter upon this process; but contented myself with drinking, bathing, and using the *douche*, which perfectly answered my expectation, having in eight days almost cured an ugly scorbutic tetter, which had for some time deprived me of the use of my right hand. I observed that the water, when used externally, left always a kind of oily appearance on the

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skin; that, when we boiled it at home in an earthen pot, the steams smelled like those of sulphur, and even affected my lungs in the same manner; but the bath itself smelled strong of a lime-kiln. The water, after standing all night in a bottle, yielded a remarkably vinous taste and odour, something analogous to that of dulcified spirit of nitre. Whether the active particles consist of a volatile vitriol, or a very fine petroleum, or a mixture of both, I shall not pretend to determine; but the best way I know of discovering whether it is really impregnated with a vitriolic principle, too subtile and fugitive for the usual operations of chemistry, is to place bottles filled with wine in the bath or adjacent room; which wine, if there is really a volatile acid in any considerable quantity, will be pricked in eight and forty hours.

Having ordered our coach to be refitted, and provided with fresh horses, as well as with another postilion, in consequence of which improvements I paid at the rate of a louis-d'or per diem to Lyons and back again, we departed from Aix, and the second day of our journey passing the Durance in a boat, lay at Avignon. This river, the Druentia of the ancients, is a considerable stream, extremely rapid, which descends from the mountains, and discharges itself in the Rhone. After violent rains, it extends its channel, so as to be impassable, and often overflows the country to a great extent. In the middle of a plain betwixt Organ and this river, we met the coach in which we had travelled, eighteen months before, from Lyons to Montpelier, conducted by our old driver Joseph; who had no sooner recognised my servant at a distance, by his musquetoon, than he came running towards our carriage, and, seizing my hand, even shed tears of joy. Joseph had been travelling through Spain, and was so embrowned by the sun, that he might have passed for an Iroquois. I was much pleased with the marks of gratitude which the poor fellow expressed towards his benefactors. He had some private conversation with our *voiturier*, whose name was Claude, to whom he gave such a favourable character of us, as in all probability induced him to be wonderfully obliging during the whole journey.

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You know Avignon is a large city belonging to the pope. It was the *Avenio Cavarum* of the ancients, and changed masters several times, belonging successively to the Romans, Burgundians, Franks, the kingdom of Arles, the counts of Provence, and the sovereigns of Naples. It was sold in the fourteenth century, by Queen Jane I. of Naples, to Pope Clement VI. for the sum of eighty thousand florins, and since that period has continued under the dominion of the see of Rome. Not but that when the Duc de Crequi, the French ambassador, was insulted at Rome, in the year 1662, the parliament of Provence passed an *arret*, declaring the city of Avignon, and the county Venaissin, part of the ancient domain of Provence; and therefore reunited it to the crown of France, which accordingly took possession; though it was afterwards restored to the Roman see at the peace of Pisa. The pope, however, holds it by a precarious title, at the mercy of the French king, who may one day be induced to resume it, upon payment of the original purchase-money. As a succession of popes resided here for the space of seventy years, the city could not fail to be adorned with a great number of magnificent churches and convents, which are richly embellished with painting, sculpture, shrines, reliques, and tombs. Among the last is that of the celebrated Laura, whom Petrarch has immortalised by his poetry, and for whom Francis I. of France took the trouble to write an epitaph. Avignon is governed by a vice-legate from the pope, and the police of the city is regulated by the consuls. It is a large place, situated in a fruitful plain, surrounded by high walls built of hewn stone, which on the west side are washed by the Rhone. Here was a noble bridge over the river, but it is now in ruins. On the other side, a branch of the Sorgue runs through part of the city. This is the river anciently called Sulga, formed by the famous fountain of Vaucluse in this neighbourhood, where the poet Petrarch resided. It is a charming transparent stream, abounding with excellent trout and cray-fish. We passed over it on a stone bridge, in our way to Orange, the *Arausio Cavarum* of the Romans, still distinguished by some noble

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monuments of antiquity. These consist of a circus, an aqueduct, a temple, and a triumphal arch, which last was erected in honour of Caius Marius and Luctatius Catullus, after the great victory they obtained in this country over the Cimbri and Teutones. It is a very magnificent edifice, adorned on all sides with trophies and battles in basso relievo. The ornaments of the architecture, and the sculpture, are wonderfully elegant for the time in which it was erected; and the whole is surprisingly well preserved, considering its great antiquity. It seems to me to be as entire and perfect as the arch of Septimius Severus at Rome. Next day we passed two very impetuous streams, the Drome and the Isere. The first, which very much resembles the Var, we forded; but the Isere we crossed in a boat, which, as well as that upon the Durance, is managed by the *traille*, a moveable or running pulley, on a rope stretched between two wooden machines erected on the opposite sides of the river. The contrivance is simple and effectual, and the passage equally safe and expeditious. The boatmen have nothing to do, but, by means of a long massy rudder, to keep the head obliquely to the stream, the force of which pushes the boat along, the block to which it is fixed sliding upon the rope from one side to the other. All these rivers take their rise from the mountains, which are continued through Provence and Dauphine, and fall into the Rhone; and all of them, when swelled by sudden rains, overflow the flat country. Although Dauphine affords little or no oil, it produces excellent wines, particularly those of Hermitage and Coteroti. The first of these is sold on the spot for three livres the bottle, and the other for two. The country likewise yields a considerable quantity of corn, and a good deal of grass. It is well watered with streams, and agreeably shaded with wood. The weather was pleasant, and we had a continued song of nightingales from Aix to Fountainbleau.

I cannot pretend to specify the antiquities of Vienne, anciently called Vienna Allobrogum. It was a Roman colony, and a considerable city, which the ancients spared no pains and expense to embellish. It is still a large town standing

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among several hills on the banks of the Rhone, though all its former splendour is eclipsed, its commerce decayed, and most of its antiquities are buried in ruins. The church of Notre Dame de la Vie was undoubtedly a temple. On the left of the road, as you enter it, by the gate of Avignon, there is a handsome obelisk, or rather pyramid, about thirty feet high, raised upon a vault supported by four pillars of the Tuscan order. It is certainly a Roman work, and Montfaucon supposes it to be a tomb, as he perceived an oblong stone jetting out from the middle of the vault, in which the ashes of the defunct were probably contained. The story of Pontius Pilate, who is said to have ended his days in this place, is a fable. On the seventh day of our journey from Aix, we arrived at Lyons, where I shall take my leave of you for the present, being with great truth, yours, &c.

LETTER XLI.

DEAR SIR, *Boulogne, June 18, 1765.*

I AM at last in a situation to indulge my view with a sight of Britain, after an absence of two years; and indeed you cannot imagine what pleasure I feel while I survey the white cliffs of Dover at this distance. Not that I am at all affected by the *nescio qua dulcedine natalis soli* of Horace. That seems to be a kind of fanaticism founded on the prejudices of education, which induces a Laplander to place the terrestrial paradise among the snows of Norway, and a Swiss to prefer the barren mountains of Soleure to the fruitful plains of Lombardy. I am attached to my country, because it is the land of liberty, cleanliness, and convenience: but I love it still more tenderly, as the scene of all my interesting connections, as the habitation of my friends, for whose conversation, correspondence, and esteem, I wish alone to live.

Our journey hither from Lyons produced neither accident nor adventure worth notice; but abundance of little vexations, which may be termed the plagues of posting. At

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Lyons, where we staid only a few days, I found a return-coach, which I hired to Paris for six louis-d'ors. It was a fine roomy carriage, elegantly furnished, and made for travelling, so strong and solid in all its parts, that there was no danger of its being shaken to pieces by the roughness of the road: but its weight and solidity occasioned so much friction between the wheels and the axle-tree, that we ran the risk of being set on fire three or four times a day. Upon a just comparison of all circumstances, posting is much more easy, convenient, and reasonable, in England than in France. The English carriages, horses, harness, and roads, are much better; and the postilions more obliging and alert. The reason is plain and obvious: if I am ill-used at the post-house in England, I can be accommodated elsewhere. The publicans on the road are sensible of this, and therefore they vie with each other in giving satisfaction to travellers. But in France, where the post is monopolized, the postmasters and postilions, knowing that the traveller depends entirely upon them, are the more negligent and remiss in their duty, as well as the more encouraged to insolence and imposition. Indeed, the stranger seems to be left entirely at the mercy of those fellows, except in large towns, where he may have recourse to the magistrate or commanding officer. The post stands very often by itself in a lone country situation, or in a paltry village, where the postmaster is the principal inhabitant; and in such a case, if you should be ill treated, by being supplied with bad horses; if you should be delayed on frivolous pretences, in order to extort money; if the postilions should drive at a waggon pace, with a view to provoke your impatience; or should you in any shape be insulted by them or their masters,—I know not any redress you can have, except by a formal complaint to the comptroller of the posts, who is generally one of the ministers of state, and pays little or no regard to any such representations. I know an English gentleman, the brother of an earl, who wrote a letter of complaint to the duc de Villars, governor of Provence, against the postmaster of Antibes, who had insulted and imposed upon him. The

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duke answered his letter, promising to take order that the grievance should be redressed; and never thought of it after. Another great inconvenience which attends posting in France is, that if you are retarded by any accident, you cannot, in many parts of the kingdom, find a lodging, without perhaps travelling two or three posts farther than you would choose to go, to the prejudice of your health, and even the hazard of your life; whereas, on any part of the post-road in England, you will meet with tolerable accommodation at every stage. Through the whole south of France, except in large cities, the inns are cold, damp, dark, dismal, and dirty; the landlords equally disobliging and rapacious; the servants awkward, sluttish, and slothful; and the postilions lazy, lounging, greedy, and impertinent. If you chide them for lingering, they will continue to delay you the longer: if you chastise them with sword, cane, cudgel, or horsewhip, they will either disappear entirely, and leave you without resource, or they will find means to take vengeance by overturning your carriage. The best method I know of travelling with any degree of comfort, is to allow yourself to become the dupe of imposition, and stimulate their endeavours by extraordinary gratifications. I laid down a resolution (and kept it) to give no more than four-and-twenty sols per post between the two postilions; but I am now persuaded, that for three pence a post more, I should have been much better served, and should have performed the journey with much greater pleasure. We met with no adventures upon the road worth reciting. The first day we were retarded above two hours by the duchess D——lle, and her son the duc de R—f—t, who, by virtue of an order from the minister, had anticipated all the horses at the post. They accosted my servant, and asked if his master was a lord: he thought proper to answer in the affirmative; upon which the duke declared he must certainly be of French extraction, inasmuch as he observed the lilies of France in his arms on the coach. This young nobleman spoke a little English. He asked whence we had come; and understanding we had been in Italy, desired to know

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whether the man liked France or Italy best. Upon his giving France the preference, he clapped him on the shoulder, and said he was a lad of good taste. The duchess asked if her son spoke English well, and seemed mightily pleased when my man assured her he did. They were much more free and condescending with my servant than with myself; for, though we saluted them in passing, and were even supposed to be persons of quality, they did not open their lips while we stood close by them at the inn door till their horses were changed. They were going to Geneva; and their equipage consisted of three coaches and six, with five domestics a-horseback. The duchess was a tall, thin, raw-boned woman, with her head close shaved. This delay obliged us to lie two posts short of Macon, at a solitary auberge called Maison Blanche, which had nothing white about it but the name. The Lionnois is one of the most agreeable and best cultivated countries I ever beheld, diversified with hill, dale, wood, and water, laid out in extensive corn-fields and rich meadows, well stocked with black cattle; and adorned with a surprising number of towns, villages, villas, and convents, generally situated on the brows of gently swelling hills, so that they appear to the greatest advantage. What contributes in a great measure to the beauty of this, and the Maconnois, is the charming pastoral Soame, which, from the city of Chalons, winds its silent course so smooth and gentle, that one can scarce discern which way its current flows. It is this placid appearance that tempts so many people to bathe in it at Lyons, where a good number of individuals are drowned every summer; whereas there is no instance of any person's thus perishing in the Rhone, the rapidity of it deterring every body from bathing in its stream. Next night we passed at Beaune, where we found nothing good but the wine, for which we paid forty sols the bottle. At Chalons our axle-tree took fire; an accident which detained us so long, that it was ten before we arrived at Auxerre, where we lay. In all probability we must have lodged in the coach, had not we been content to take four horses, and pay for six, two posts successively. The alternative was, either to proceed

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with four on those terms, or stay till the other horses should come in and be refreshed. In such an emergency, I would advise the traveller to put up with the four, and he will find the postilions so much upon their mettle, that those stages will be performed sooner than the others in which you have the full complement.

There was an English gentleman laid up at Auxerre with a broken arm, to whom I sent my compliments, with offers of service; but his servant told my man that he did not choose to see any company, and had no occasion for my service. This sort of reserve seems peculiar to the English disposition. When two natives of any other country chance to meet abroad, they run into each other's embrace like old friends, even though they have never heard of one another till that moment; whereas, two Englishmen in the same situation maintain a mutual reserve and diffidence, and keep without the sphere of each other's attraction, like two bodies endowed with a repulsive power. We only stopped to change horses at Dijon, the capital of Burgundy, which is a venerable old city; but we passed part of a day at Sens, and visited a manufacture of that stuff we call Manchester velvet, which is here made and dyed to great perfection, under the direction of English workmen, who have been seduced from their own country. At Fountainbleau, we went to see the palace, or, as it is called, the castle, which, though an irregular pile of building, affords a great deal of lodging, and contains some very noble apartments, particularly the hall of audience, with the king's and queen's chambers, upon which the ornaments of carving and gilding are lavished with profusion rather than propriety. Here are some rich parterres of flower-garden, and a noble orangerie, which, however, we did not greatly admire, after having lived among the natural orange groves of Italy. Hitherto we had enjoyed fine summer weather, and I found myself so well, that I imagined my health was entirely restored: but betwixt Fountainbleau and Paris, we were overtaken by a black storm of rain, sleet, and hail, which seemed to reinstate winter in all its rigour; for the cold weather continues to

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this day. There was no resisting this attack. I caught cold immediately; and this was reinforced at Paris, where I staid but three days. The same man (Pascal Sellier, rue Guenegaud, fauxbourg St Germain) who owned the coach that brought us from Lyons, supplied me with a returned berlin to Boulogne, for six louis-d'ors, and we came hither by easy journeys. The first night we lodged at Breteuil, where we found an elegant inn, and very good accommodation. But the next we were forced to take up our quarters at the house where we had formerly passed a very disagreeable night at Abbeville. I am now in tolerable lodging, where I shall remain a few weeks, merely for the sake of a little repose; then I shall gladly tempt that invidious strait which still divides you from yours, &c.

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A REGISTER OF THE WEATHER,

KEPT AT NICE,

From November 1763 to March 1765.

THERMOMETERS USED IN KEEPING THE FOLLOWING REGISTER.

One of mercury, constructed after the manner of Reaumur, having on the scale 10 degrees from ice to temperate, 20 degrees silk-worm heat, boiling water 80 degrees. The excessive heat at Paris 1707, at 35 degrees.

One of spirit of wine, constructed by Chateauneuf, graduated in the same manner. The spirit in this thermometer rises at Senegal to 38, in France very rarely to 30, and in Peru, under the line, very seldom above 25.

They were placed in the shade, in a room without a fire, in a southerly exposition; and the observations made between ten and eleven in the forenoon.

The town of Nice is situated in the bay of Antibes, latitude forty-three degrees forty minutes north; east longitude from London, seven degrees twenty-five minutes, equidistant from Marseilles, Genoa, and Turin, that is, about ninety English miles. The north wind blows over the Maritime Alps, at the feet of which the town is situated; the south from Cape Bona, on the coast of Barbary, sweeping the islands of Sardinia and Corsica in its passage; the east from the Riviera of Genoa; and the west from Provence.

The town of Nice is wedged between a steep rock to the eastward, and the river Paglion, which washes the wall upon the west, and falls into the Mediterranean within thirty yards of the corner bastion.

This river is but a scanty stream, fed chiefly by the melting of the snow upon the mountains. It is sometimes swelled to a great depth by sudden torrents; but in the summer it is usually dry.

The town of Nice is built of stone, and the streets are narrow. It is said to contain twelve thousand inhabitants; in which case they must be much crowded, for the place is but small. There is a bridge of three arches over the Paglion, which is the entrance from the side of Provence. Nice is surrounded on this side by a wall and rampart of no strength: on the other side it is commanded by a high rock, on which appear the ruins of an old castle, which was once deemed impregnable. It was taken and

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dismantled by Mareschal Catinat, in the reign of Victor Amadeus, father to the present king of Sardinia. To the eastward of this rock is the harbour of Nice, in which there is not depth of water sufficient for ships of any burden. The hills begin to rise about a short mile from the north gate of the town. The Var falls into the sea about four miles to the westward; and is fordable at the village of St Laurent, which stands on the French side, near the mouth of the river. The space between the Var and Nice is a succession of agreeable eminences, adorned with a great number of white houses, or cassines, surrounded by plantations of olives, vines, oranges, lemons, and citrons. The air of Nice is pure and penetrating, yet mild, generally dry, and elastic; and the sky is remarkably clear and serene. The well-water is mostly hard, but not unwholesome; and there are some springs both in the town and neighbourhood, which are surprisingly cool, limpid, and agreeable.

REGISTER OF THE WEATHER.

November 1763.

From the 23d to the end, fair weather, wind northerly—Mornings frosty—Evenings sharp—Sun at noon warm, sky serene.

December.

First week, squalls and rain, wind southerly.

Fifth, blew fresh, wind south-west.

From the fifth to the end of the month, fair weather, wind shifting from north to east—Sun at noon warm—Mornings and evenings frosty and sharp, distant mountains covered with snow—Green pease, and all sorts of sallad, pinks, roses, julyflowers, ranunculas, anemonies, all the winter, blowing.

January 1764.

First week, rain and squalls, wind southerly.

Second week, weather cloudy, wind southerly.

Remaining part of the month, fair weather, clear sky, wind north-east—Mornings and evenings sharp, snow on the distant hills, almond trees in blossom.

February.

From the 1st to the 25th, fine weather, clear sky, mild and warm in the day, wind easterly, sharp and piercing in the evening. Snow on the distant hills. Almonds, peaches, and apricots in blossom.

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REGISTER OF THE WEATHER.

Day of the month.	Therm. deg. above ice. Reaumur's mercury.	Chaussenoss's spirit.	
Feb.			
25	4	6	Wind N. W. blows fresh, weather cold.
26	4	6	N. W. blows fresh, air sharp, fair weather.
27	4	6	E. weather cloudy; evening, air sharp and frosty.
28	4	6	N. air cold, weather cloudy; afternoon, S. mizzling rain.
29	6	9	N. air cold; afternoon, S. E. mizzling rain; at night, heavy rain.
Mar.			
1	2½	5½	S. E. air sharp; afternoon, S. blows fresh.
2	1½	4	S. E. weather calm and cloudy.
3	2	5	N. by W. weather raw and cloudy; afternoon, rain; much rain in the night.
4	4	7	S. weather calm and cloudy.
5	6	9	S. E. weather fair and calm.
6	6	9	E. weather fair and calm, air sharp.
7	4½	6½	E. weather cloudy, some rain, air cold, heavy rain in the night.
8	1½	4	N. by E. rain and squalls, air cold and raw.
9	1½	4	N. W. weather cloudy and calm; hail in the night.
10	1½	4	S. W. weather cloudy, gleams of sunshine.
11	1½	4	N. N. E. fair weather, clear sky; afternoon, mercury and spirit rise.
12	1½	4	N. E. fair weather, clear sky, mercury and spirit rise two degrees at noon.
13	1½	4	N. E. fair weather, clear sky, mercury and spirit rise two degrees at noon.
14	1½	4	S. W. calm and cloudy; afternoon, clear sky; evening, gusts of wind at E.
15	4½	7	S. W. calm fair weather; afternoon, mercury and spirit rise three degrees.
16	4	6½	E. calm fair weather, clear sky; afternoon, mercury and spirit rise three degrees.
17	5½	8	N. N. W. calm fair weather, clear sky; at noon, the mercury and spirit rise two degrees.
18	5½	8	E. fair weather, clear sky, little wind; afternoon, the mercury and spirit rise three degrees.
19	7	10	easterly, fair weather, clear sky, little wind; at noon, mercury and spirit rise two degrees.
20	7	9	S. S. E. rain, cloudy, calm.
21	6	8	N. cloudy, mizzling rain, cold and raw, snow upon the distant hills.
22	6½	9	E. gleams of sunshine.
23	7	10	S. W. fair weather, clear sky; afternoon, cloudy; heavy rain at night, some thunder, hills on each side of the Var covered with snow.
24	5	7	N. weather cloudy and calm.
25	5½	7½	N. cloudy, gleams of sunshine, calm.
26	7	9½	N. N. E. fair weather, sun warm.
27	6½	8½	N. N. E. fair weather; afternoon, cloudy.

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June			
18	19½	19	Wind easterly, fair weather, sun hot; vermin troublesome.
19	19½	19	easterly, fair weather, sun hot; removed to a country house, within half a league of Nice.
20	20	20	easterly, fair weather, the two thermometers in the shade, the front of the house exposed to the E. and S. E.
21	21	21	easterly, sky cloudy, sun hot.
22	23	23½	easterly, fair weather, sun hot.
23	23½	23½	easterly, fair weather, great heat.
24	23½	23½	easterly, fair weather, sun hot.
25	23	22	easterly, fair weather, a little cloudy, sun hot, refreshing breeze.
26	22	11	easterly, fair weather, }
27	22½	21	easterly, fair weather, } refreshing breezes.
28	22½	21½	easterly, fair weather, }
29	24½	24	easterly, fresh gale; at three in the afternoon, the mercury up at 29½, the spirit at 29, heat excessive.
30	22	21½	easterly, fair weather, sun very hot; returned to my house at Nice.
July			
1	22½	21	easterly, fair weather, } warm.
2	22	21½	easterly, fair weather, }
3	22½	21½	easterly, fair weather, sun hot; afternoon, plump showers, mercury fallen to 18½, spirit to 18; rain in the night.
4	19	19	northerly, cloudy; evening, showers.
5	18	18	easterly, fair weather; season for the anchovy fishery.
6	18	18	easterly, fair weather.
7	19	19	easterly, fair weather.
8	18½	18	easterly, fair weather; in the evening, sprinkling rain.
9	19	18½	northerly, cloudy.
10	19½	19	easterly, fair weather, sun hot; at night, a little sprinkling rain.
11	20	19½	easterly, fair weather, sun hot.
12	19	19	easterly, fair weather, sun hot.
13	20	19½	S. fair weather, at noon, mercury rose to 24½.
14	21½	20½	westerly, fair weather, sun hot; ripe peaches and apples.
15	20	19½	easterly, fair weather, sun hot.
16	20	19½	southerly, fair weather, sun hot.
17	20	19½	easterly, sun hot.
18	19	18½	easterly, fair weather, sun hot.
19	20	19½	easterly, sky little cloudy.
20	20	19½	easterly, fair weather, sun hot.
21	21	20½	easterly, fair weather, sun very hot; ripe water melons from Antibes.
22	22	21	easterly, fair weather, very hot.
23	22½	21½	easterly, fair weather, very hot; thunder in the night.
24	22	21	easterly, fair weather, refreshing breezes; at two in the afternoon, the mercury rose to 26½.
25	24	23	easterly, fair weather, sun very hot.
26	23	22	easterly, fair weather, sun hot.
27	21½	21	easterly, fair weather; afternoon, wind westerly.
28	23	22	easterly, fair weather, sun hot.
29	22½	21½	easterly, fair weather, sultry.
30	23	22	easterly, fair weather, sun very hot; ripe grapes; the mercury rose at one to 26, the spirit to 25.
31	23	22	easterly, cloudy; sprinkling showers at noon.

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Aug.			
1	22	21	Wind easterly; fair weather; some thunder in the afternoon.
2	22½	22	S. W. a fresh breeze, fair weather; afternoon, wind increases, sultry hot; the mercury and spirit in the thmometer rise to 31.
3	23	22	easterly, fair weather, sun hot.
4	22	21	easterly, fair weather.
5	21	20	easterly, fair weather.
6	21	20	easterly, fair weather.
7	21	20	southerly, fair weather, a fresh breeze.
8	21	20	southerly, fresh breeze, cloudy weather; hard gale in the night at S. W.
9	22	21	S. W. a fresh breeze.
10	22	21	easterly, fair weather, fresh breeze.
11	21	20	N. W. cloudy; forenoon, mizzling rain; squalls in the evening.
12	21	20	W. fair weather.
13	21	20	E. fair weather.
14	21	20	E. fair weather.
15	20	19	E. fair weather.
16	20	19	E. fair weather; noon, weather cloudy, wind N. W.
17	20	19	E. fair weather.
18	20	19	E. fair weather.
19	19	18	easterly, cloudy; at noon, a sudden squall, with a little rain, wind S. W. snow on the distant hills.
20	19	18	easterly, fair weather.
21	18	18	westerly, fair weather.
22	19	19	easterly, fair weather.
23	19	19	easterly, fair weather.
24	19	18½	easterly, fair weather, sun hot.
25	19½	19	easterly, fair weather; in the evening, close and cloudy.
26	20	19½	easterly, fair weather; evening cloudy.
27	20	19½	easterly, fair weather; evening, close and cloudy.
28	20½	20	easterly, fair weather; evening cloudy.
29	20½	20	easterly, fair weather.
30	21	20½	easterly, fair weather, sun hot.
31	21½	21	easterly, fair weather, sun hot.
Sept.			
1	21½	21	easterly, fair weather, sun hot.
2	21½	21	easterly, fair weather, sun hot.
3	22	21½	easterly, fresh breeze, cloudy; afternoon, sprinkling rain; the night, thunder and lightning.
4	21	20	N. E. morning, thunder showers; forenoon, fair weather.
5	22	21	easterly, morning, some clouds; afternoon, wind westerly, cloudy.
6	20½	20	easterly, morning, some clouds; afternoon, fair weather.
7	19	18	easterly, fair weather, sun hot.
8	20	19	easterly, fair weather.
9	19½	19	easterly, fair weather.
10	19	19	southerly, fair weather; afternoon, easterly wind; evening, cloudy.
11	20	19½	easterly, fair weather.
12	20½	20	easterly fair weather.
13	21	20½	easterly, fair weather.
14	20	19	easterly, cloudy; at noon some rain, wind westerly; in the night, some rain and thunder.

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Sept.			
15	20	19	Wind southerly, fair weather.
16	20	19	westerly, fair weather.
17	19	18	westerly, very high; afternoon, mercury 20, spirit of wine 19, rain.
18	17	17	easterly, fair weather.
19	15⅝	15⅝	easterly, cloudy
20	15	15	southerly, fair weather.
21	14½	15	easterly, cloudy.
22	15	15	easterly, fair weather.
23	15	15	westerly, fair weather.
24	15	15	easterly, fair weather.
25	15	15	easterly, very high, fair weather.
26	15	15	easterly, fair weather.
27	14	14⅛	westerly, fair weather.
28	15	15	westerly, fair weather.
29	13	13⅛	westerly, rain.
30	9	10	easterly, fair weather, snow upon the mountains.
Oct.			
1	8	9⅛	easterly, fair weather; afternoon, wind westerly, very high.
2	9	10	westerly, fair weather.
3	11	11	westerly, fair weather.
4	12	12	easterly, fair weather.
5	11	13	southerly, cloudy weather.
6	13½	14	easterly, fair weather.
7	13½	14	southerly, fair weather.
8	13	14	southerly, cloudy; afternoon, small rain, vintage begun.
9	15	15	southerly, fair weather.
10	15	15	easterly, fair weather; afternoon cloudy, some drops of rain.
11	14	14	easterly, fair weather.
12	15	15	westerly, fair weather.
13	14½	14	westerly, cloudy; afternoon, south wind; night, rain, south wind very high.
14	13	14	S. cloudy.
15	12½	13	southerly, rain.
16	12	13	westerly, cloudy.
17	12	13	westerly, cloudy.
18	13	14	easterly, fair weather.
19	12	12⅛	easterly, fair weather.
20	12½	13	easterly, fair weather.
21	12½	13	easterly, fair weather.
22	13½	14	easterly, fair weather.
23	12⅓	15	westerly, fair weather; afternoon, mercury 11½, heavy rain, northerly wind.
24	8	9⅛	northerly, cloudy.
25	8	10	northerly, clear sky, sharp air.
26	10⅛	11½	northerly, clear sky.
27	7	8	northerly, sky cloudy, air cold.
28	5½	7	N. E. sky cloudy, air cold.
29	7½	9	N. E. sky clear, air very sharp.
30	5	7	N. sky clear, air very sharp.
31	5½	7½	E. sky cloudy, air sharp, oil harvest begins.
Nov.			
1	5	7	N. sky cloudy, air cold.
2	8	10	N. E. fair weather, sun warm.
3	10	11½	N. fair weather, clear sky, sun warm. } little wind.
4	10	11½	N. fair weather, clear sky, sun warm.

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Nov.			
5	7½	9	Wind N. fair weather, sun warm.
6	9	10½	E. little wind, fair weather, sun warm.
7	7	9	W. blows fresh, sky cloudy.
8	10	11½	N. fair weather, sun warm.
9	7	9	E. cloudy in the forenoon; afternoon, fair weather.
10	7	9	N. cloudy.
11	7	9	E. fair weather.
12	8½	10	E. cloudy.
13	10	11½	E. fine weather; squalls of wind at night.
14	8	9½	N. E. fine weather.
15	7	9	N. fair weather; afternoon, cloudy.
16	5½	7	N. mizzling rain; heavy rain all night.
17	4	6	N. W. rain all day, and in the night; snow on the mountains.
18	5½	7	E. blows fresh, cloudy, with showers; heavy rain in the night.
19	6	8	N. W. cloudy, with showers; at night heavy rain.
20	5½	7	N. W. cloudy, showers; heavy rain in the night.
21	5	7	N. W. cloudy.
22	4½	5½	westerly, cloudy; afternoon, fair weather; evening overcast.
23	4	5	westerly, cloudy; afternoon and evening, rain.
24	3	4½	easterly, heavy rain all day and all night.
25	3	4½	N. heavy rain all day, snow on the mountains.
26	3½	5	N. showers, interspersed with gleams of sunshine; heavy rain in the night.
27	3½	5	easterly, heavy showers; afternoon, fair weather.
28	3½	5½	easterly, fair weather, clear sky.
29	3½	5½	N. W. cloudy.
30	2½	3½	N. fair weather, clear sky.
Dec.			
1	4	6	E. fair weather, clear sky.
2	2½	4	N. fair weather, clear sky.
3	3	5	N. cloudy; afternoon, fair weather, clear sky.
4	3	4½	N. fair weather, clear sky, air sharp.
5	2½	4½	N. fair weather, clear sky, air sharp.
6	3	5	N. cloudy; high wind in the night.
7	3	5	E. squalls and rain; afternoon, windy.
8	2½	4	N. W. clear weather.
9	3	5	N. clear weather.
10	3	5	N. fair weather.
11	2	5	W. rain in the afternoon; afternoon, fair weather.
12	2	4	N. fair weather, air sharp.
13	2½	5	N. fair weather.
14	2	5	N. fair weather.
15	2	5	N. E. cloudy; evening some rain.
16	2	5	N. E. heavy rain and thunder at three in the morning; forenoon cloudy.
17	2	4½	N. W. fair weather, air cold.
18	2	3½	N. fair weather, air cold.
19	1½	4	northerly, cloudy, air sharp.
20	1	3½	N. E. mizzling rain.
21	1	3½	N. W. mizzling rain.
22	½	3½	N. W. weather damp and cloudy.
23	1	4	easterly, cloudy, damp weather; rain in the night.
24	1	4	northerly, cloudy, damp weather.
25	1½	5	easterly, cloudy, damp weather; heavy rain in the night.

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Dec.			
26	1½	5	Wind northerly, cloudy, damp weather; heavy rain in the afternoon and evening.
27	1½	4½	northerly, fair weather.
28	1½	4½	northerly, cloudy.
29	1½	4½	northerly, cloudy, mizzling rain in the evening.
30	1¾	5	easterly, forenoon, fair weather; afternoon, cloudy.
31	2	5	easterly, cloudy weather.
1765			
Jan.			
1	2½	5½	northerly, cloudy weather; afternoon, mizzling rain.
2	3	6	easterly, cloudy weather; rain at noon; heavy rain all the afternoon and night.
3		6	S. E. cloudy; heavy rain, with some thunder in the afternoon and evening.
4	2½	5	N. cloudy; afternoon, fair weather.
5	2	4½	N. fair weather.
6	2	4½	N. cloudy; afternoon, fair weather.
7	2	5	N. cloudy; sprinkling shower at one in the afternoon.
8	2½	5½	N. heavy rain at four in the morning; forenoon, cloudy; mizzling rain at noon.
9	2	5	E. rain in the morning and forenoon.
10	2½	5½	E. cloudy weather; gleams of sunshine in the afternoon.
11	3	5½	N. W. cloudy weather; mizzling rain in the afternoon.
12	2	5	easterly, clear weather.
13	3	5½	easterly, cloudy, with gleams of sunshine.
14	3	5½	easterly, heavy rain, with squalls at three in the morning; forenoon, cloudy; afternoon and evening, heavy continued rain.
15	2½	5	easterly, fair weather.
16	3	5½	N. fair weather; at night mizzling showers,
17	3	5½	E. cloudy weather; afternoon and evening, heavy rain. } great fall of snow on the mountains.
18	3	5½	N. cloudy weather.
19	3	5½	N. fair weather,
20	3	5½	N. fair weather, } air sharp.
21	2½	5	N. fair weather,
22	3	5½	easterly, blows fresh and cold, cloudy weather.
23	3	4½	northerly, heavy rain.
24	3	4½	northerly, cloudy weather; afternoon, rain.
25	1½	4	E. rainy weather; evening fair.
26	1½	4	N. E. blows fresh, heavy rain.
27	3	5	easterly, fair weather.
28	3	5	N. fair weather in the forenoon; cloudy in the afternoon.
29	3	5½	N. fair weather.
30	4	6	E. fair weather.
31	4	6	E. cloudy; afternoon, mizzling rain.
Feb.			
1	3	5	N. W. mizzling rain, fall of snow on the neighbouring mountains.
2	1½	4	N. cloudy.
3	1	3½	easterly, cloudy and cold.
4	½	3	easterly, cloudy and cold: afternoon, rain.
5	0	2½	N. morning squally, cloudy weather, mizzling rain.
6	0	2½	N. fair weather; evening, rain; heavy rain in the night.

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Feb.			
7	½	3	Wind N. cloudy, with gleams of sunshine.
8	½	3½	N. fair weather.
9	0	4	N. cloudy; afternoon, clear.
10	1	4	N. cloudy, a sprinkling rain.
11	½	3½	N. W. fair weather; afternoon, cloudy.
12	1½	4	N. W. fair weather.
13	1	3½	N. fair weather.
14	1	3½	S. E. cloudy; evening, sprinkling rain.
15	0	3	E. cloudy and cold; snow on the neighbouring hills.
16	1 deg. b. ice	2	N. dark and cold, with some sleet; snow in the neighbourhood of Nice.
17	3	0	N. morning, clear weather, air cold; afternoon, overcast, rain and sleet; heavy rain in the night; snow in the neighbourhood of Nice.
18	3	0	N. cloudy, cold.
19	2	2	N. cloudy, cold; afternoon, evening, and night, heavy rain.
20	2	2	northerly, heavy rain; afternoon, fair.
21	2	2	northerly, cloudy weather; afternoon, clear.
22	0	4	northerly, cloudy weather; afternoon and night, heavy rain, with some thunder.
23	0	3½	northerly, cloudy,
24	½	3½	N. E. clear weather,
25	1	5	N. E. fine weather, } evenings, fog on the mountains.
26	2½	5½	N. E. fine weather,
27	3	6	easterly, fine weather; afternoon, cloudy; rain all night.
28	3	5½	easterly, rain all day and all night, with some thunder.
Mar.			
1	2	4½	southerly, rain.
2	1½	4½	northerly, fair weather, air sharp.
3	3	5½	N. E. fair weather, air sharp.
4	2½	4½	N. E. fair weather, air sharp.
5	3	5½	N. E. fair weather; a little rain in the night.
6	3	5½	easterly, mizzling rain.
7	4	5½	N. W. rain and cloudy weather.
8	3½	6	easterly, cloudy weather in the morning, clears up at noon.
9	4½	7	westerly, fair weather; afternoon, showers; heavy rain in the night.
10	4	6	N. W. heavy rain all day.
11	3	5½	N. W. blows fresh, clear weather.
12	3½	6½	N. W. blows fresh, cloudy; rain in the night.
13	4	6½	southerly, rainy weather.
14	4	6	southerly, fair weather.
15	5	7	southerly, cloudy weather.
16	5	7	easterly, fair weather.
17	6½	8½	easterly, clouds and sunshine.
18	7	9	easterly, fair weather; afternoon, overcast.
19	7½	9½	easterly, cloudy; afternoon and evening, heavy rain.
20	7	9	easterly, cloudy; afternoon, a little rain.
21	7	9	N. E. cloudy.
22	7	9	easterly, fair weather.
23	7	9	easterly, fair weather.
24	8	10	easterly, clouds and sunshine.
25	8	10	easterly, cloudy.
26	8	10	easterly, fair weather.
27	8	10	easterly, clouds and sunshine.

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Mar.			
28	8½	11	Wind easterly, fair weather.
29	9½	11	easterly, fair weather; evening, high wind at west.
30	9	11	westerly, blows fresh.
31	9	11	northerly, fair weather, fresh breeze.
Apr.			
1			easterly, fair weather, air sharp.
2			easterly, fair weather, air sharp.
3			easterly, cloudy, air sharp.
4			easterly, fair weather, air sharp.
5			S. E. fair weather, air sharp.
6			S. E. fair weather, air sharp.
7			easterly, fair weather, air sharp.
8			S. E. fair weather, a fresh breeze, air cold.
9			easterly, fair weather.
10			easterly, fresh breeze, fair weather; evening, high wind at S. W.
11			S. W. fresh breeze, fair weather.
12			southerly, fresh breeze, fair weather.
13			easterly, fair weather, air sharp.
14			easterly, cloudy weather.
15			easterly, fair weather.
16			easterly, fair weather.
17			easterly, cloudy and cold; afternoon, sprinkling rain; a fall of snow in the night, on the mountains.
18			easterly, fair weather, air cold.
19			easterly, fair weather, air sharp.
20			easterly, showers.
21			easterly, sprinkling showers.
22			easterly, at five in the morning, a storm of thunder, hail, and heavy rain; a fall of snow on the mountains.
23			easterly, at four in the morning, rain; forenoon, cloudy.
24			easterly, rain in the morning; forenoon, cloudy.

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